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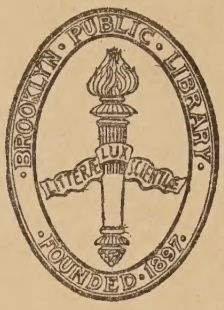

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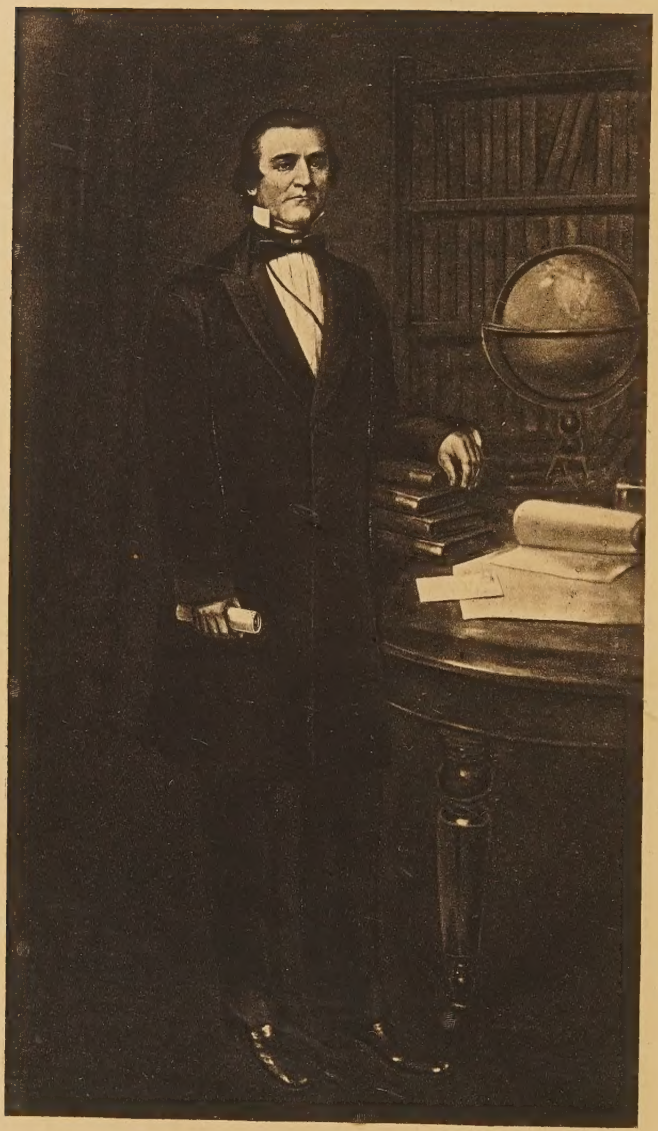

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VOLUME XIII

WASHINGTON—YOUNG

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C. ALPHONSO SMITH

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GEORGE WASHINGTON

[1732—1799]

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

THE Washingtons were English people of good stock and gentle breeding. George Washington, whose character and achievements have set apart and forever ennobled the name, was the youngest child of Augustine Washington and his second wife, Mary Ball. Lawrence Washington, the grandfather of George, had come to Virginia in the days of Cromwell, in 1657, and Augustine, the father of George, was born in Virginia in 1694. He was married twice, and died in 1743, on the day before the birth of Thomas Jefferson, destined to be the great co-laborer of his son. Washington was born at Wakefield, Westmoreland County, Virginia, on February 22, 1732, in a modest but attractive home down near the water. The date of George Washington's birth might be taken very well as a sort of dividing line between the period of stationary and fixed colonialism and that period of growing self-satisfaction and contentment in America which ultimately led to self-assertion, revolution, and the establishment of a new country. Westmoreland County itself was famous then and more famous in later days, for the remarkable breed of men it produced, among others the Washingtons, the Monroes and the Lees The very year after Washington's birth, the family moved to Mount Vernon, where, ten years afterward, Augustine Washington, the father, died. Because of the cares thus thrown upon Mrs. Washington, it seemed best to send their youngest son, George, to live with his half-brother, Augustine. The affairs of the family must have been prosperous, for in the two years succeeding the death of Augustine Washington, the Mount Vernon mansion was built. Immediately after its completion, however, for some reason perhaps connected with the education of her children, Mrs. Washington moved to Fredericksburg, and there her youngest son, George Washington, joined her, for the purpose of attending school. In 1746, his great desire seems to have been to enter the British Navy, and one is tempted to speculate as to what might have been the turn of affairs in America if George Washington, instead of figuring as leader of the American forces, had figured as admiral of the British fleet. He was deterred, however, from entering the Navy by the solicitude and solicitations of his mother, and in 1748,

at the age of sixteen, became a surveyor. He was denied the advantages of college and university education, and was driven to find his training for life in the great university of outdoor life, and to sharpen his own wits by contact with the shrewd pioneers of the Atlantic seaboard. One year after he entered upon what might be called his profession, he was made public surveyor, and in this way was brought into contact with a number of prominent Virginians, notably the family of Fairfax, which still retains the English title of lord. The interesting little stories told of Washington at this time indicate that he must have been a full-blooded, hearty, handsome young fellow, paying much attention to his person and his manners, and proving immensely attractive to the young ladies, both of Greenway Court and of other homes where he was cordially welcomed.

By his nineteenth year, he had changed his profession from that of surveyor to that of soldier, and in 1751 was a major on the frontier. He turned aside from his military duties to devote himself to nursing his brother Lawrence, whom the doctors had sent to the Barbados. Nothing, however, could be done to restore Lawrence Washington's rapidly declining health, and after a few months he died, leaving George Washington, his youngest brother, as one of the executors of the estate, and, in the event that his own son did not live, heir to Mount Vernon. It was in this way that the property so intimately identified with the name of Washington came into his possession.

In 1752, he was promoted to adjutant-general, and was then sent on a mission to the frontier, and by 1754 was a lieutenant-colonel of militia. His success in military affairs, as symbolized by these rapid promotions, found a very sudden arrest in the signal failure of the Great Meadows campaign. The letters written immediately after this campaign to his brothers show with what humiliation he looked upon the unnecessary defeat of himself and his untrained followers. It was perhaps this sense of his own lack of military training that made him accept, with unqualified gratitude, the appointment of aide-de-camp to General Braddock, from whom he hoped to learn the art of war. In sequence to this appointment, he was made commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, and sent on a military commission to New York. Because there was no need of his immediate services, in 1758 he resigned his commission, with the devout expectation of being able to retire to private life, for he had wooed and won Martha Custis, (née Dandridge), and was anxious to consummate this engagement, and lead his bride to his Mount Vernon home. This marriage took place in 1759, the very year in which England was reëstablishing her strength on this side of the Atlantic by the conquest of Canada, and balancing her Western possessions

by the complete domination of India in the Far East. It is well to note, too, in view of the Eighteenth Century quality of Washington's literary style, that this date falls in the very year in which Dr. Johnson was writing Rasselas, and the literary style of England was receiving its distinct impress of sonorousness and, perhaps, verbosity.

In the year, too, of his marriage, came his first civil duties, for he was elected a member of the House of Burgesses. For nearly ten years, from 1759 to 1769, he was permitted to remain quietly at his beautiful home, making his periodical trips to Williamsburg, to attend the sessions of the House of Burgesses, and being employed in 1769 as commissioner to settle the accounts of the colony. In 1770 he went on a long journey on the Ohio and Kanawha rivers, exploring a country with which he had already become in part familiar, and, no doubt, giving careful attention to his cherished plan of connecting the rivers of this Western border with the Atlantic ocean. In 1774, he was a member of the Virginia convention concerned in discussing the points at issue between England and Virginia, and in the same year was made a member of the First Continental Congress. He was continued in this office during its second term, and on June 15, 1775, was unanimously selected as commander-in-chief of the American forces, for it had already become apparent that the points at issue would never be settled save by an appeal to arms.

He began his actual military duties on July 3, 1775, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, just one year and a day before the famous Declaration of Independence, which committed the entire country to the war he himself would carry to a successful conclusion. On December 27, 1776, he was invested with absolute dictatorial powers, but used them with moderation and reserve, and with absolute disregard of self-aggrandizement.

The most dramatic episode of that war to him was, perhaps, the treason of his friend Benedict Arnold, in whom he had reposed unusual confidence, and to whom he had given large powers. The story of that war is too familiar now to be retold. Its hardships brought out the sterling qualities of Washington, as perhaps nothing else could have done, and when Cornwallis, in 1781, surrendered, Washington's fame as a soldier had been eternally fixed. Nevertheless, there were rumors of threatened sedition, and unabashed talk of an American dictator—rumors and threats that were absolutely quieted by Washington's retirement, on Christmas eve of 1783, to his Mount Vernon home. In 1784, he made another journey to the Western country, toward which he seemed to feel a constant drawing. In fact, throughout his life, the permanent place of his attachment was Mount Vernon, but the incessant call to his adventurous nature came

from the mountains of the Alleghanies and the valleys of the Western rivers.

In spite of his desire to remain a private citizen, he was left at home but a short four years, when, in 1787, he was made president of the Constitutional Convention, and, on April 30, 1789, President of the United States. He had given eight years of his life to the military service of his country, and he was now called to eight years of service in civil capacity. It was during his first administration that he made his journey through the Southern States, and spoke, with evident pride, of the fact that he had accomplished the trip of two thousand miles in the short time of three months. After serving his second term, from 1793 to 1796, he delivered his farewell address to America, and found himself again at home in his beloved Mount Vernon. Rumors of prospective war with England made it necessary for the people to turn to Washington to lead them out of these new troubles, as he had led them before, through the wilderness of their own uncertainties and confusions, and on July 3, 1798—the anniversary of the date on which he had once before assumed the duties of commander-in-chief—he was again made commander-in-chief of the American forces. But he did not enter actively upon the duties, for the rumors were not yet confirmed; and on December 14, 1799, he died of laryngitis and bad medical attention, and was buried in the simple vault which he himself had supervised, within easy reach of his own home.

This story of Washington's life does not indicate, of course, the reason for including him in a library of Southern literature. But a careful examination of the fourteen large volumes devoted to his letters, messages and addresses, indicates that at least in quantity, he was no small contributor to the literary work of the Eighteenth Century. Nor can one, after such an examination, speak with disparagement of the quality of his work. It is true that Washington had never had the careful academic, scholastic education of the literary men of his own century, but it is also true that his first-hand experience with nature and with men, and the responsibilities thrown upon his willing shoulders, rendered his mind unusually alert and incisive, and gave to his utterances an earnestness and dignity which attract and hold attention. There may be, and perhaps there often is, a lack of directness and simplicity in his style, but it is not due to him, but to the age in which he lived, when men seemed to covet for their writings a certain show of loftiness and elevation, and a certain love for the amplified style as necessary to good literature. From the very first recorded letter, however, until the last; from the first public speech to the last farewell address, there is a uniformity of clear, clean thinking and earnest, intense expression, which do credit to

his head and heart alike. Men in his day lived more by maxims and rules than in ours, perhaps, and while the wisdom inculcated in Washington's letters is generally that of common prudence and simple observation, now and then there is apparent the clear, distinct note of a lofty idealism, springing from his profound spiritual nature.

It is absurd to attempt to apply to the writings of George Washington the sort of technical criticism that one might apply to the work of a rhetorician or of a literary artist. Washington earned his place in literature by the might of his character and his deeds. His writings flowed out of his life and are generally tasks imposed upon him in the discharge of great duties. Naturally they reflect the elements of his sincere and ample nature, and, therefore, have achieved greatness as literature because informed with the stately dignity of a great soul. One cannot read the Farewell Address, for instance, in a thoughtful mood, without genuine and lofty emotion. The words of this writer are the words of the creator of a new nation now grown into the colossal Republic of the West. We do not discern in them the classic simplicity of Cæsar, or the fiery eloquence of Napoleon, or the meditative philosophy of Marcus Aurelius. His style, like his character, is high, serious, balanced, purposeful; but back of the style always is the man. When one thinks of the unsullied career of George Washington as a soldier, a statesman, a patriot; when one reflects upon the antique virtues of the man, causing him to fall easily, as of right, into the company of the Alfreds and Godfreys and Leonidases, one is the more inclined to cling to the ancient faith of an overruling Providence guiding the affairs of nations. This democratic experiment needed the constructive, practical genius of Hamilton, the philosophic acumen, the faith in men, and the amazing versatility of Jefferson, but it needed then and now needs most sorely as its foundation stone, the white granite character of George Washington. Jefferson and Hamilton were his friends. It was a sheer moral achievement that enabled him to keep both of them for friends. Doubtless those two great men, patriots and leaders as they were, lightning-minded, cultivated, cosmopolitan, found the father of his country sometimes dull, but I have a feeling that they never looked at him without knowing that they were in the presence of their master, and, furthermore, without feeling that they were in the presence of one of the supreme figures in the annals of their race. Their gifted imaginations must have taught them that neither Alexander nor Cæsar nor Charlemagne had to his credit any result of work so rapid, so stupendous, so enduring, as did this quiet, self-controlled man. The generations have raised to him a great monument of impassioned oratory, but the essence of it all may be stated in this sentence. Character is greater than genius.

In a noble rhapsody about Napoleon, Heinrich Heine declared that in his brain the eagles of inspiration built their eyries, and in his heart hissed the serpent of ambition. Neither an eagle nor a serpent could ever figure in any analogy descriptive of the life and deeds of George Washington. He is simply a great illuminating allegory of unselfishness, patience, self-control, and character. Frederick Harrison, a thoughtful Englishman, justly summarizes and appraises the man who parted the colonies from the mother land:

"The grand endowment of Washington was character, not imagination; judgment, not subtlety; not brilliancy, but wisdom. The wisdom of Washington was the genius of common sense, glorified into unerring truth of view. He had that courage, physical and moral, that purity of soul, that cool judgment which is bred in the bone of the English-speaking race. But in Washington these qualities, not rare on either side of the Atlantic, were developed to a supreme degree and were found in absolute perfection. He thus became the transfiguration of the stalwart, just, truthful, prudent citizen, having that essence of good sense which amounts to true genius, that perfection of courage which is true heroism, that transparent unselfishness which seems to us the special mark of the saint."

To these modern ages George Washington has become, in all lands, the apostle of noble character preaching in his life and in his grave utterances the high doctrine that immortal fame and immeasurable service may be rendered more enduringly by integrity, honor, and the quiet virtues, than by eloquence, or logic, or superhuman gifts.

'The Library of Southern Literature' started out with the purpose to reveal the soul of a distinctive and tragic section. It is a just and noble coincidence that its closing volume should contain words of solemn seriousness from a Virginia country gentleman, who became the great republican hero of America, and who embodies for all time the spiritual longings of the undivided Republic.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

'The Writings of George Washington.' Collected and edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1891.

TO JOHN A. WASHINGTON

FORT CUMBERLAND, 18 July, 1755.

DEAR BROTHER:

As I have heard, since my arrival at this place, a circumstantial account of my death and dying speech, I take this early opportunity of contradicting the first, and of assuring you, that I have not as yet composed the latter. But, by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected beyond all human probability and expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, altho' death was levelling my companions on every side of me!

We have been most scandalously beaten by a trifling body of men, but fatigue and want of time will prevent me from giving you any of the details, until I have the happiness of seeing you at Mount Vernon, which I now most ardently wish for, since we are drove in thus far. A weak and feeble state of health obliges me to halt here for two or three days, to recover a little strength, that I may thereby be enabled to proceed homewards with more ease. You may expect to see me there on Saturday or Sunday se'night, which is as soon as I can well be down, as I shall take my Bullskin Plantations in my way. Pray give my compliments to all my friends. I am, dear Jack, your most affectionate brother.

ADDRESS TO THE OFFICERS OF THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT

8 January, 1756.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THIS timely warning of the effects of misbehavior will, I hope, be instrumental in animating the younger officers to a laudable emulation in the service of their country. Not that I apprehend any of them can be guilty of offences of this nature: but that there are many other misdemeanors, that will, without due circumspection, gain upon inactive minds, and produce consequences equally disgraceful.

I would, therefore, earnestly recommend, in every point

of duty, willingness to undertake, and intrepid resolution to execute. Remember, that it is the *actions,* and not the commission, that make the officer, and that there is more expected from him, than the *title.* Do not forget, that there ought to be a time appropriated to attain this knowledge, as well as to indulge pleasure. And as we now have no opportunities to improve from example, let us read for this desirable end. There is Bland's and other treatises which will give the wished-for information.

I think it my duty, gentlemen, as I have the honour to preside over you, to give this friendly information; especially as I am determined, as far as my small experience in service, my abilities, and interest of the service may dictate, to observe the strictest discipline through the whole economy of my behavior. On the other hand, you may as certainly depend upon having the strictest justice administered to all, and that I shall make it the most agreeable part of my duty to study merit, and reward the brave and deserving. I assure you, gentlemen, that partiality shall never bias my conduct, nor shall prejudice injure any; but, throughout the whole tenor of my proceedings, I shall endeavor, as far as I am able, to reward and punish, without the least diminution.

TO GEORGE MASON

MOUNT VERNON, 5 April, 1769.

DEAR SIR:

Herewith you will receive a letter and sundry papers, which were forwarded to me a day or two ago by Dr. Ross of Bladensburg, I transmit them with the greater pleasure, as my own desire of knowing your sentiments upon a matter of this importance exactly coincides with the Doctor's inclinations.

At a time, when our lordly masters in Great Britain will be satisfied with nothing less than the deprivation of American freedom, it seems highly necessary that something should be done to avert the stroke, and maintain the liberty, which we have derived from our ancestors. But the manner of doing it, to answer the purpose effectually, is the point in question.

That no man should scruple, or hesitate a moment, to use

arms in defence of so valuable a blessing, on which all the good and evil of life depends, is clearly my opinion. Yet arms, I would beg leave to add, should be the last recourse, the *dernier resort*. Addresses to the throne, and remonstrances to Parliament, we have already, it is said, proved the inefficacy of. How far, then, their attention to our rights and privileges is to be awakened or alarmed, by starving their trade and manufactures, remains to be tried.

The northern colonies, it appears, are endeavoring to adopt this scheme. In my opinion it is a good one, and must be attended with salutary effects, provided it can be carried pretty generally into execution. But to what extent it is practicable to do so, I will not take upon me to determine. That there will be difficulties attending the execution of it everywhere, from clashing interests, and selfish, designing men (ever attentive to their own gain, and watchful of every turn, that can assist their lucrative views, in preference to every other consideration) cannot be denied; but in the tobacco colonies, where the trade is so diffused, and in a manner wholly conducted by factors for their principals at home, these difficulties are certainly enhanced, but I think not insurmountably increased, if the gentlemen in their several counties will be at some pains to explain matters to the people, and stimulate them to a cordial agreement to purchase none but certain enumerated articles out of any of the stores after such a period, nor import nor purchase any themselves. This, if it did not effectually withdraw the factors from their importations, would at least make them extremely cautious in doing it, as the prohibited goods could be vended to none but the non-associators, or those who would pay no regard to their association; both of whom ought to be stigmatized, and made the object of public reproach.

The more I consider a scheme of this sort, the more ardently I wish success to it, because I think there are private as well as public advantages to result from it—the former certain, however precarious the other may prove. For in respect to the latter, for I have always thought, that by virtue of the same power (for here alone the authority derives) which assumes the right of taxation, they may attempt at least to restrain our manufactories, especially those of a public nature, the

same equity and justice prevailing in the one case as the other, it being no greater hardship to forbid my manufacturing, than it is to order me to buy goods of them loaded with duties, for the express purpose of raising a revenue. But as a measure of this sort would be an additional exertion of arbitrary power, we cannot be worsted, I think, by putting it to the test.

On the other hand, that the colonies are considerably indebted to Great Britain, is a truth universally acknowledged. That many families are reduced almost, if not quite, to penury and want from the low ebb of their fortunes, and estates daily selling for the discharge of debts, the public papers furnish but too many melancholy proofs of, and that a scheme of this sort will contribute more effectually than any other I can devise to emerge the country from the distress it at present labors under, I do most firmly believe, if it can be generally adopted. And I can see but one set of people (the merchants excepted,) who will not, or ought not, to wish well to the scheme, and that is those who live genteelly and hospitably on clear estates. Such as these, were they not to consider the valuable object in view, and the good of others, might think it hard to be curtailed in their living and enjoyments. For as to the penurious man, he saves his money and he saves his credit, having the best plea for doing that, which before, perhaps, he had the most violent struggles to refrain from doing. The extravagant and expensive man has the same good plea to retrench his expenses. He is thereby furnished with a pretext to live within bounds, and embraces it. Prudence dictated economy to him before, but his resolution was too weak to put it in practice. For how can I, *says he,* who have lived in such and such a manner, change my method? I am ashamed to do it, and besides, such an alteration in the system of my living will create suspicion of the decay of my fortune, and such a thought the world must not harbor. I will e'en continue my course, till at last the course discontinues the estate, a sale of it being the consequence of his perseverence in error. This I am satisfied is the way, that many, who have set out in the wrong track, have reasoned, till ruin stares them in the face. And in respect to the poor and needy man, he is only left in the same situation that he was found—better, I might say, because, as he judges from comparison, his condition is

amended in proportion as it approaches nearer to those above him.

Upon the whole, therefore, I think the scheme a good one, and that it ought to be tried here, with such alterations as the exigency of our circumstances renders absolutely necessary. But how, and in what manner to begin the work, is a matter worthy of consideration, and whether it can be attempted with propriety or efficacy (further than a communication of sentiments to one another,) before May, when the Court and Assembly will meet in Williamsburg, and a uniform plan can be concerted, and sent into the different counties to operate at the same time and in the same manner everywhere, is a thing I am somewhat in doubt upon, and should be glad to know your opinion of.

ANSWER TO AN ADDRESS OF THE PROVINCIAL CONGRESS OF MASSACHUSETTS

GENTLEMEN: 4 July, 1775.

Your kind congratulations on my appointment and arrival, demand my warmest acknowledgments, and will be ever retained in grateful remembrance.

In exchanging the enjoyments of domestic life for the duties of my present honorable but arduous station, I only emulate the virtue and public spirit of the whole province of the Massachusetts Bay, which, with a firmness and patriotism without example in modern history, have sacrificed all the comforts of social and political life, in support of the rights of mankind, and the welfare of our common country. My highest ambition is to be the happy instrument of vindicating those rights, and to see this devoted province again restored to peace, liberty and safety.

The short space of time, which has elapsed since my arrival, does not permit me to decide upon the state of the army. The course of human affairs forbids an expectation that troops formed under such circumstances should at once possess the order, regularity, and discipline of veterans. Whatever deficiencies there may be, will, I doubt not, soon be made up by the activity and zeal of the officers, and the docility and obe-

dience of the men. These qualities, united with their native bravery and spirit, will afford a happy presage of success, and put a final period to those distresses, which now overwhelm this once happy country.

I most sincerely thank you, Gentlemen, for your declaration of readiness at all times to assist me in the discharge of the duties of my station. They are so complicated and extended, that I shall need the assistance of every good man, and lover of his country. I therefore repose the utmost confidence in your aid.

In return for your affectionate wishes to myself, permit me to say, that I earnestly implore that divine Being, in whose hands are all human events, to make you and your constituents as distinguished in private and public happiness, as you have been by ministerial oppression, and private and public distress.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE ISLAND OF BERMUDA

CAMP AT CAMBRIDGE, 3 miles from Boston,
6 September, 1775.

GENTLEMEN:

In the great conflict, which agitates this continent, I cannot doubt but the assertors of freedom and the right of the constitution are possessed of your most favorable regards and wishes for success. As descendants of freemen, and heirs with us of the same glorious inheritance, we flatter ourselves that, though divided by our situation, we are firmly united in sentiment. The cause of virtue and liberty is confined to no continent or climate. It comprehends, within its capacious limits, the wise and good, however dispersed and separated in space or distance.

You need not be informed, that the violence and rapacity of a tyrannic ministry have forced the citizens of America, your brother colonists into arms. We equally detest and lament the prevalence of those counsels, which have led to the effusion of so much blood, and left us no alternative, but a civil war, or a base submission. The wise Dispenser of all events has hitherto smiled upon our virtuous efforts. Those mercenary troops, a few of whom lately boasted of subjugat-

ing this vast continent, have been checked in their earliest ravages, and are now actually encircled in a small space, their arms disgraced, and suffering all the calamities of a siege. The virtue, spirit, and union of the provinces leave them nothing to fear, but the want of ammunition. The applications of our enemies to foreign states, and their vigilance upon our coasts, are the only efforts they have made against us with success. Under these circumstances, and with these sentiments, we have turned our eyes to you, Gentlemen, for relief. We are informed there is a very large magazine on your island under a very feeble guard. We would not wish to involve you in an opposition in which, from your situation, we should be unable to support you; we know not, therefore, to what extent to solicit your assistance in availing ourselves of this supply; but, if your favor and friendship to North America and its liberties have not been misrepresented, I persuade myself you may, consistently with your own safety, promote and further this scheme, so as to give to it the fairest prospect of success. Be assured, that, in this case, the whole power and exertion of my influence will be made with the Honorable Congress, that your island may not only be supplied with provisions, but experience every mark of affection and friendship, which the grateful citizens of the free country can bestow on its brethren and benefactors.

TO COLONEL BENEDICT ARNOLD

Instructions

1. You are immediately on the march from Cambridge to take the command of the detachment from the Continental Army against Quebec, and use all possible expedition, as the winter season is now advancing, and the success of this enterprise, under God, depends wholly upon the spirit with which it is pushed, and the favorable dispositions of the Canadians and Indians.

2. When you come to Newburyport you are to make all possible inquiry, what men-of-war there may be on the coast, to which this detachment may be exposed on their voyage to Kennebec River; and, if you should find that there is danger of your being intercepted, you are not to proceed by water, but

by land, taking care on the one hand not to be diverted by light and vague reports, and on the other not to expose the troops rashly to a danger, which by many judicious persons has been deemed very considerable.

3. You are, by every means in your power, to endeavor to discover the real sentiments of the Canadians towards our cause, and particularly as to this expedition, bearing in mind, that if they are averse to it and will not co-operate, or at least willingly acquiesce, it must fail of success. In this case you are by no means to prosecute the attempt; the expense of the expedition, and the disappointment, are not to be put in competition with the dangerous consequences, which may ensue from irritating them against us, and detaching them from their neutrality, which they have adopted.

4. In order to cherish those favorable sentiments to the American cause, that they have manifested, you are, as soon as you arrive in their country, to disperse a number of the addresses you will have with you, particularly in those parts, where your route shall lie; and observe the strictest discipline and good order, by no means suffering any inhabitant to be abused, or in any manner injured, either in his person or his property, punishing with exemplary severity every person, who shall transgress, and making ample compensation to the party injured.

5. You are to endeavor, on the other hand, to conciliate the affections of those people, and such Indians as you may meet with, by every means in your power; convincing them, that we come, at the request of many of their principal people, not as robbers or to make war upon them, but as the friends and supporters of their liberties as well as ours. And to give efficacy to these sentiments, you must carefully inculcate upon the officers and soldiers under your command, that, not only the good of their country, but their safety, depends upon the treatment of these people.

6. Check every idea and crush in its earliest stage every attempt to plunder even those, who are known to be enemies to our cause. It will create dreadful apprehension in our friends, and, when it is once begun, no one can tell where it will stop. I therefore again most expressly order, that it be discouraged and punished in every instance without distinction.

7. Any King's stores, which you shall be so fortunate to possess yourself of, are to be secured for the Continental use, agreeably to the rules and regulations of war published by the honorable Congress. The officers and men may be assured that any extraordinary service performed by them will be suitably rewarded.

8. Spare neither pains nor expense to gain all possible intelligence of your march, to prevent surprises and accidents of every kind, and endeavor if possible to correspond with General Schuyler, so that you may act in concert with him. This, I think, may be done by means of the St. Francis Indians.

9. In case of a union with General Schuyler, or if he should be in Canada upon your arrival there, you are by no means to consider yourself as upon a separate and independent command, but are to put yourself under him and follow his directions. Upon this occasion, and all others, I recommend most earnestly to avoid all contentions about rank. In such a cause every post is honorable, in which a man can serve his country.

10. If Lord Chatham's son should be in Canada, and in any way should fall into your power, you are enjoined to treat him with all possible deference and respect. You cannot err in paying too much honor to the son of so illustrious a character, and so true a friend to America. Any other prisoners, who may fall into your hands, you will treat with as much humanity and kindness, as may be consistent with your own safety and public interest. Be very particular in restraining, not only your own troops, but the Indians, from all acts of cruelty and insult, which will disgrace the American arms, and irritate our fellow subjects against us.

11. You will be particularly careful to pay the full value for all provisions, or other accommodations, which the Canadians may provide for you on your march. By no means press them or any of their cattle into your service, but amply compensate those, who voluntarily assist you. For this purpose you are provided with a sum of money in specie, which you will use with as much frugality and economy, as your necessities and good policy will admit, keeping as exact an account as possible of your disbursements.

12. You are by every opportunity to inform me of your

progress, your prospects, and intelligence, and upon any important occurrence to send an express.

13. As the season is now far advanced, you are to make all possible despatch; but if unforeseen difficulties should arise, or if the weather should become so severe, as to render it hazardous to proceed, in your own judgment and that of your principal officers, whom you are to consult—in that case you are to return, giving me as early notice as possible, that I may render such assistance as may be necessary.

14. As the contempt of the religion of a country by ridiculing any of its ceremonies, or affronting any of its ministers or votaries, has ever been deeply resented, you are to be particularly careful to restrain every officer and soldier from such imprudence and folly, and to punish every instance of it. On the other hand, as far as lies in your power, you are to protect and support the free exercise of the religion of the country, and the undisturbed enjoyment of the rights of conscience in religious matters, with your utmost influence and authority.

Given under my hand, at headquarters, Cambridge, this 14th day of September, 1775.

TO MISS PHYLLIS WHEATLEY

CAMBRIDGE, 28 February, 1776.

MISS PHYLLIS:

Your favor of the 26th of October did not reach my hands, till the middle of December. Time enough, you will say, to have given an answer ere this. Granted. But a variety of important occurrences, continually interposing to distract the mind and withdraw the attention, I hope will apologize for the delay, and plead my excuse for the seeming but not real neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me, in the elegant lines you enclosed and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents; in honor of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem, had I not been apprehensive, that while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me not to give it place in the public prints.

If you should ever come to Cambridge, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the Muses, and to whom nature has been so liberal and beneficient in her dispensations, I am, with great respect, your obedient humble servant.

ANSWER TO AN ADDRESS FROM THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MASSACHUSETTS

GENTLEMEN:

I return you my most sincere and hearty thanks for your polite address; and feel myself called upon by every principle of gratitude, to acknowledge the honor you have done me in this testimonial of your approbation of my appointment to the exalted station I now fill, and, what is more pleasing, of my conduct in discharging its important duties. When the councils of the British nation had formed a plan for enslaving America, and depriving her sons of their most sacred and invaluable privileges, against the clearest remonstrances of the constitution, of justice, and of truth, and, to execute their schemes, had appealed to the sword, I esteemed it my duty to take a part in the contest, and more especially on account of my being called thereto by the unsolicited suffrages of the representatives of a free people; wishing for no other reward, than that rising from a conscientious discharge of the important trust, and that my services might contribute to the establishment of freedom and peace, upon a permanent foundation, and merit the applause of my countrymen, and every virtuous citizen.

Your acknowledgment of my attention to the civil constitution of this colony, whilst acting in the line of my department, also demands my grateful thanks. A regard to every Provincial institution, where not incompatible with the common interest, I hold a principle of duty and of policy, and it shall ever form a part of my conduct. Had I not learnt this before, the happy experiences of the advantages resulting from a friendly intercourse with your honorable body, their early and ready concurrence to aid and to counsel, whenever called upon in cases of difficulty and emergency, would have taught me the useful lesson.

That the metropolis of your colony is now relieved from the cruel and oppressive invasions of those, who were sent to erect the standard of lawless domination, and to trample on the rights of humanity, and is again open and free for its rightful possessors, must give pleasure to every virtuous and sympathetic heart; and its being effected without the blood of our soldiers and fellow-citizens must be ascribed to the interposition of that Providence, which has manifestly appeared in our behalf through the whole of this important struggle, as well as to the measures pursued for bringing about the happy event.

May that Being, who is powerful to save, and in whose hands is the fate of nations, look down with an eye of tender pity and compassion upon the whole of the United Colonies; may He continue to smile upon their counsels and arms, and crown them with success, whilst employed in the cause of virtue and mankind. May this distressed colony and its capital, and every part of this wide extended continent, through His divine favor, be restored to more than their former lustre and once happy state, and have peace, liberty, and safety secured upon a solid, permanent, and lasting foundation.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS several persons, inhabitants of the United States of America, influenced by inimical motives, intimidated by the threats of the enemy, or deluded by a Proclamation issued the 30th of November last, by Lord and General Howe, styled the King's Commissioners for granting pardons, &c. (now at open war, and invading these States), have been so lost to the interest and welfare of their country, as to repair to the enemy, sign a declaration of fidelity, and in some instances have been compelled to take the oath of allegiance, and engaged not to take up arms, or encourage others to do so, against the King of Great Britain; And whereas it has become necessary to distinguish between the friends of America and those of Great Britain, inhabitants of these States; and that every man who receives protection from, and as a subject of any State, not being conscientiously scrupulous against bearing arms, should

stand ready to defend the same against hostile invasion; I do therefore, in behalf of the United States, by virtue of the powers committed to me by Congress, hereby strictly command and require every person, having subscribed such declaration, taken such oath, and accepted such protection and certificate, to repair to Head-Quarters, or to the quarters of the nearest general officer of the Continental Army, or militia, until further provision can be made by the civil authority, and there deliver up such protection, certificate, and passports, and take the oath of allegiance to the United States of America; nevertheless hereby granting full liberty to all such as prefer the interest and protection of Great Britain to the freedom and happiness of their country, forthwith to withdraw themselves and families within the enemy's lines. And I do hereby declare, that all and every person, who may neglect and refuse to comply with this order, within thirty days from the date hereof, will be deemed adherents to the King of Great Britain, and treated as common enemies to these American States.

Given at Head-Quarters, Morristown, this 25th day of January, 1777.

TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, IN PARIS

HEAD-QUARTERS, 17 August, 1777.

SIR:

I have been honored with your favor of the 2d of April by Monsieur de Cenis, written in behalf of that gentleman on the credit of Monsieur Turgot's recommendation. I should have been happy, had it been in my power, in deference to your recommendation, founded upon that of so respectable a character as Monsieur Turgot, to afford Monsieur de Cenis the encouragement to which his zeal and trouble in coming to America to offer his services give him a claim to; but such is the situation of things in our army at this time, that I am necessarily deprived of that satisfaction. Our troops being already formed and fully officered, and the number of foreign gentlemen already commissioned and continually arriving with fresh applications, throw such obstacles in the way of any future appointments, that every new arrival is only a new source of embarrassment to Congress and myself, and of disappoint-

ment and chagrin to the gentlemen, who come over. Had there been only a few to provide for, we might have found employment for them in a way advantageous to the service and honorable to themselves; but, as they have come over in such crowds, we either must not only employ them, or we must do it at the expense of one-half of the officers of the army; which you must be sensible would be attended with the most ruinous effects, and could not fail to occasion a general discontent. It is impossible for these gentlemen to raise men for themselves; and it would be equally impolite and unjust to displace others, who have been at all the trouble and at considerable expense in raising corps, in order to give them the command. Even where vacancies happen, there are always those, who have a right of succession by seniority, and who are as tenacious of this right as of the places they actually hold; and in this they are justified by the common principle and practice of all armies, and by resolution of Congress. Were these vacancies to be filled by the foreign officers, it would not only cause the resignation of those, who expect to succeed to them, but it would serve to disgust others, both through friendship to them, and from an apprehension of their being liable to the same inconvenience themselves. This, by rendering the hope of preferment precarious, would remove one of the principal springs of emulation, absolutely necessary to be upheld in an army.

Besides this difficulty, the error we at first fell into, of prodigally bestowing rank upon foreigners, without examining properly their pretensions, having led us to confer high ranks upon those who had none, or of a very inferior degree, in their own country, it now happens, that those who have really good pretensions, who are men of character, abilities, and rank, will not be contented unless they are introduced into some of the highest stations of the army, in which, it needs no arguments to convince you, it is impossible to gratify them. Hence this dissatisfaction and the difficulty of employing them are increased. These obstacles reduce us to this dilemma: either we must refuse to commission them at all, and leave all the expense, trouble, and risk, that have attended their coming over, uncompensated; or we must commission them without being able to incorporate or employ them; by which means enjoying

the public pay and an unmeaning rank, they must submit to the mortification of being mere ciphers in the army. This last, to some of them, may not be disagreeable; but to men of sentiment, and who are actuated by a principle of honor and a desire to distinguish themselves, it must be humiliating and irksome in the extreme.

From these considerations it would be both prudent and just to discourage their coming over, by candidly opening the difficulties they have to encounter; and if, after that, they will persist in it, they can only blame themselves. I am sensible, Sir, that it is a delicate and perplexing task to refuse applications of persons patronized, (as I suppose often happens) by some of the first characters in the kingdom where you are, and whose favor it is of importance to conciliate; but I beg leave to suggest, whether it would not be better to do that, than by compliance to expose them to those mortifications, which they must unavoidably experience, and which they are too apt to impute to other causes than the true, and may represent under very disadvantageous colors. Permit me also to observe to you, that even where you do not promise anything, but simply give a line of recommendation, they draw as strong an assurance of success from that as from a positive engagement, and estimate the hardship of a disappointment nearly the same in one case as in the other. I am, &c.

TO BUSHROD WASHINGTON

NEWBURG, 15 January, 1783.

DEAR BUSHROD:

You will be surprised, perhaps, at receiving a letter from me; but if the end is answered for which it is written, I shall not think my time misspent. Your father, who seems to entertain a very favorable opinion of your prudence, and I hope you merit it, in one or two of his letters to me speaks of the difficulty he is under to make you remittances. Whether this arises from the scantiness of his funds, or the extensiveness of your demands, is matter of conjecture with me. I hope it is not the latter; because common prudence, and every other consideration, which ought to have weight in a reflecting mind, is opposed to your requiring more than his conveniency, and a

regard to his other children will enable him to pay; and because he holds up no idea in his Letter, which would support me in the conclusion. Yet when I take a view of the inexperience of youth, the temptations in the vices of cities, and the distresses to which our Virginia gentlemen are driven by an accumulation of Taxes and the want of a market, I am almost inclined to ascribe it in part to both. Therefore, as a friend, I give you the following advice.

Let the object, which carried you to Philadelphia, be always before your Eyes. Remember, that it is not the mere study of the Law, but to become eminent in the profession of it, which is to yield honor and profit. The first was your choice; let the second be your ambition, and that dissipation is incompatible with both; that the Company, in which you will improve most, will be least expensive to you; and yet I am not such a Stoic as to suppose that you will, or to think it right that you should, always be in Company with senators and philosophers; but of the young and juvenile kind let me advise you to be choice. It is easy to make acquaintances, but very difficult to shake them off, however irksome and unprofitable they are found, after we have once committed ourselves to them. The indiscretions and scrapes, which very often they voluntarily lead one into, prove equally distressing and disgraceful.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.

Let your *heart* feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one, and let your *hand* give in proportion to your purse; remembering always the estimation of the widow's mite, but, that it is not every one who asketh that deserveth charity; all however, are worthy of the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer.

Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men any more than fine feathers make fine Birds. A plain genteel dress is more admired, and obtains more credit than lace and embroidery, in the Eyes of the judicious and sensible.

The last thing, which I shall mention, is first in importance;

and that is to avoid Gaming. This is a vice which is productive of every possible evil; equally injurious to the morals and health of its votaries. It is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and father of mischief. It has been the ruin of many worthy families, the loss of many a man's honor, and the cause of Suicide. To all those who enter the lists, it is equally fascinating. The successful gamester pushes his good fortune, till it is overtaken by a reverse. The losing gamester, in hopes of retrieving past misfortunes, goes on from bad to worse, till grown desperate he pushes at everything and loses his all. In a word, few gain by this abominable practice, (the profit if any being diffused) while thousands are injured.

Perhaps you will say, "My conduct has anticipated the advice," and "Not one of these cases applies to me." I shall be heartily glad of it. It will add not a little to my happiness, to find those to whom I am nearly connected pursuing the right walk of life. It will be the sure road to my favor, and to those honors and places of profit, which their Country can bestow; as merit rarely goes unrewarded. I am, dear Bushrod, your affectionate uncle.

ADDRESS TO THE OFFICERS

GENTLEMEN:

By an anonymous summons an attempt has been made to convene you together. How inconsistent with the rules of propriety, how unmilitary, and how subversive to all good ordor and discipline, let the good sense of the army decide.

In the moment of this summons, another anonymous production was sent into circulation; addressed more to the feelings and passions, than to the reason and judgment of the army. The author of the piece is entitled to such credit for the goodness of his pen, and I could wish he had as much credit for the rectitude of his heart; for, as men see through different optics, and are induced by the reflecting faculties of the mind to use different means to obtain the same end, the author of the address should have had more charity, than to mark for suspicion the man, who should recommend moderation and longer forbearance, or in other words, who should not think as he

thinks, and act as he advises. But he had another plan in view, in which candor and liberality of sentiment, regard to justice, and love of country, have no part; and he was right to insinuate the darkest suspicion, to effect the blackest designs.

That the address is drawn with great art, and is designed to answer the most insidious purposes, that it is calculated to impress the mind with an idea of premeditated injustice in the sovereign power of the United States, and rouse all those resentments, which must unavoidably flow from such a belief; that the secret mover of this scheme, whoever he may be, intended to take advantage of the passions, while they were warmed by the recollection of past distresses, without giving time for cool, deliberate thinking, and that composure of mind which is so necessary to give dignity and stability to measures, is rendered too obvious by the mode of conducting the business, to need other proof than a reference to the proceeding.

Thus much, Gentlemen, I have thought it incumbent on me to observe to you, to show upon what principles I opposed the irregular and hasty meeting, which was proposed to be held on Tuesday last, and not because I wanted a disposition to give you every opportunity, consistent with your own honor and the dignity of the army, to make known your grievances. If my conduct heretofore has not evinced to you, that I have been a faithful friend to the army, my declaration of it at this time would be equally unavailing and improper. But, as I was among the first, who embarked in the cause of our common country; as I have never left your side one moment, but when called from you on public duty; as I have been the constant companion and witness of your distresses, and not among the last to feel and acknowledge your merits; as I have ever considered my own military reputation as inseparably connected with that of the army; as my heart has ever expanded with joy, when I have heard its praises, and my indignation has arisen, when the mouth of detraction has been opened against it; it can scarcely be supposed, at this stage of the war, that I am indifferent to its interests. But how are they to be promoted? The way is plain, says the anonymous address; if war continues, remove into the unsettled country; there establish yourselves, and leave an ungrateful country to defend itself. But

whom are they to defend? Our wives, our children, our farms and other property, which we leave behind us? Or, in the state of hostile separation, are we to take the two first (the latter cannot be removed) to perish in a wilderness with hunger, cold, and nakedness? If peace takes place, neither sheathe your swords, says he, until you have obtained full and ample justice. This dreadful alternative, of either deserting our country in the extremest hour of distress, or turning our arms against it, which is the apparent object, unless Congress can be compelled into instant compliance, has something so shocking in it, that humility revolts at the idea. My God! What can this writer have in view by recommending such measures? Can he be a friend to the army? Can he be a friend to this country? Rather is he an insidious foe! Some emissary, perhaps from New York, plotting the ruin of both by sowing the seed of discord and separation between the civil and military powers of the continent? And what a compliment does he pay to our understandings, when he recommends measures, in either alternative, impracticable in their nature!

But here, Gentlemen, I will drop the curtain, because it would be as imprudent in me to assign my reasons for this opinion, as it would be insulting to your conception to suppose you stood in need of them. A moment's reflection will convince every dispassionate mind of the physical impossibility of carrying either proposal into execution.

There might, Gentlemen, be an impropriety in my taking notice, in this address to you, of an anonymous production; but the manner in which that performance has been introduced to the army, the effect it was intended to have, together with some other circumstances, will amply justify my observances on the tendancy of that writing. With respect to the advice given by the author to suspect the man, who shall recommend moderate measures and longer forbearance, I spurn it, as every man who regards that liberty, and reveres that justice, for which we contend, undoubtedly must. For, if men are to be precluded from offering their sentiments on a matter which may involve the most serious and alarming consequences, that can invite the consideration of mankind, reason is of no use to us; the freedom of speech may be taken away, and, dumb and silent, we may be led away like sheep to the slaughter.

I cannot, in justice to my own belief, and what I have great reason to conceive is the intention of Congress, conclude this address without giving it as my decided opinion, that that honorable body entertain exalted sentiments of the services of the army, and, from a full conviction of its merits and sufferings, will do it complete justice. That their endeavors to discover, and establish funds for this purpose have been unwearied, and will not cease, till they have succeeded, I have no doubt; but, like all other large bodies, where there is a variety of different interests to reconcile, their deliberations are slow. Why then should we distrust them; and, in consequence of that distrust, adopt measures, which may cast a shade over that glory, which has been so justly acquired, and tarnish the reputation of an army, which is celebrated through all Europe for its fortitude and patriotism? And for what is this done? To bring the object we seek nearer? No! Most certainly, in my opinion, it will cast it at a greater distance.

For myself (and I take no merit in giving the assurance, being induced to it from principles of gratitude, veracity, and justice), a grateful sense of the confidence you have ever placed in me, a recollection of the cheerful assistance and prompt obedience I have experienced from you, under every vicissitude of fortune, and the sincere affection I feel for an army I have so long had the honor to command, oblige me to declare in this public and solemn manner, that, in the attainment of complete justice for all your toils and dangers, and in the gratification of every wish, so far as may be done consistently with the great duty I owe to my country, and those powers we are bound to respect, you may freely command my services to the utmost extent of my abilities.

While I give you these assurances and pledge myself in the most unequivocal manner to exert whatever ability I am possessed of in your favor, let me entreat you, Gentlemen, on your part, not to take any measures, which, in the calm light of reason, will lessen the dignity and sully the glory you have hitherto maintained. Let me request you to rely on the plighted faith of your country, and place a full confidence in the purity of the intentions of Congress, that, previous to your dissolution as an army, they will cause all your accounts to be liquidated, as directed in their resolutions, which were published to you

two days ago, and that they will adopt the most effectual measures in their power to render ample justice to you for your faithful and meritorious services. And let me conjure you in the name of our common country, as you value your sacred honor, as you respect the rights of humanity, and as you regard the military and national character of America, to express your utmost horror and detestation of the man, who wishes, under any specious pretences, to overturn the liberties of our country, and who wickedly attempts to open the flood gates of civil discord, and deluge our rising empire in blood.

By thus determining and acting, you will pursue the plain and direct road to the attainment of your wishes; you will defeat the insidious designs of our enemies, who are compelled to resort from open to secret artifice; you will give one more distinguished proof of unexampled patriotism and patient virtue, rising superior to the pressure of the most complicated sufferings; and you will, by the dignity of your conduct, afford occasion for posterity to say, when speaking of the glorious example you have exhibited to mankind, "Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection, to which human nature is capable of attaining."

FAREWELL ORDERS TO THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES

Rocky Hill, near Princeton,
(Sunday) 2 November, 1783.

The United States in Congress assembled, after giving the most honorable testimony to the merits of the federal armies, and presenting them with the thanks of their country for their long, eminent and faithful services, having thought proper, by their proclamation bearing date the 18th day of October last, to discharge such part of the troops as were engaged for the war, and to permit the officers on furlough to retire from service from and after to-morrow; which proclamation having been communicated in the public papers for the information and government of all concerned, it only remains for the Commander-in-chief to address himself once more, and that for the last time, to the armies of the United

States (however widely dispersed the individuals who compose them may be), and to bid them an affectionate, a long farewell.

But before the Commander-in-chief takes his final leave of those he holds most dear, he wishes to indulge himself a few moments in calling to mind a slight review of the past. He will then take the liberty of exploring with his military friends their future prospects, of advising the general line of conduct, which, in his opinion, ought to be pursued; and he will conclude the address by expressing the obligations he feels himself under for the spirited and able assistance he has experienced from them, in the performance of an arduous office.

A contemplation of the complete attainment (at a period earlier than could have been expected) of the object, for which we contended against so formidable a power, cannot but inspire us with astonishment and gratitude. The disadvantageous circumstances on our part, under which the war was undertaken, can never be forgotten. The singular interpositions of Providence in our feeble condition were such, as could scarcely escape the attention of the most unobserving; while the unparalleled perseverance of the armies of the United States, through almost every possible suffering and discouragement for the space of eight long years, was little short of a standing miracle.

It is not the meaning nor within the compass of this address, to detail the hardships peculiarly incident to our service, or to describe the distresses, which in several instances have resulted from the extremes of hunger and nakedness, combined with the rigors of an inclement season; nor is it necessary to dwell on the dark side of our past affairs. Every American officer must now console himself for any unpleasant circumstances, which may have occurred, by a recollection of the uncommon scenes in which he has been called to act an inglorious part, and the astonishing events of which he has been a witness; events which have seldom, if ever before, taken place on the stage of human action; nor can they probably ever happen again. For who has before seen a disciplined army forced at once from such raw material? Who, that was not a witness, could imagine, that the most violent local preju-

dices would cease so soon; and that men, who came from the different parts of the continent, strongly disposed by the habits of education to despise and quarrel with each other, would instantly become but one patriotic band of brothers? Or who, that was not on the spot, can trace the steps by which such a wonderful revolution has been effected, and such a glorious period put to all our warlike toils?

It is universally acknowledged, that the enlarged prospects of happiness, opened by the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, almost exceeds the power of description. And shall not the brave men, who have contributed so essentially to these inestimable acquisitions, retiring victorious from the field of war to the field of agriculture, participate in all the blessings, which have been obtained? In such a republic, who will exclude them from the rights of citizens, and the fruits of their labors? In such a country, so happily circumstanced, the pursuits of commerce and the cultivation of the soil will unfold to industry the certain road to competence. To those hardy soldiers, who are actuated by the spirit of adventure, the fisheries will afford ample and profitable employment; and the extensive and fertile regions of the West will yield a most happy asylum to those, who, fond of domestic enjoyment, are seeking for personal independence. Nor is it possible to conceive, that any one of the United States will prefer a national bankruptcy, and a dissolution of the Union, to a compliance with the requisitions of Congress, and the payment of its just debts; so that the officers and soldiers may expect considerable assistance, in recommencing their civil occupations, from the sums due to them from the public, which must and will most inevitably be paid.

In order to effect this desirable purpose, and to remove the prejudices, which may have taken possession of the minds of any of the good people of the States, it is earnestly recommended to all the troops, that, with strong attachments to the Union, they should carry with them into civil society the most conciliating dispositions, and that they should prove themselves not less virtuous and useful as citizens, than they have been persevering and victorious as soldiers. What though there should be some envious individuals, who are unwilling to pay the debt the public has contracted, or to yield the tribute due

to merit; yet let such unworthy treatment produce no invective, or any instance of intemperate conduct. Let it be remembered, that the unbiased voice of the free citizens of the United States has promised the just reward and given the merited applause. Let it be known and remembered, that the reputation of the federal armies is established beyond the reach of malevolence; and let a consciousness of their achievements and fame still incite the men, who composed them, to honorable action; under the persuasion that the private virtues of economy, prudence, and industry, will not be less amiable in civil life, than the more splendid qualities of valor and perseverance were in the field. Every one may rest assured, that much, very much, of the future happiness of the officers and men, will depend upon the wise and manly conduct, which shall be adopted by them when they are mingled with the great body of the community. And, although the General has so frequently given it as his opinion in the most public and explicit manner, that, unless the principles of the Federal Government were properly supported, and the powers of the Union increased, the honor, dignity, and justice of the nation would be lost forever; yet he cannot help repeating, on this occasion, so interesting a sentiment, and leaving it as his last injunction to every officer and every soldier, who may view the subject in the same serious point of light, to add his best endeavors to those of his worthy fellow citizens toward effecting these great and valuable purposes, on which our very existence as a nation so materially depends.

The Commander-in-chief conceives little is now wanting, to enable the soldier, to change the military character into that of the citizen, but that steady and decent tenor of behavior, which has generally distinguished not only the army under his immediate command, but the different detachments and separate armies, through the course of war. From their good sense and prudence he anticipates the happiest consequences; and, while he congratulates them on the glorious occasion, which renders their services in the field no longer necessary, he wishes to express the serious obligations he feels himself under for the assistance he has received from every class and in every instance. He presents his thanks in the most serious and affectionate manner to general officers, as well for their counsel on many occasions, as for their ardor in promoting

the success of the plans he had adopted; to the commandants of regiments and corps, and to the other officers, for their great zeal and attention in carrying his orders promptly into execution; to the staff, for their alacrity and exactness in performing the duties of their several departments; and to the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers, for their extraordinary patience and suffering, as well as their invincible fortitude in action. To the various branches of the army, the general takes this last and solemn opportunity of professing his inviolable attachment and friendship. He wishes more than mere professions were in his power; that he were really able to be useful to them in future life. He flatters himself, however, they will do him the justice to believe, that whatever could with propriety be attempted by him has been done.

And being now to conclude these his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honor to command, he can only again offer in their behalf his recommendations to their grateful country, and his prayers to the God of armies. May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of Heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under the Divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others. With these wishes and this benediction, the Commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene will be closed to him for ever.

TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

New York, 23 September, 1789.

Dear Sir:

The affectionate congratulations on the recovery of my health, and the warm expression of personal friendship, which were contained in your letter of the 16th instant, claim my gratitude. And the consideration, that it was written when you were afflicted with a painful malady, greatly increases my obligation for it.

Would to God, my dear Sir, that I could congratulate you upon the removal of that excruciating pain, under which you labor, and that your existence might close with as much

ease to yourself, as its continuance has been beneficial to our country and useful to mankind; or, if the united wishes of a free people, joined with the earnest prayers of every friend to science and humanity, could relieve the body from pains or infirmities, you could claim an exemption on this score. But this cannot be, and you have within yourself the only recourse to which we can confidently apply for relief, a philosophic mind.

If to be venerated for benevolence, if to be admired for talents, if to be esteemed for patriotism, if to be beloved for philanthropy, can gratify the human mind, you must have the pleasing consolation to know, that you have not lived in vain. And I flatter myself that it will not be ranked among the least grateful occurrences of your life to be assured, that, so long as I retain my memory, you will be thought on with respect, veneration, and affection by your sincere friend.

TO JOHN ADAMS, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

MOUNT VERNON, 13 July, 1798.

DEAR SIR:

I had the honor, on the evening of the 11th instant, to receive from the hands of the Secretary of War your favor of the 7th, announcing that you had, with the advise and consent of the Senate, appointed me Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-chief of all the armies raised or to be raised for the service of the United States.

I cannot express how greatly I am affected at this new proof of public confidence, and the highly flattering manner in which you have pleased to make the communication; at the same time I must not conceal from you my earnest wish, that the choice had fallen on a man less declined in years, and better qualified to encounter the usual vicissitudes of war.

You know, Sir, what calculations I had made relative to the probable course of events on my retiring from office, and the determination I had consoled myself with, of closing the remnant of my days in my present peaceful abode. You will, therefore, be at no loss to conceive and appreciate the sensations I must have experienced, to bring my mind to any con-

clusion that would pledge me, at so late a period of life, to leave scenes I sincerely love, to enter upon the boundless field of public action, incessant trouble, and high responsibility.

It was not possible for me to remain ignorant of, or indifferent to, recent transactions. The conduct of the Directory of France towards our Country, their insidious hostility to its government, their various practices to withdraw the affections of the People from it, the evident tendency of their arts and those of their agents to countenance and invigorate opposition, their disregard of solemn treaties and the laws of nations, their war upon our defenceless commerce, their treatment of our minister of peace, and their demands amounting to tribute, could not fail to excite in me corresponding sentiments with those my countrymen have so generally expressed in their affectionate addresses to you. Believe me, Sir, no one can more cordially approve of the wise and prudent measures of your administration. They ought to inspire universal confidence and will no doubt, combined with the state of things, call from Congress such laws and means, as will enable you to meet the full force and extent of the crisis.

Satisfied, therefore, that you have sincerely wished and endeavored to avert war, and exhausted to the last drop the cup of reconciliation, we can with pure hearts appeal to Heaven for the justice of our cause, and may confidently trust the final result to that kind Providence, who has heretofore and so often signally favored the people of these United States.

Thinking, in this manner, and feeling how incumbent it is upon every person of every description to contribute at all times to his country's welfare, and especially in a moment like the present, when everything we hold dear is so seriously threatened, I have finally determined to accept the Commission of Commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States; with the reserve only, that I shall not be called into the field until the army is in a situation to require my presence, or it becomes indispensable by the urgency of circumstances.

In making this reservation, I beg it to be understood, that I do not mean to withhold my assistance to arrange and organize the army, which you may think I can afford. I take the liberty also to mention, that I must decline having my acceptance considered as drawing after it any immediate

charge upon the public, and that I cannot receive any emoluments annexed to the appointment, before entering into a situation to incur expense.

The Secretary of War being anxious to return to the seat of Government, I have detained him no longer than was necessary to a full communication upon the several points he had in charge. With very great respect and consideration, I have the honor to be, &c.

TO PATRICK HENRY

(Confidential)

MOUNT VERNON, 15 January, 1799.

DEAR SIR:

At the threshold of this letter I ought to make an apology for its contents; but, if you will give me credit for my motives, I will contend for no more, however erroneous my sentiments may appear to you.

It would be a waste of time to attempt to bring to the view of a person of your observation and discernment, the endeavors of a certain party among us to disquiet the public mind with unfounded alarms; to arraign every act of the administration; to set the people at variance with their government; and to embarrass all its measures. Equally useless would it be to predict what must be the inevitable consequences of such policy, if it cannot be arrested.

Unfortunately, and extremely do I regret it, the State of Virginia has taken the lead in this opposition. I have said the *State,* because the conduct of its legislature in the eyes of the world will authorize the expression, because it is an incontrovertible fact, that the principal leaders of the opposition dwell in it, and because no doubt is entertained I believe that, with the help of the chiefs in other States, all the plans are arranged and systematically pursued by their followers in other parts of the Union, though in no State except Kentucky, that I have heard of, has legislative countenance been obtained beyond Virginia.

It has been said that the great mass of the citizens of this State are well affected, notwithstanding, to the general government and the Union; and I am willing to believe it; but

how is this to be reconciled with their suffrages at the election of representatives, both to Congress and their State legislature, who are men opposed to the first, and by the tendency of their measures would destroy the latter? Some among us have endeavored to account for this inconsistency, and, though convinced themselves of its truth, they are unable to convince others, who are unacquainted with the internal policy of the State.

One of the reasons assigned is, that the most respectable and best qualified characters amongst us will not come forward. Easy and happy in their circumstances at home, and believing themselves secure in their liberties and property, will not forsake their occupations, and engage in the turmoil of public business, or expose themselves to the calumnies of their opponents, whose weapons are detraction.

But, at such a crisis as this, when everything dear and valuable to us is assailed; when this party hangs upon the wheels of government as a dead weight, opposing every measure that is calculated for defense and self-preservation, abetting the nefarious views of another nation upon our rights, preferring, as long as they durst contend openly against the spirit and resentment of the people, the interest of France to the welfare of their own country, justifying the first at the expense of the latter; when every act of their own government is tortured, by constructions they will not bear, into attempts to trample and infringe upon the constitution with a view to introduce monarchy; when the most unceasing and the purest exertions, which were making to maintain a neutrality, proclaimed by the executive, approved unequivocally by Congress, by the State legislatures, nay, by the people themselves in various meetings, and to preserve the country in peace, are charged as a measure calculated to favor Great Britain at the expense of France, and all those, who had any agency in it are accused of being under the influence of the former and her pensioners; when measures are systematically and pertinaciously pursued, which must eventually dissolve the Union or produce coercion; I say, when these things are become so obvious, ought characters who are best able to rescue their country from the pending evil to remain at home? Rather ought they not to come forward, and by their talents

and influence stand in the breach, which such conduct has made on the peace and happiness of this country, and oppose the widening of it?

Vain will it be to look for peace and happiness, or for the security of liberty or property, if civil discord should ensue. And what else can result from the policy of those amongst us, who by all the measures in their power, are driving matters to extremity, if they cannot be counteracted effectually? The views of men can only be known, or guessed at, by their words or actions. Can those of the *leaders* of opposition be mistaken, then, if judged by this rule? That they are followed by numbers, who are unacquainted with their designs, and suspect as little the tendence of their principles, I am fully persuaded. But, if their conduct is viewed with indifference, if there is activity and misrepresentation on one side, and supineness on the other, their numbers accumulated by intriguing and discontented foreigners under proscription, who were at war with their own governments, and the greater part of them with *all* governments, they will increase, and nothing short of Omniscience can foretell the consequences.

I come now, my good Sir, to the object of my letter, which is, to express a hope and an earnest wish, that you will come forward at the ensuing elections (if not for Congress which you may think would take you too long from home), as a candidate for representative in the General Assembly of this commonwealth.

There are, I have no doubt, very many sensible men, who oppose themselves to the torrent, that carries away others who had rather swim with than stem it without an able pilot to conduct them; but these are neither old in legislation, nor well known in the community. Your weight of character and influence in the House of Representatives would be a bulwark against such dangerous sentiments, as are delivered there at present. It would be a rallying point for the timid, and an attraction for the wavering. In a word, I conceive it of immense importance at this crisis, that you should be there; and I would fain hope, that all minor considerations will be made to yield to the measure.

If I have erroneously supposed that your sentiments on these subjects are in unison with mine, or if I have assumed

a liberty, which the occasion does not warrant, I must conclude as I began, with praying that my motives may be received as an apology, and that my fear, that the tranquillity of the Union, and of the State in particular, is hastening to an awful crisis, has extorted them from me.

With great and very sincere regard and respect, I am, dear Sir, your most obedient, &c.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS

From "The Farewell Address."

THERE is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the Administration of the Government, and serve to keep alive the Spirit of Liberty. This within certain limits is probably true—and in Government of a Monarchical cast, Patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose, and there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched; it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those entrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres; avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the Guardian of the Public Weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern; some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be

as necessary as to institute them. If in the opinion of the People, the distribution or modification of the Constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great Pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens. The mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connexions with public and private felicity. Let it simply be asked where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure—reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

'Tis substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of Free Government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is, to use it as sparingly as possible: avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater

disbursements to repel it—avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of Peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your Representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should coöperate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be Revenue—that to have Revenue there must be taxes—that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant—that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties) ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the Government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining Revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and Morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages, which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a Nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded; and that in place of them just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The Nation, which indulges towards another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from

its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each other more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed and bloody contests. The Nation prompted by ill-will and resentment sometimes impels to War the Government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The Government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times it makes the animosity of the Nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the Liberty, of Nations has been the victim.

So likewise a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betraying the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement of justification: It leads also to concessions to the favorite Nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the Nation making the concessions; by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld; and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite Nation) facility to betray, or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearance of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent Patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practice the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, to-

wards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be *constantly* awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican Government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real Patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign Nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *Political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence therefore it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships, or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one People, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected. When belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest guided by our justice shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by

interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humour, or caprice?

'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances, with any portion of the foreign world; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements (I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is the best policy). I repeat it therefore let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care to always keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectably defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand: neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with Powers so disposed—in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our Merchants, and to enable the Government to support them—conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit; but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience or circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that 'tis folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another, that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character—that by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect, or calculate upon real favors from Nation to Nation. 'Tis an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

SELECTED MAXIMS OF WASHINGTON

Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid growth.

The Four Pillars of Independence

There are four things, which, I humbly conceive, are essential to the well-being, I may even venture to say, to the existence of the United States as an independent power:

First. An indissoluble union of the States under one Federal Head.

Second. A sacred regard to public justice.

Third. The adoption of a proper Peace Establishment.

Fourth. The prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and politics; to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general prosperity; and, in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community.

These are the pillars, on which the glorious fabric of our independency and national character must be supported.

Liberty is the basis. And whoever would dare to sap the foundation, or overturn the structure, under whatever specious pretext he may attempt it, will merit the bitterest execration, and the severest punishment which can be inflicted by his injured country.

Common danger brought the States into confederacy; and on their Union our safety and importance depend.

Public Opinion to be Enlightened

Promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge.

In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential, that public opinion should be enlightened.

In a free and republican government, you cannot restrain the voice of the multitude. Every man will speak as he thinks,

or, more properly, without thinking, and consequently will judge of effects without attending to their causes.

Good measures should always be executed as soon as they are conceived and circumstances will admit.

National Reputation

The virtue, moderation and patriotism, which marked the steps of the American people, in framing, adopting, and thus far carrying into effect our present system of government, have excited the admiration of nations.

It only now remains for us, to act up to those principles, which should characterize a free and enlightened people, that we may gain respect abroad, and insure happiness to ourselves and our posterity.

I hope, some day, we shall become a Storehouse and Granary for the World.

Non-Intervention

I have always given it as my decided opinion, that no nation had a right to intermeddle in the internal concerns of another; that every one had a right to form and adopt whatever government they liked best to live under, themselves; and that if this country could, consistently with its engagements, maintain a strict neutrality, and thereby preserve peace, it was bound to do so by motives of policy, interest and every other consideration that ought to actuate a people situated as we are, already deeply in debt, and in a convalescent state from the struggles we have been engaged in ourselves.

Would to God the harmony of nations were an object that lay nearest to the hearts of sovereigns; and that the incentives to peace, of which commerce and facility of understanding each other are not the most inconsiderable, might be daily increased.

Peace with all the world is my sincere wish. I am sure it is our true policy, and am persuaded it is the ardent desire of the government.

The Judiciary System

I have always been persuaded, that the stability and success of the National Government, and consequently the happiness of the people of the United States, would depend, in a considerable degree, on the interpretation and execution of its laws.

The Lakes

I am glad to hear, that the vessels for the Lakes are going on with such industry. Maintaining the superiority over the water, is certainly of infinite importance. I trust, neither courage nor activity will be wanting in those to whom this business is committed.

Essential Importance of a Standing Army

I most firmly believe the independence of the United States never will be established till there is an army on foot for war; and that, if we are to rely on occasional or annual levies, we must sink under the expense, and ruin must follow.

While the measures of government ought to be calculated to protect its citizens from all injury and violence, a due regard should be extended to those Indian tribes, whose happiness, in the course of events, so materially depends on the national justice and humanity of the United States.

National Importance of a Naval Force

It is in our experience, that the most sincere neutrality is not a sufficient guard against the depredations of nations at war.

Readiness for War

The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion, that, contrary to the order of human events, they will for ever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms, with which the history of every nation abounds.

There is a rank due to the United States among nations,

which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness.

If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it.

If we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known, that we are, *at all times, ready for war.*

Influence of Learning

I am not a little flattered, by being considered, by the patrons of literature, as one of their number. Fully apprised of the influence which sound learning has on religion and manners, on government, liberty, and laws, I shall only lament my want of abilities to make it still more extensive.

Diffidence

Submit your sentiments with diffidence. A dictatorial style, though it may carry conviction, is always accompanied with disgust.

It is a maxim with me, that, in times of imminent danger to the country, every true patriot should occupy the post in which he can render his services most effectually.

Endurance

We should never despair. Our situation has before been unpromising, and has changed for the better; so, I trust, it will again. If new difficulties arise, we must only put forth new exertions, and proportion our efforts to the exigency of the times.

The Patriot's Happiness

To stand well in the good opinion of my countrymen, constitutes my chief happiness, and will be my best support under the perplexities and difficulties of my present situation.

Connubial Life

In my estimation, more permanent and genuine happiness is to be found in the sequestered walks of connubial life, than

in the giddy rounds of promiscuous pleasure, or the more tumultuous and imposing scenes of successful ambition.

Talents Without Virtue

Without virtue, and without integrity, the finest talents and the most brilliant accomplishments can never gain the respect, and conciliate the esteem, of the truly valuable part of mankind.

Conscience

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called Conscience.

Moral Character

A good moral character is the first essential in a man. It is therefore highly important to endeavor not only to be learned, but virtuous.

Approbation of the Wise and Good

Nothing in human life can afford a liberal mind more rational and exquisite satisfaction than the approbation of a wise, a great, and a virtuous man.

Triumph of Principle

In times of turbulence, when the passions are afloat, calm reason is swallowed up, in the extremes to which measures are attempted to be carried; but, when those subside, and its empire is resumed, the man who acts from principle, who pursues the path of truth, moderation and justice, will regain his influence.

The Best Answer to Calumny

To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny.

Idle Forms

Every one who has any knowledge of my manner of acting in public life, will be persuaded that I am not accustomed to impede the despatch, or frustrate the success of business, by a ceremonious attention to idle forms.

Religion is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion. The one cannot exist without the other. A reasoning being would lose his reason, in attempting to account for the great phenomena of nature, had he not a Supreme Being to refer to; and well has it been said, that if there had been no God, mankind would have been obliged to imagine one.

National Righteousness and the Divine Favor

The propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected, on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which Heaven itself has ordained.

The Pure and Benign Light of Revelation

The free cultivation of letters, the unbounded extension of commerce, the progressive refinement of manners, the growing liberality of sentiment, and above all, the *pure and benign light of Revelation,* have had an ameliorating influence on mankind, and increased the blessings of society.

Spirit of Christianity

It would ill become me to conceal the joy that I have felt in perceiving the fraternal affection which appears to increase every day among the friends of genuine religion. It affords edifying prospects, indeed, to see Christians, of every denomination, dwell together in more charity, and conduct themselves, in respect to each other, with a more Christian-like spirit, than ever they have done in any former age, or in any other nation.

Religious Tenets and Civil Life

We have abundant reason to rejoice, that, in this land, the light of truth and reason have triumphed over the power of bigotry and superstition, and that every person may here worship God according to the dictates of his own heart.

In this enlightened age, and in this land of equal liberty, it is our boast, that a man's religious tenets will not forfeit the protection of the laws, nor deprive him of the right of attaining and holding the highest offices that are known in the United States.

THOMAS E. WATSON

[1856—1922]

LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT

MEN of strong and positive convictions seldom fail to develop sharp antagonisms. Especially is this true of one who, with consummate eloquence, has been the advocate of a cause; and the subject of this sketch has been no exception to that rule. Twice he has been the candidate of the People's Party for the high office of President of the United States. Besides, he has borne the brunt of many arduous campaigns in the interest of governmental reform; and if, in this biographical and critical portraiture of Watson the author, it becomes necessary to speak of Watson the political leader, it is because the two are so intimately interwoven that the one is needed to supplement and to interpret the other.

Even the most casual survey of Mr. Watson's life-work will suffice to show that both in letters and in politics he has been essentially the same man—impelled by the same high motives—dominated by the same fixed principles. In other words, whether the instrument for the time being has been the tongue or the pen, he has been the consistent champion of popular rights. From the moment of his first mental awakening he has been an assiduous student of the democratic trend of government. This may be due in part to his philosophic cast of mind. But the circumstances of his early environment, his youthful struggles with poverty, his intimate experience with the seamy side of life, his familiar acquaintance with hard work on the plantation, when his frail health and slender figure made the burdens doubly onerous—these more fully explain the secret of his life-long allegiance to the masses. Through all his writings runs the unifying thread of one supreme incentive: the desire to uplift the common people. This will be fully seen when we come to discuss his literary product more in detail.

It is by no means a corollary to what has been said that Mr. Watson was himself of humble or obscure origin. He was not. On both sides of the house, his ancestors were of good Quaker stock. They moved into Georgia in 1750 from North Carolina, coming with the band of settlers who purchased some of the alluvial acres between the Savannah and Ogeechee rivers, and built the town of Wrightsville. They were land-owners and slave-holders. To quote

in substance the language of Mr. Watson, his family was active in political and military affairs from the beginning of the settlement until the Civil War ended the old régime in the South, and was identified in every respect with the local gentry of the middle class.

Thomas E. Watson was born at the old home place near Thomson, in McDuffie County, September 5, 1856. Not far distant were the homes of two of his favorite heroes, Toombs and Stephens. From the common schools of the neighborhood he went to the high school at Thomson; and it was while attending the latter institution that his literary genius began to exhibit tokens of the coming author. He was always ready with his pen; and when other students were declaiming selections from 'The Boys' Speaker,' this precocious youngster in knee-trousers was writing his own orations. Though destined in after years to sway great multitudes, and to move the eminence of men's affections with the divine power of eloquence, the declaimer's medal was a trophy which constantly eluded his ambitious efforts; but it was ever a source of pride and satisfaction that he needed the assistance of no one in his debates and compositions.

Upon the advice of the principal of the village academy, young Watson was sent to college; and, the family being strongly Baptist in matters ecclesiastical, the college chosen was Mercer. Due to financial embarrassments at home, however, he remained at college only two years, relinquishing his studies in bitter disappointment at the end of the sophomore year to aid in the support of his father's household. The old home place having been sacrificed, what remained to them of domestic goods and chattels were transferred from Thomson to Augusta. Finding little else to do, he taught school for a while in Screven County; but he was too full of the fire of the advocate to be satisfied with the rôle of pedagogue. At leisure intervals, during the long winter evenings by the light of pine fagots, he began the study of Blackstone, the volume over which he pored being the gift of an old friend.

The first public speech Mr. Watson ever delivered was made at this time. It was on the subject of temperance; and some years later, when serving in the State Legislature, this beardless enemy of bar-rooms closed the debate upon the bill which eventually put four-fifths of the counties of the State under local option.

On giving up the school, he went back to Thomson to begin the practice of law, having previously been admitted to the Bar when only nineteen. Fortunate enough to obtain credit for a year's board, he displayed his professional shingle, and, while waiting for clients, he assisted the clerk in recording court papers. The first year his practice brought him only $212, which barely enabled him to liqui-

date his debt. The second year he earned $474; and he also undertook the repurchase of the old home place, buying a few acres at a time. He brought the family back from Augusta and, taking up his abode in the household, he thought nothing of the brisk three-mile walk which stretched between the town and the farm. Clients slowly but steadily increased in number, and fees grew by substantial multiples until his yearly income aggregated $12,000. In the meantime he won the happiest of all his suits by leading to the altar Miss Georgia Durham, who became his ideal helpmeet and companion. This was in 1878. She brought him no dowry of dollars, but she has been an ever-present inspiration at his fireside and in his life.

It was in 1882 that Mr. Watson was sent to the State Legislature. The year following he was a delegate to the gubernatorial convention. He opposed the renomination of Governor Colquitt and, in an impromptu speech which was less than ten minutes long, the clarion voice and the boylike figure of the young orator fairly stormed the assemblage. It recalled the dramatic début of Mr. Stephens in 1836 and announced the arrival of another tribune.

But we cannot linger even upon the dramatic episodes of Mr. Watson's eventful career. Only the most cursory review can be taken. In 1888 he was elector from the State-at-large on the Democratic ticket and stumped the State for Cleveland on the platform of tariff revision. The prestige derived from this campaign resulted in his subsequent election to Congress, the returns from the ballot-box giving him every county in the district except his competitor's, in which he made no contest.

It was at this time that the Farmers' Alliance began to emerge. Mr. Watson was not a member of this organization. But he felt that his election was due in large measure to the agricultural interests of his district; and when the farmers in national conclave urged every Congressman who was in sympathy with them to stand by the principles of the order, regardless of party affiliations, he felt bound in honor to respect this appeal. It came from the ranks of the toiling masses. He knew only too well the burdens under which they struggled. It was a period of great financial stress, for the cotton crop, which clothed the world, was bringing them only the merest pittance. To make buckle and tongue meet and to keep the wolf from the door was the difficult problem of many humble homes. The farmers made up the rank and file of the Democratic party in his district; and to the cause of the oppressed yeomanry he devoted both his time and his talent. On returning home, at the close of the session, he was met at the station by an enthusiastic host that for two hours cheered to the echo his arraignment of the

Democratic party, which he charged with having forsaken the doctrines of Jefferson.

For taking this bold stand he was, of course, assailed by all who adhered to the Democratic organization; and, the district having been "gerrymandered" in advance of the approaching election, he was not returned to Congress. But he carried every one of the old counties that still remained in the district, except Richmond, in which he claimed that ballot-box frauds had been committed.

This ended the Congressional service of Mr. Watson, but during his tenure of office he built an enduring memorial to his statesmanship in placing upon the statute-books the law that provides for the present free-delivery system in the rural districts, besides stamping his impress upon other important enactments.

The panic of 1893 was the culminating disaster in the catalogue of evils that aroused the "embattled farmers." To Mr. Watson it was like the imperious call of another Lexington. It summoned him once more to the front; and from this time he devoted himself heart and soul to the movement which at this crisis began to assume the colossal proportions of the People's Party. Mr. Cleveland was in the Presidential chair. By reason of his monetary views, the Democracy was divided and the country was demoralized. In this condition of affairs the new movement gathered strength. Refusing large fees and declining lecture engagements, Mr. Watson began an educational campaign at his own expense in the interest of Jeffersonian principles; and among other things he undertook to edit the People's Party paper in Atlanta. If he abandoned the flag of Democracy—to quote in substance his own words—it was because the old party had drifted from the ancient moorings; and, under the banner of Populism, he claimed to be fighting for the same eternal principles. In the opinion of Mr. Watson, both Republicans and Democrats were the political allies of Wall Street, and upon the hustings he scored them with equal warmth. Some of the best speeches of his life were made during the progress of this campaign. The vicissitudes of early experience were bearing fruit in magnificent pleas for the common people; and Mr. Watson became the acknowledged leader of the great uprising which received the name of Populism.

In time the new political organization embraced two million voters, and this was the party strength when the campaign of 1896 arrived. The Democracy was still divided. But the majority faction advocated radical reform, and between the Democratic and the Populist parties an alliance was formed that year, the former, like the latter, advocating a return to bimetallism for the relief of the financial stringency. Under the terms of this agreement, the Democratic ticket was Bryan and Sewall and the Populist ticket Bryan and

Watson. To this combination of banners, which was an excellent strategic coup for the divided Democracy, Mr. Watson yielded reluctant consent; but subsequent events showed that he misconceived the spirit in which the proposed plan of fusion was made, and that nothing short of the complete absorption of the Populist Party was intended. This disclosure prevented the coöperation which was necessary to success, and defeat ensued with such results that the Democratic party was utterly demoralized, while the Populist party was almost entirely disbanded. In fact, no concerted effort to retrieve the disaster was made by the latter party for eight years.

It was in the wake of this eventful campaign of 1896 that Thomas E. Watson turned from the disappointments of politics to the consolations of literature; and, while it was the iron hand of Fate that thrust him into the gentle realm of letters, he found himself in this new land of enchantment face to face with the crowning achievements of his life. Through the medium of his trenchant and facile pen, he began to put into the most fascinating of literary forms the mature fruit of his philosophical investigations. It was a labor of love; his inspiration and his theme were still the common people; and book after book leaped from the unwearied brain of the tireless tribune.

First came 'The Story of France.' This work grew out of some occasional sketches written for his paper several years previously, wherein he undertook to show how the greed of the few, working in the interest of class legislation, wrecked the French monarchy and precipitated the French Revolution. Next followed 'Napoleon.' To Mr. Watson the "Man of Destiny" has ever been the most fascinating figure in history, fighting his way from the obscure rôle of the charity student to the imperial throne of France, evolving the Code Napoleon which remains to-day the enduring memorial of his statesmanship, and making all Europe tremble at the bare mention of his name. The author uses this great military genius to show what can be accomplished under modern conditions by giving intelligent direction to the democratic impulse, and so long as Napoleon was content to represent the aspirations of the awakened French populace, to quote the words of Mr. Watson, he was irresistible. "It was only when he united the church and the state and divorced Josephine to wed the stupid daughter of an imbecile Austrian emperor," he adds, "that Napoleon's power began to wane." In the effort to found a dynasty leagued with European monarchies and aristocracies, he lost the support of the people, without gaining the support of the titled classes, and the result was Waterloo. Jefferson and Jackson both exemplify the principles upon which a government of the people must be founded, in opposition to the class

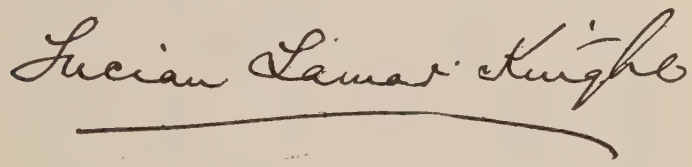
rule, which is represented by the school of Alexander Hamilton. 'Waterloo' is a monograph of the great battle that terminated the career of Napoleon. 'Bethany' is a story of the old South, cast in the mold of romance, but descriptive of historical scenes and incidents. Mr. Watson has also published his 'Life and Speeches,' 'Prose Miscellanies,' 'Sketches from Roman History' and a 'Hand-Book of Politics and Economics.' With respect to the author's style, it may be said that, without the least suggestion of pedantry, it is both graphic and vigorous, resembling the mountain brook, not only in its rapid flow, but in its transparent crystal.

The nomination of Alton B. Parker by the Democratic Convention of 1904 signalized the swing of the Democratic pendulum from the reforms advocated by Populism to the policies that the new party opposed. In other words, to use the language of Mr. Watson, it yielded to the seductive influence of the monetary power; and, this change of attitude serving to resuscitate the cause of Populism, Mr. Watson, in the interest of Jeffersonian principles, was unanimously nominated for the office of President of the United States. This honor was again conferred upon him in 1908. Though in each instance the fight was unsuccessful, he fought like an old warrior whose heart was wedded to his banner; and, whatever may have been the failures of Populism, it has undoubtedly produced wholesome agitation, and to this extent at least it has been instrumental in accomplishing many salutary reforms.

In 1904 Mr. Watson began the publication in New York of *Tom Watson's Magazine,* but the alliance he formed with other parties proved unfortunate, and he withdrew from this enterprise to launch in Atlanta the *Weekly Jeffersonian* and the *Jeffersonian Magazine,* both of which ventures have been successful.

Still in the vigorous prime of life, Mr. Watson has relinquished political ambitions for literary activities, and continues to write with a pen that has lost neither the brilliant sparkle nor the keen edge of the polished diamond. He is absolutely fearless in discussing men and measures. He believes in hewing to the line, regardless of where the chips may fall. But he is still the fast friend of the common people and, when he can no longer write a word or frame a whisper, his devotion to the old cause will claim his last pulse-beats. Despite the slanderous darts of which he has too often been the victim, amid the asperities of partisan politics, he is absolutely above the wiles of the tempter; and, to quote the words of Alfred Henry Lewis, "a syndicate could no more buy Watson and own Watson than it could buy and own a continent." It is probably true that Mr. Watson has really taken his leave of public life. For he is enamored of his literary labors and is accomplishing what many believe to be his best

work in the wider forum of letters. Fighter though he is, he is not at heart combative. The tenderest solicitude for the oppressed has ever guided the ponderous swing of his battle-ax; and all who have known him in his home life declare with one voice of testimony that neither his happiest moments nor his greatest triumphs have been found in the arena of debate but in the fireside realm of domestic affections.



PATRIOTISM OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS

From 'The Story of France.' Copyright, The Macmillan Company, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

It is the insanity of malice to attribute unworthy motives to men of this type [Lafayette, Condorcet, Louvet, and other men of the Revolution]. They care nothing for office, power, or riches. They care for principle. They worship ideals. They live and die for creeds. The world rarely understands, never fully appreciates, nearly always breaks them upon the wheel of stern misconception, rabid persecution, or cruel neglect. Such men bend beneath the curse of Cassandra. They tell unwelcome truths, are not believed, and perish with those who scoffed at their warnings. The multitude understands the baser men more readily—just as the baser men understand the multitude. The baser men combine against the higher types, and almost invariably crush them. It is the reformer's misfortune, usually, to be ahead of his times. He preaches what to his generation seems to be utopianism. To the next generation, it is accepted truth. But the reformer, by that time, is dead. He died of a broken heart, because the people would not comprehend him and rudely shoved him aside.

The coldly practical men scorn these enthusiasts. Yet the doctrinaire, the dreamer, eventually rules the world. The tawdry glory of the Bourbons, girded round about by triple

defences of soldiers and nobles and priests, fell like a midsummer's night dream before the books of Voltaire and Rousseau—fugitives both and despised doctrinaires. . . .

And so they passed away, the men who would have regenerated the world. They could not agree among themselves, they devoured each other, leaving the world unregenerated; but before they fell they had done a work which all the forces of reaction could not destroy. They had given France an internal organization which Napoleon was satisfied to perfect, but was too wise to abolish. They had given her a uniform system of weights and measures, and had almost completed a uniform code of laws. They had given her a system of education which, commencing at the primary school, rose grade by grade to the Normal and the Polytechnic, the School of Medicine, and to the Institute, the Lyceum Course, the Conservatory of Art and Trades, and of Music. They had inaugurated a state socialism which recognized the principle that society owes something to the citizen in return for what it exacts of him, and that any state is disgraced where its workmen, seeking work, can find none; and where its poor die of want at the doors of the rich. They had found the finances hopelessly disordered, the nation bankrupt. If they left this condition as bad as they found it, there was yet this to be said: they had given the people a currency which had not only kept the nation alive, but which had opened thousands of new fields to tillage, which had banished famine and hushed the cry of hunger; which had fed and equipped fourteen armies, and had made good the splendid audacity with which Republican France had challenged Monarchical Europe. They had given France an army which had met successfully a world in arms. Belgium had been annexed, Holland made a tributary, England and Austria fought to a standstill; Prussia compelled to sue for peace after repeated defeats, and Spain brought to her knees.

The mass of the French people was dead, the Revolutionists breathed into it the breath of life. It was blind, and they gave it sight; dumb, and they taught it to speak. They found the fairest lands given over to rabbits and deer; they opened them to men and women. They found a government of 270,000 over 25,000,000; they established a rule of all over all—

each a ruler and each a subject. If the Church complained of lands taken, altars broken, and priests put to death, they could say: "You had gone astray, forsaken your duty, betrayed the Master. Your wealth had made you proud, your pride had made you oppressive. Your priests were slain because they put themselves above the law; your images were broken because we hated a religion which had become all form and ceremony—tender with marble virgins and saints, but hard as flint with human sons, daughters, fathers, mothers. We have not been a curse to you, but a blessing in disguise. Through us, God chastens you. We have taught you humility, having made you poor. We have purified you by persecution. We have driven you through the valley of the shadow of death, but the path of sorrow will lead you out to the light. You will henceforth see your own sins. You will regenerate yourself —will be born again. And when the day comes that you again deserve the respect of good men and good women, you will get it. You will again be honoured and obeyed—not for your forms, your ceremonies, your pretended miracles, and your appeals to fear and to superstition, but because you represent man's longing for higher and better life, his innate conviction that it is better to be good than bad, better to believe in a hereafter of happiness for the saved, than in the endless sleep whose bed is in the grave, and whose eternity is dust."

These men of the Revolution had set the frozen currents in motion in every sphere of life; they had slain privilege, and loosed the limbs of competition; they had overthrown hereditary monopoly of wealth and honour, power and culture, and had opened wide the doors to all who would come. They had abolished the fetich worship which had prostrated a nation at the feet of a king. They had given the people a new ideal—self-respect, love of country, love of heroic achievement, love of good laws, love of self-government, equality, and liberty. They had broken the slumber of a thousand years, and called Frenchmen to nobler activities, higher aims, worthier lives. They found France reduced from her high place among the nations, her power despised, her flag insulted on land and sea! They put success in the place of failure, victory in lieu of defeat. They could have said with truth: "We have pushed

your frontiers further than they were under Louis XIV. when he was at his best. For Rossbach we have given you Valmy and Jemmapes; for Blenheim, Hondschoote and Fleurus; for your colonial empire lost by the Bourbons, we bring you Belgium, Avignon, Piedmont, and Holland. We found your armies dwindling away under such imbeciles as Lauzun, Dillon, Luckner, Rochambeau, and Broglie; we leave them in the hands of the greatest number of great generals that any nation on earth ever had before or will probably ever have again."

Every word of this would have been sober fact. They had done it—the results spoke for themselves. And even then all had not been said. They might have added: "We have taught the people the secret of their power—the secret also of the weakness of priests, aristocracy, and king. We have taught the masses to read, to think, to act, for themselves. We have forever destroyed the idea that God made a nation to obey the selfish whims of one man, minister to his wants, and feed the prurient appetites of his court. We have shown the people how to rebel, how to organize, how to fight tyranny, how to govern when thrones fall. We were not wreckers, only. We were builders, also. We meant to create the State anew. We meant to evolve a higher civilization. We loved France—loved our fellow-man, and our failure hurt us most because it shattered our ideal. We were not in the work for gain, for personal advancement. Power we loved, but it was power to work out our plans. We have failed. We worked too fast. The world was not ready for us. But we have sown the seed; the harvest will yet ripen. The world will never be the same that it was before we came. We leave our mark upon it; and where our work ends, others will take it up and carry it on. The prophet dies, but the Word lives: the leader falls, but the flag moves on, borne by other hands. We die, we pass out into the night; but we shall come again. In our principles we shall yet live, in our legislation we shall yet be honoured; in our creed we shall yet rule the world."

Time has avenged these pioneers of modern civilization. They were slain because they came too early; and the men who slew them, having had time for reflection, adopted, one after another, the principles for which the pioneers had died. German armies marched to shoot down the French Revolu-

tion; the Bourbon throne was once more set up, and a Bourbon king put upon it; and Germany then went to reforming her laws after the example set by the French Revolution. England poured out her treasure and her blood to check the spread of French principles; and she seemed to have succeeded. Yet England, after a while, grew ashamed of her code, changed her labor laws, her school laws, her poor laws, drifting to State socialism, to the Gladstone Land Act which lends money to tenants to buy farms, and to the Chamberlain programme which pensions worn-out workmen and aids labourers to purchase homes. "Society owes a sacred duty to those who have served it, those who do serve it, and those who may serve it"—thus spoke the Jacobin to a world which was not ready to hear him. It killed him first, and heard him afterwards. Imperial England, having suppressed the Indian Mutiny with a wholesale barbarity which would have made Danton shudder, and sent Robespierre to one of his days of seclusion in the Duplay attic, copies Danton, follows Robespierre, and cautiously, but steadily, advances along the road they blazed a hundred years ago.

And so the world moves on in God's mysterious way. The sound of the rifle which shoots down the reformer may advertise the reform and carry it far beyond the limits it otherwise would have passed. The potter turns his wheel, the weaver's shuttle flies back and forth, the statesman moulds his laws—and what the finished product in any case may be, the workman himself cannot know.

Cambon, the honest republican, helped to kill Robespierre, and dragged the lengthening chain of regret all the days of his after life. Billaud, the stern democrat, helped to kill Robespierre, and bitterly rued it as he crouched for home and protection among the blacks the Jacobins had freed. "I am the Resurrection and the Life!"—the pæan of Truth for all times, among all peoples; and wherever the valiant soldiers of progress wage battle for humanity's sake, there the better spirit of the Jacobin strives; there the heroic Frenchmen who are dead live again, bracing the courage and guiding the feet of the armies of Right, as they go marching into the dawn.

JOAN OF ARC

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. . . THEREFORE solemn judgment is rendered in Joan's favor. She is unanimously acquitted of the charges made against her. The verdict of guilty is quashed and Joan is declared "rehabilitated."

Joan's family feel gratified.

The people feel gratified.

The Church feels gratified.

The king, especially, feels gratified.

Joan, only, feels nothing. Joan is dead.

Twenty-five years have passed away since the fires at Rouen burned out and died; since the ashes of the brave and tender girl were cast into the Seine and were carried forth to sublime burial in the sad and solemn sea, where only the mourning waves could chant her dirge, the silent stars light her funeral and the great God mark her grave. . . .

Joan of Arc is one of the Mystics—one of those strangely endowed and inspired people, who, with the slenderest human support, alter the course of the world's history.

Like Mohammed, Peter the Hermit, and Ignatius Loyola, there seemed to be nothing supernatural about her, save her intense concentration of purpose and the vivid imagination which made her fancies appear realities.

The world cannot comprehend such characters, nor resist them, nor forget them.

Joan lives as truly to-day as when she laid flowers upon the altars, or when she led the wavering lines of battle back to victory.

Possessing no relic of her, no painting, no full description, the minds of after generations have tried earnestly to realize the face and the form of this "country girl who overthrew the power of England."

Poets have sung of her in immortal verse; painters have dreamed of her on imperishable canvas; sculptors, in the purity and strength of marble, have made her appear in the lovely shape she took in their own ideals.

Splendid monuments commemorate her at Orleans and at Paris. Every year at Orleans a festival is held in her honour, as it has been, with few intervals, ever since her death.

The French have loved many kings, warriors, statesmen, poets, and philosophers; but it may be safely said that in those sacred national archives, where veneration and love and profound respect guard the priceless heritage of great names and glorious examples, no king, no chieftain, no statesman, poet or philosopher disputes the place held by the shepherd girl, who was to France what the shepherd boy was to Israel.

THE FALL OF PARIS

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In the movements which followed, the Bonaparte of the Italian campaign was seen again, and for the last time. He was everywhere, he was tireless, he was inspiring, he was faultless, he was a terror to his foes. We see him heading charges with reckless dash, see him aiming cannon in the batteries, see him showing his recruits how to build bridges, see him check a panic by spurring his own horse up to a live shell and holding him there till the bomb exploded, see him rallying fugitives, on foot, and sword in hand. We hear him appeal to his tardy marshals to "Pull on the boots and the resolution of 1793"; we hear him address the people and the troops with the military eloquence of his best days; we see him writing all night after marching or fighting all day—his care and his efforts embracing everything, and achieving all that was possible to man.

That was a pretty picture at the crossing of the river Aube, where Napoleon was making a hasty bridge out of ladders spliced together, floored with blinds taken from the houses near by. Balls were tearing up the ground where the Emperor stood; but yet when he was about to quench his extreme thirst by dipping up in his hands the water of the river, a little girl of the village, seeing his need, ran to him with a glass of wine. Empire was slipping away from him, and his mind must have been weighed down by a thousand

cares; but he was so touched by the gallantry of the little maid that he smiled down upon her, as he gratefully drank, and he said:—

"Mademoiselle, you would make a brave soldier!"

Then he added playfully, "Will you take the epaulets? Will you be my aide-de-camp?" He gave her his hand, which she kissed, and as she turned to go he added, "Come to Paris when the war is over, and remind me of what you did to-day; you will feel my gratitude."

He was no gentleman; he had not a spark of generosity in his nature; he was mean and cruel; he was a superlatively bad man. So his enemies say, beginning at Lewis Goldsmith and ending at Viscount Wolseley. It may be so; but it is a little hard on the average citizen who would like to love the good men and hate the bad ones that a "superlatively evil man" like Napoleon Bonaparte should be endowed by Providence with qualities which make such men as Wellington, Metternich, Talleyrand, Czar Alexander, Emperor Francis, or Bourbon Louis seem small, seem paltry, seem prosaic and sordid beside him. . . .

Napoleon, with twenty-five thousand, hurried to the support of his marshals, and was in Blücher's rear by March 1. Once more the Prussian seemed doomed. His only line of retreat lay through Soissons and across the Aisne. With Napoleon hot upon his track, and in his rear a French fortress, how was he to escape destruction? A French weakling, or traitor, had opened the way by surrendering Soissons. Had he but held the town for a day longer, the war might have ended by a brilliant triumph of the French. Moreau was the name of the commandant at Soissons—a name of ill-omen to Napoleon, whose fury was extreme.

"Have that wretch arrested," he wrote, "and also the members of the council of defence; have them arraigned before a military commission composed of general officers, and, in God's name, see that they are shot in twenty-four hours."

Here was lost the most splendid opportunity which came to the French during the campaign. Blücher safely crossed the Aisne (March 3) in the night, and was attacked by Marmont on March 9. During the day the French were successful; but Blücher launched at the unwary Marmont a

night attack which was completely successful. The French lost forty-five guns and twenty-five hundred prisoners. In a sort of desperation, Napoleon gave battle at Laon, but was so heavily outnumbered that he was forced to retreat.

Almost immediately, however, he fell upon the Russians at Rheims, March 13, killed their general, St. Priest, and destroyed their force. It was at this time that Langeron, one of Blücher's high officers, wrote: "We expect to see this terrible man everywhere. He has beaten us all, one after another; we dread the audacity of his enterprises, the swiftness of his movements, and the ability of his combinations. One has scarcely conceived any scheme of operations before he has destroyed it."

This tribute from an enemy is very significant of what "this terrible man" might have accomplished had he been seconded. Suppose Murat and Eugène had been operating on the allied line of communications! Or suppose Augereau had done his duty in Switzerland, in the rear of the Allies! Spite of the odds, it seems certain that Napoleon would have beaten the entire array had he not been shamefully betrayed—abandoned by creatures of his own making. . . .

Did ever a tragedy show darker lines than this? All Europe marching against one man, his people divided, his lieutenants mutinous and inclining to treason, his senators ready to depose him, a sister and a brother-in-law stabbing him to the vitals, members of his Council of Regency in communication with the enemy, nobles whom he had restored and enriched plotting his destruction, and his favorite brother, his Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, using the opportunity which the trust afforded to debauch his wife!

Is it any wonder that even this indomitable spirit sometimes bent under the strain? . . .

After the Emperor's repulse at Laon, Schwarzenberg took heart and advanced toward Paris; but Napoleon, leaving Rheims, marched to Epernay, and the Austrians fell back, pursued by the French. The allied armies, however, concentrated at Arcis on the Aube, and, with one thousand men, beat off the Emperor when he attacked them with thirty thousand.

Napoleon now made his fatal mistake—fatal because he could count on no one but himself. He moved his army to the

rear of the Allies to cut their line of communications. This was a move ruinous to them, if the French armies in front should do their duty. The despatches in which Napoleon explained his march to the Empress Regent at Paris fell into the hands of the enemy, owing to Marmont's disobedience of orders in abandoning the line of communications. They hesitated painfully, they had even turned and made a day's march following Napoleon, when the capture of a bundle of letters from Paris, and the receipt of invitations from traitors and royalists in Paris, revealed the true situation there, and convinced them that by a swift advance they could capture the city and end the war. Accordingly they turned about, detaching a trifling force to harass and deceive the Emperor.

These movements, Napoleon to the rear and the Allies toward Paris, decided the campaign. The small force of eight or ten thousand, which the Allies had sent to follow the Emperor, was cut to pieces by him at St. Dizier and from the prisoners taken in the action he learned of rumors that the Allies were in full march upon Paris. He soon learned, also, that through Marmont's disobedience of orders a severe defeat had been inflicted upon the two marshals, and that Blücher and Schwarzenberg had united.

What shall Napoleon now do? Should he continue his march, gather up the garrisons of his fortresses, enroll recruits, and, having cut the enemy's communications, return to give him battle? He wished to do so, urged it upon the council of war, and at St. Helena repeated his belief that this course would have saved him. It might have done so. The army of the Allies, when it reached Paris, only numbered about one hundred and twenty thousand. Half that number of troops were almost within the Emperor's reach, and there were indications that the peasantry, infuriated by the brutality of the invaders, were about to rise in mass. At this time they could have been armed, for Napoleon had captured muskets by the thousand from the enemy. If Marmont and Mortier would but exhaust the policy of obstruction and resistance; if Joseph and War-minister Clarke, at Paris, would but do their duty, the Allies would be caught between two fires, for the Emperor would not be long in marshalling his strength and coming back.

But the older and higher officers were opposed to the plan. They told Napoleon that he must march at once to the relief of Paris. After a night of meditation and misery at St. Dizier, he set out on the return (March 28, 1814). At Doulevent he received cipher despatches from Lavalette, postmaster-general in Paris, warning him that if he would save the capital he had not a moment to lose. This message aroused him for the first time to the extremity of the peril. He had expected a stubborner resistance from Marmont, had relied upon greater effectiveness in Joseph and Clarke. But even now he did not realize the awful truth, the absolute necessity for his immediate presence to save Paris—else he would have mounted horse and spurred across France as he had once done, to smaller purpose, across Spain: as he had done the year before when Dresden was beleaguered. In this connection let us remember what he had told Meneval—that he was no longer able to endure horse exercise. For a cause which may have been physical, he did not mount a horse himself, for the long life-and-death ride, but he sent General Dejean. Through this messenger he told Joseph that he was coming at full speed, and would reach Paris in two days. Let the Allies be resisted for only two days—he would answer for the balance. Away sped Dejean, and he reached the goal in time.

The Empress and the King of Rome had been sent from the capital by Joseph, and Joseph had taken horse to follow; but Dejean spurred after him, and caught him up in the Bois de Boulogne. Brother's message was delivered to brother, Napoleon's appeal made to Joseph; and the answer, coldly given and stubbornly repeated, was, "Too late."

The Allies had marched, dreading every hour to hear the returning Emperor come thundering on their rear; Marmont had made one of the worst managed of retreats, and had allowed the enemy to advance far more rapidly than they had dared to hope; Parisians had vainly clamored for arms, that they might defend their city; and while thousands of citizens stood on the heights of Montmarte, looking expectantly for the Emperor, who was known to be coming, and while the cry, "It is he! It is he!" occasionally broke out as some figure on a white horse was seen in the distance, the imbecile Joseph wrote to the traitorous Marmont the permission to capitulate.

This note had not been delivered, the fight was still going on, and Dejean prayed Joseph to recall the note. "The Emperor will be here to-morrow! For God's sake, give him one day!"

With a sullen refusal to wait, Joseph put spurs to his horse, and set out to rejoin Maria Louisa.

In the dark corridors of human passion and prejudice, who can read the truth? The rebukes of the outraged husband to a recreant brother may have swayed Joseph, just as the reproofs of an indignant chief to a disobedient subordinate may have controlled Marmont.

The note from Joseph did its work. The defence ceased, the French army marched out, and the chief city of France fell, almost undefended.

Talleyrand and his clique had invited the Allies to march upon the capital, and the same party of traitors had paralyzed the spirit of the defence as far as they were able. They had found unconscious but powerful accomplices in Napoleon's brothers.

That night the French troops marching away from Paris, according to the terms of the capitulation, were met, only a few miles from the city, by Napoleon. After having sent Dejean, he had hurried his troops on to Doulaincourt, where more bad news was picked up; and, by double marches, he reached Troyes (March 29), where he rested. At daybreak he left his army to continue its march, while he, with a small escort, flew on to Villeneuve. There he threw himself into a coach and, followed by a handful of officers, dashed forward—to Sens, where he learned that the Allies were before Paris—to Fontainebleau, where he was told of the flight of the Empress—to Essonnes, where they said that the fight of Paris was raging—and to La Cour de France, only ten miles from his capital, where at midnight (March 30), as he waited for a fresh team to be put to his carriage, he heard the tramp of horses and the clank of arms. It was a squadron of cavalry on the highroad from Paris. He shouted to them from the dark, and to his challenge came the terrible response, "Paris has fallen."

The scene which followed is one of those which haunt the memory. The chilly gloom of the night, the little wayside inn, the halted cavalry, the horseless carriage, the rage of the

maddened Emperor, his hoarse call for fresh horses, his furious denunciation of those who had betrayed him, his desperate efforts to hurry the post-boys at the stables, the passion which carried him forward on foot a mile along the road to Paris, and the remonstrances of his few friends who urged him to go back—make a weird and tragic picture one does not forget.

It was not until he met a body of French infantry, also leaving Paris, that the frenzied Emperor would stop, and even then he would not retrace his steps. He sent Caulaincourt to make a last appeal to Alexander of Russia, he who had risen in the theatre at Erfurth to take Napoleon's hand when the actor recited, "The friendship of a great man is a gift of the gods."

A messenger was sent to Marmont, and the Emperor waited in the road to receive his answer; nine miles, and not much more than an hour, being the tantalizing margin upon which, again, fate had traced the words, "Too late." Only the river separated him from the out-posts of the enemy; their campfires could be seen by reflection in the distance, and yonder to the west was the dull glare hanging over Paris—Paris where a hundred thousand men were ready to fight, if only a leader would show them how!

Leaden must have been the feet of those hours, infinite the woe of that most impatient of men, that haughtiest of men, that self-consciously ablest of men, as he tramped restlessly back and forth on the bleak hill in the dark, awaiting the answers from his messengers.

At last he was almost forced into his carriage and driven back to Fontainebleau. Making his way to one of the humblest rooms, he fell upon the bed, exhausted, heart-broken.

NAPOLEON'S REFORMS

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NOTHING but memories now remain to France, or to the human race of the splendors of Marengo, of Austerlitz, Jena and Wagram; but the work which Napoleon did while Europe allowed him a few years of peace will endure for ages. Had the Treaty of Amiens been lasting, had England kept faith, had the old world dynasties been willing to accept at that time those necessary changes which have since cost so much labor, blood and treasure, Napoleon might have gone down to history, not as the typical fighter of modern times, but as the peerless developer, organizer, administrator and lawgiver. In his many-sided character there was the well-rounded man of peace, who delighted in improvement, in embellishment, in the growth of commerce, agriculture, and manufactures; in the progress of art, science, and literature; in the thorough training of the young, the care of the weaker members of society, the just administration of wise laws, the recognition of merit of all kinds. The orderly march of the legions of industry was not less satisfying to him than the march of armies. We have read so much of his battles that we have come to think of him as a man who was never so happy as when at war. This view is superficial and incorrect. It appears that he was never more energetic, capable, effective, never more at ease, never more cheerful, contented, kind, and magnetic than in the work connected with his schools, hospitals, public monuments, public improvements of all sorts, the codification of the laws, the encouragement and development of the vast industries of France. No trophy of any of his campaigns did he exhibit with more satisfaction than he took in showing to visitors a piece of sugar made by Frenchmen from the beet—a triumph of home industry due largely to his stimulating impulse.

In all such matters his interest was intelligent, persistent, and intense. Few were the months given to him in which to devote himself to such labor; but he took enormous strides in constructing a new system for France which worked wonders for her, and which has had its influence throughout the civilized world.

The men of the Revolution had sketched a grand scheme of state education, but it remained a sketch. Napoleon studied their scheme, improved it, adopted it, and put it into successful operation. His thorough system of instruction, controlled by the state, from the primary schools to the Lyceums and the Technological Institute remains in France to-day substantially as he left them.

Under the Directory society had become disorganized and morals corrupt. Napoleon, hard at work on finance, laws, education, military and civil administration, inaugurated the reform of social abuses also. With his removal to the Tuileries, February, 1800, may be dated the reconstruction of society in France. The beginnings of a court formed about him, and into this circle the notoriously immoral women could not enter. It must have been a cruel surprise to Madame Tallien—coming to visit her old friend Josephine—when the door was shut in her face by the usher. Of course it was by Napoleon's command that this was done, never by Josephine's. Applying similar rules to the men, Napoleon compelled Talleyrand to marry the woman with whom he openly lived; and even the favorite Berthier, too scandalously connected with Madame Visconti, was made to take a wife. Sternly frowning upon all flaunting immoralities, the First Consul's will power and example so impressed itself upon the nation that the moral tone of society throughout the land was elevated, and a loftier moral standard fixed.

Under the Directory the material well-being of the country, internally, had been so neglected that even the waterways fell into disuse. Under the consular government the French system of internal improvement soon began to excite the admiration of Europe. Englishmen, coming over after the peace, and seeing what their editors and politicians had described as a country ruined by revolution, were amazed to see that in many directions French progress could give England useful lessons. Agriculture had doubled its produce, for the idle lands of former grandees had been put under cultivation. The farmer was more prosperous, for the lord was not on the lookout to seize the crop with feudal dues as soon as made. Nor was the priest seen standing at the gate, grabbing a tenth of everything. Nor were state taxes levied with an eye single

to making the burden as heavy as peasant shoulders could bear.

Wonder of wonders! the man in control had said and kept saying, "Better to let the peasant keep what he makes than to lock it up in the public treasury!" The same man said, "Beautify the markets, render them clean, attractive, healthy —they are the Louvres of the common people." It was such a man who would talk with the poor whenever he could, to learn the facts of their condition. In his stroll he would stop, chat with the farmers, and, taking the plow in his own white hands, trace a wobbly furrow.

Commerce was inspired to new efforts, for the First Consul put himself forward as champion of liberty of the seas, combatting England's harsh policy of searching neutral vessels and seizing goods covered by the neutral flag.

Manufacture he encouraged to the utmost of his power, by shutting off foreign competition, by setting the example of using home-made goods, by direct subsidies. He even went so far as to experiment with the government warehouse plan, advancing money out of the treasury to the manufacturers on the deposit of the products of the mills.

No drone, be he the haughtiest Montmorency, whose ancestor had been in remote ages a murderer and a thief, could hold office under Napoleon. Unless he were willing to work, he could not enter into the hive. For the first time in the political life of the modern French, men became prouder of the fact that they were workers, doers of notable deeds, than that they were the cousin of some spindle-shanked duke whose great-great-grandfather had held the stirrup when Louis XIII had straddled his horse.

Having founded the Bank of France, January, 1800, Napoleon jealously scrutinized its management, controlled its operations, and made it useful to the state as well as to the bankers. He watched the quotation of government securities, took pride in seeing them command high prices, and considered it a point of honor that they should not fall below eighty. When they dropped considerably below that figure, some years later, the Emperor went into the market, made a campaign against the bears and forced the price up again—many a crippled bear limping painfully off the lost field.

The First Consul also elaborated a system of state education. Here he was no Columbus, no creator, no original inventor. His glory is that he accomplished what others had suggested, had attempted, but had not done. He took hold, gave the scheme the benefit of his tremendous driving force, and pushed it through. It will be his glory forever that in all things pertaining to civil life he was the highest type of democrat. Distinctions of character, merit, conduct, talent, he could understand; distinctions of mere birth he abhorred. The very soul of his system was the rewarding of worth. In the army, the civil service, the schools, in art and science and literature, his great object was to discover the real men—the men of positive ability—and to open to these the doors of preferment. . . .

Early in his consulate he began the great labor of codifying the laws of France—a work which had often been suggested and which the Convention had partially finished, but which had never been completed.

To realize the magnitude of the undertaking we must bear in mind that, under the Old Order, there were all sorts of laws and all kinds of courts. What was right in one province was wrong in another. A citizen who was familiar with the system in Languedoc would have found himself grossly ignorant in Brittany. Roman law, feudal law, royal edicts, local customs, seigniorial mandates, municipal practices, varied and clashed throughout the realm. The Revolution had prostrated the old system and had proposed to establish one uniform, modern and equitable code of law for the whole country; but the actual carrying out of the plan was left to Napoleon.

Calling to his aid the best legal talent of the land, the First Consul set to work. Under his supervision the huge task was completed, after the steady labor of several years. The Civil Code and the Code of Civil Procedure, and the Criminal Code and the Code of Criminal Procedure, were the four parts of the completed system which, adopted in France, followed the advance of the Empire and still constitutes the law of a large portion of the civilized world.

Every statute passed under Napoleon's eye. He presided over the meetings when the finished work of the codifiers came up for sanction, and his suggestions, reasoning, expe-

rience, and natural wisdom left their impress upon every page. "Never did we adjourn," said one of the colaborers of Napoleon, "without learning something we had not known before."

It is the glory of this Code that it put into final and permanent shape the best work of the Revolution. It was based upon the great principle that all citizens were legally equals; that primogeniture, hereditary nobility, class privileges and exemptions were unjust; that property was sacred; that conscience was free; that state employment should be open to all, opportunities equal to all, state duties and state burdens the same to all; that laws should be simple and legal proceedings public, swift, cheap and just; and that personal liberty, civil right, should be inviolable.

Recognizing his right as master-builder, his persistence, zeal, active co-operation in the actual work, and the modern tone which he gave to it, the world does him no more than justice in calling it the Code Napoleon.

ANALYSIS OF JEFFERSON

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. . . SERENELY happy is the master of Monticello, in these quiet years before the war. He makes and he spends, labors where work is not toil, loves and is loved, is in perfect health of body and of mind, and to him the world is bathed in sunlight. Little Martha, the first-born, begins to toddle about the house.

Husband, father, master, neighbor—he is kind to everybody. He loves to see bright faces about him. He loves to give pleasure to others. He would no sooner hurt the feelings of any mortal wilfully than he would steal.

Never fretting, scolding, worrying; never clouding the sunniness of to-day by forebodings about the morrow; never souring the milk of human kindness by scowls, sarcasm, reproaches, wrangles, or malicious gossip, he drew on the bank of the present for every legitimate pleasure that stood to his credit. He believed that the surest way to happiness was the making of others happy. This gospel he preached and

practiced; serenely confident and contented, he hums softly as he paces about his mountain home, measuring everything with a tape-line, weighing everything with steel-yards, probing everything with questions, calculating everything with pen or pencil, seeing to everything with his own eyes; and then, at night, or at some odd hour during the day, jotting it down in those faithful books.

A variedly industrious, widely intelligent, eminently companionable, nobly aspiring, warm-hearted, benevolent, bright-tempered man.

Just the kind of man a stranger would apply to, a beggar hunt up, a cynic shun, a bigot hate, a sharper pursue, a scholar delight in, a patriot trust, a neighbor love and impose on, a shyster outwit, visitors make a convenience of, over-seers bankrupt, philosophers esteem, fellow-statesmen respect, enemies ridicule, as often as they hated, friends blindly follow, sincerely respect, and good-naturedly joke at; children adore, and a pure, high-minded wife worship with boundless affection.

Mixed sunlight and shadow was in this character, as in all others, flaws, foibles, follies—the gold not wholly free and pure; but as nearly deserving unmixed affection and admiration as any son of Adam whose hands were ever given from youth to age to the moulding of better laws, better institutions, better conditions for the human race.

HENRY WATTERSON

[1840—1921]

ROBERT W. BINGHAM

HENRY WATTERSON was born in Washington, District of Columbia, February 16, 1840, at which time his father, the Honorable Harvey Magee Watterson, was a member of Congress from Tennessee. His mother, Tabitha Black Watterson, was a member of a prominent Tennessee family, and on both sides Mr. Watterson inherited traditions of courage, culture, and breeding. Owing to a defect in vision, he was educated chiefly by private tutors, though he passed four years at the Protestant Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia. He was designed originally for a musical career, and was carefully taught by the best masters, but, losing the action of one of his hands, he was diverted to musical criticism, and thence graduated into journalism. When only eighteen, he was a staff writer on the *Washington States,* continuing with that paper until he went South in 1861. He was also sub-editor of the *Democratic Review* in 1860. In 1861 he entered the Confederate service as a staff officer, and in 1864 he rose to be chief of scouts in General Johnston's Army. He was connected with the Chattanooga *Rebel* during ten months in 1862 and 1863. In 1865 he married Miss Rebecca Ewing, daughter of the Honorable Andrew Ewing of Nashville, and remained in Nashville until 1867 as editor of the *Republican Banner.*

During the winter of 1867-'68 Mr. Watterson was invited to Louisville to become the successor of Mr. George D. Prentice as editor of the *Journal.* After a sharp rivalry of half a year with Mr. W. N. Haldeman, owner and publisher of the *Courier,* at the end of which period the two papers divided about equally a rather limited newspaper field, Mr. Haldeman and Mr. Watterson joined their forces and purchased the Louisville *Democrat,* and thus created the *Courier-Journal.* The initial number of the new paper appeared Sunday, November 8, 1868. Mr. Watterson has been its editor from that day to this. Mr. Haldeman, who died in 1902, was president of the company and its publisher.

Mr. Watterson accepted an election to fill an unexpired term in Congress and served as a member of the Ways and Means Committee and as chairman of the Democratic Steering Committee from

August, 1876, to March, 1877. He declined a reëlection and resumed his editorship of the *Courier-Journal*. In 1876 he served as temporary chairman of the National Democratic Convention, and in 1880, 1884, 1888 and 1892 as chairman of the Platform Committees of the National Democratic Conventions. The University of the South conferred the degree of D.C.L. upon him in 1891, and Brown University followed with the degree of LL.D. in 1906. In 1882 he published 'Oddities of Southern Life and Character,' in 1899, 'History of the Spanish-American War,' and in 1902 a collection of his addresses, lectures, and sketches was published under the title 'The Compromises of Life,' of which a new edition was issued in 1906, containing additional material. For many years Mr. Watterson has held undisputed primacy among the editors of the United States.

A review of the great names in this branch of intellectual achievement and activity must begin with his, as, indeed, it must end with his, for he seems to have no successor. He was the equal of his greatest rivals in those particulars in which they excelled, for Dana was no greater satirist, Godkin no finer critic nor scholar, Greeley no stronger advocate, and, the peer of each at his best, he was the master of each in other respects. It is impossible to do justice to the work of such a writer, even in an extended biographical treatise, and altogether so in a fragmentary sketch such as this, for the "best evidence" of genius is its own product. To this end, out of Mr. Watterson's work which is preserved in permanent form, two selections have been made in an attempt to give an idea of his gifts as a writer. These, and all of his work, will repay perusal, for few writers in our time have possessed a style so rich and vigorous, a knowledge of men and affairs so varied and profound, an imagination so vivid, a humor so truly delicious. For many years he has been absolutely the head of his profession in this country, and has wielded a tremendous influence, not only in his own State, but in the Nation as well. Still active, vigorous, and unafraid, his genius undimmed, he furnishes knowledge, enthusiasm, and pleasure to his thousands of daily readers, and wears, by the verdict of the whole American people, the well-earned title, "the greatest editor of his time."

Robert W. Bingham.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From an Address delivered at Lincoln Union, Auditorium, Chicago, February 12, 1895. Copyright, Duffield and Company, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

THE statesmen in knee-breeches and powdered wigs who signed the Declaration of Independence and framed the Constitution—the soldiers in blue-and-buff, top-boots, and epaulets who led the armies of the Revolution—were what we are wont to describe as gentlemen. They were English gentlemen. They were not all, nor even generally, scions of the British aristocracy; but they came, for the most part, of good Anglo-Saxon and Scotch-Irish stock.

The shoe-buckle and the ruffled shirt worked a spell peculiarly their own. They carried with them an air of polish and authority. Hamilton, though of obscure birth and small stature, is represented by those who knew him to have been dignity and grace personified; and old Ben Franklin, even in woollen hose, and none too courtier-like, was the delight of the great nobles and fine ladies, in whose company he made himself as much at home as though he had been born a marquis.

When we revert to that epoch the beauty of the scene which history unfolds is marred by little that is uncouth, by nothing that is grotesque. The long procession passes, and we see in each group, in every figure, something of heroic proportion. John Adams and John Hancock, Joseph Warren and Samuel Adams, the Livingstons in New York, the Carrolls in Maryland, the Masons, the Randolphs, and the Pendletons in Virginia, the Rutledges in South Carolina—what pride of caste, what elegance of manner, what dignity and dominancy of character! And the soldiers! Israel Putnam and Nathanael Greene, Ethan Allen and John Stark, Mad Anthony Wayne and Light Horse Harry Lee, and Morgan and Marion and Sumter, gathered about the immortal Washington—Puritan and Cavalier so mixed and blended as to be indistinguishable the one from the other—where shall we go to seek a more resplendent galaxy of field-marshals? Surely not to Blenheim, drinking beakers to Marlborough after the famous victory; nor yet to the silken marquée of the great Condé on the Rhine, bedizened with gold lace and radiant with the flower of the nobility of France! Ah, me! there were gentlemen in those

days; and they made their influence felt upon life and thought long after the echoes of Bunker Hill and Yorktown had faded away, long after the bell over Independence Hall had ceased to ring.

The first half of the Republic's first half-century of existence the public men of America, distinguished for many things, were chiefly and almost universally distinguished for repose of bearing and sobriety of behavior. It was not until the institution of African slavery had got into politics as a vital force that Congress became a bear-garden, and that our lawmakers, laying aside their manners with their small-clothes, fell into the loose-fitting habiliments of modern fashion and the slovenly jargon of partisan controversy. The gentlemen who signed the Declaration and framed the Constitution were succeeded by gentlemen—much like themselves—but these were succeeded by a race of party leaders much less decorous and much more self-confident; rugged, puissant; deeply moved in all they said and did, and sometimes turbulent; so that finally, when the volcano burst forth flames that reached the heavens, great human bowlders appeared amid the glare on every side; none of them much to speak of according to rules regnant at St. James's and Versailles, but vigorous, able men, full of their mission and of themselves, and pulling for dear life in opposite directions.

There were Seward and Sumner and Chase, Corwin and Ben Wade, Trumbull and Fessenden, Hale and Collamer and Grimes, and Wendell Phillips and Horace Greeley, our latter-day Franklin. There were Toombs and Hammond, and Slidell and Wigfall, and the two little giants, Douglas and Stephens, and Yancey and Mason, and Jefferson Davis. With them soft words buttered no parsnips, and they cared little how many pitchers might be broken by rude ones. The issue between them did not require a diagram to explain it. It was so simple a child might understand. It read, human slavery against human freedom, slave labor against free labor, and involved a conflict as inevitable as it was irrepressible.

Long before the guns of Beauregard opened fire upon Fort Sumter, and, fulfilling the programme of extremism, "blood was sprinkled in the faces of the people," the hustings in America had become a battle-ground, and every rood of debatable

territory a ring for controversial mills, always tumultuous, and sometimes sanguinary. No sooner had the camp-fires of the Revolution—which warmed so many noble hearts and lighted so many patriotic lamps—no sooner had the camp-fires of the Revolution died out, than there began to burn, at first fitfully, then to blaze alarmingly in every direction, a succession of forest fires, baffling the energies and resources of the good and brave men who sought to put them out. Mr. Webster, at once a learned jurist and a prose poet, might thunder expositions of the written law, to quiet the fears of the slave-owner and to lull the waves of agitation. Mr. Clay, by his resistless eloquence and overmastering personality, might compromise first one and then another of the irreconcilable conditions that threw themselves across the pathway of conservative statesmanship. To no purpose, except to delay the fatal hour.

There were moving to the foreground moral forces which would down at no man's bidding. The still, small voice of emancipation, stifled for a moment by self-interest playing upon the fears of the timid, recovered its breath and broke into a cry for abolition. The cry for abolition rose in volume to a roar. Slowly, step by step, the forces of freedom advanced to meet the forces of slavery. Gradually, these mighty, discordant elements approached the predestined line of battle; the gains for a while seeming to be in doubt, but in reality all on one side. There was less and less of middle-ground. The middle-men who ventured to get in the way were either struck down or absorbed by the one party or the other. The Senate had its Gettysburg; and many and many a Shiloh was fought on the floor of the House. Actual war raged in Kansas. The mysterious descent upon Harper's Ferry, like a fire-bell in the night, might have warned all men of the coming conflagration; might have revealed to all men a prophecy in the lines that, quoted to describe the scene, foretold the event—

> The rock-ribbed ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,
> And Echo there, whatever is asked her, answers: "Death."

Greek was meeting Greek at last; and the field of politics became almost as sulphurous and murky as an actual field of battle.

Amid the noise and confusion, the clashing of intellects like sabres bright, and the booming of the big oratorical guns of the North and the South, now definitely arrayed, there came one day into the Northern camp one of the oddest figures imaginable; the figure of a man who, in spite of an appearance somewhat at outs with Hogarth's line of beauty, wore a serious aspect, if not an air of command, and, pausing to utter a single sentence that might be heard above the din, passed on and for a moment disappeared. The sentence was pregnant with meaning. The man bore a commission from God on high! He said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half free and half slave. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided." He was Abraham Lincoln. . . .

I met the newly elected President the afternoon of the day in the early morning of which he had arrived in Washington. It was a Saturday, I think. He came to the Capitol under Mr. Seward's escort, and, among the rest, I was presented to him. His appearance did not impress me as fantastically as it had impressed Colonel McClure. I was more familiar with the Western type than Colonel McClure, and while Mr. Lincoln was certainly not an Adonis, even after prairie ideals, there was about him a dignity that commanded respect.

I met him again the forenoon of March 4 in his apartment at Willard's Hotel as he was preparing to start to his inauguration, and was touched by his unaffected kindness; for I came with a matter requiring his immediate attention. He was entirely self-possessed; no trace of nervousness; and very obliging. I accompanied the cortège that passed from the Senate chamber to the vast portico of the Capitol, and, as Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast multitude in front and below, I extended my hand to receive it, but Judge Douglas, just beside me, reached over my outstretched arm and took the hat, holding it throughout the delivery of the inaugural address. I stood near enough to the speaker's elbow not to obstruct any gestures he might make, though he made but few; and then it was that I began to comprehend something of the power of the man.

He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man; of a leader of men; and in its ringing tones and elevated style, the gentlemen he had invited to become members of his political family—each of whom thought himself a bigger man than his master—might have heard the voice and seen the hand of a man born to command. Whether they did or not, they very soon ascertained the fact. From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the White House to the hour he went thence to his death, there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation and all his official subordinates. . . .

He was himself a Southern man. He and all his tribe were Southerners. Although he left Kentucky when but a child, he was an old child; he never was very young; and he grew to manhood in a Kentucky colony; for what was Illinois in those days but a Kentucky colony, grown since somewhat out of proportion? He was in no sense what we in the South used to call "a poor white." Awkward, perhaps; ungainly, perhaps, but aspiring; the spirit of a hero beneath that rugged exterior; the soul of a prose-poet behind those heavy brows; the courage of a lion back of those patient, kindly aspects; and, before he was of legal age, a leader of men. His first love was a Rutledge; his wife was a Todd.

Let the romancist tell the story of his romance. I dare not. No sadder idyl can be found in all the short and simple annals of the poor.

We know that he was a prose-poet; for have we not that immortal prose-poem recited at Gettysburg? We know that he was a statesman; for has not time vindicated his conclusions? But the South does not know, except as a kind of hearsay, that he was a friend; the sole friend who had the power and the will to save it from itself. He was the one man in public life who could have come to the head of affairs in 1861, bringing with him none of the embittered resentments growing out of the anti-slavery battle. While Seward, Chase, Sumner, and the rest had been engaged in hand-to-hand combat with the Southern leaders at Washington, Lincoln, a philosopher and a statesman, had been observing the course of

events from afar, and like a philosopher and a statesman. The direst blow that could have been laid upon the prostrate South was delivered by the assassin's bullet that struck him down. . . .

His was the genius of common-sense; of common-sense in action; of common-sense in thought; of common-sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. "He was a common man," says his friend, Joshua Speed, "expanded into giant proportions; well acquainted with the people, he placed his hand on the beating pulse of the nation, judged of its disease, and was ready with a remedy." Inspired he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, tells the story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I see this motherless lad growing to manhood amid scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind, no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save light from Heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always towards the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions; of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown at length as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself wholly to the work-a-day uses of the world; the rearing of children; the earning of bread; the multiplied duties of life. I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude, original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend the eminence reserved for him, and him alone of all the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same

being, from first to last; the poor child weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war; flinching never from duty, nor changing his life-long ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him onward. And, last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the Capitol of the nation, to which he had rendered "the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country around him, the world in mourning, and, asking myself how could any man have hated that man, I ask you, how can any man refuse his homage to his memory?

* * * * * *

HOME-COMING

From an Address of Welcome delivered in Louisville, June 13, 1906. Copyright, Duffield and Company, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian. From the cradle to the grave, the arms of the mother-land, stretched forth in mother-love—the bosom of the mother-land, immortal as the ages, yet mortal in maternal affection, warmed by the rich, red blood of Virginia—the voice of the mother-land, reaching the farthest corners of the earth in tones of Heavenly music—summon the errant to the roof-tree's shade and bid the wanderer home. What wanderer yet was ever loath to come? Whether upon the heights of fortune and fame or down amid the shadows of the valley of death and despair, the true Kentuckian, seeing the shining eyes and hearing the mother-call, sends back the answering refrain—

> Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
> My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee.

Behold in this great, exultant multitude, the proof! . . .

The star that shone above him [the Kentuckian] and led him on was love of liberty, the beacon of his dreams, the light of the fireside. He cut a clearing in the wild-wood and called it Home. He read not Romance, he made it; nor Poetry, he lived it. His the Forest Epic, the Iliad of the cane-brake, the Odyssey of the frontier, the unconscious prose-poem of the

rifle and the camp, the block-house and the plough, the Holy Bible and the Old-Field School!

Happy the man who has sat in childhood upon a well-loved grandsire's knee, awed by the telling of the wondrous tale; how, even as the Dardanæ followed Æneas, the Virginians followed Boone; the route from Troy to Tiber not wearier nor flanked by greater hazard than that betwixt the shores of the Chesapeake and the Falls of the Ohio; the mountains standing, gorgon-like, across the pathless way, as if, defending each defile, to hold inviolate some dread, forbidden secret; the weird wastes of wilderness beyond; the fordless stream; the yawning chasm; the gleam of the tomahawk and the hiss of the serpent; yet ever onward, spite of the haunting voice of the elements, stripped for the death-struggle with man, spite of the silence and the solitude of reluctant Nature, like some fawn-eyed maiden, resisting his rude intrusion; ever onward; before him the promised land of the hunter's vision; in his soul the grace of God, the fear of hell, and the love of Virginia!

God bless Virginia! Heaven smile upon her as she prepares to celebrate with fitting rite three centuries of majestic achievement, the star-crown upon her brow, the distaff in her hand, nor spot nor blur to dim the radiance of her shield!

They came, the Virginians, in their homespun, in quest of homes; their warrant their rifles; their payment the blood of heroes; nor yet forgetting a proverb the Chinese have that "it needs a hundred men to make a fortress, but only a woman can make a home"—for they were quick to go back for their women; their wives and their sweethearts; our grandmothers who stood by their side, beautiful and dauntless, to load their fowling-pieces, to dress their wounds, to cheer them on to battle, singing their simple requiem over the dead at Boonesborough, and bringing water from the spring at Bryan's Station, heart-broken only when the news came back from the River Raisin.

I am here to welcome you in the name of all the people of this lovely city, in the name of all the people of this renowned Commonwealth, to welcome you as kith and kin; but you will not expect me, I am sure, to add thereto more than the merest outline of the history of Kentucky, as it is known to each and every one of you, from the time when the pathfinders, under

the lead of Harrod and Henderson, of Boone and Kenton, blazed their way through the forest, and the heroes, led by Logan and Shelby, by Scott and Clark, rescued the land from the savage, to the hour which smiles upon us here this day; a history resplendent with illustrious names and deeds; separating itself into three great epochs and many episodes and adventures in woodcraft and warcraft and statecraft; the period of the Clays, the Breckinridges, and the Crittendens, with its sublime struggle to preserve the union of the States as it had come down to them from the Revolution, with always the Marshalls and the Wickliffes, the Boyles and the Rowans, the Johnsons and the Browns, the Adairs, the Deshas, and the McDowells, somewhere at the fore—"Old Ben Hardin" having a niche all to himself—none of them greater than he; the period of the War of Sections, when even the Clays, the Crittendens, and the Breckinridges were divided; when for a season the skies were hung in sable and all was dark as night, the very sacrifices that had gone before seeming to have been made in vain, the "dark and bloody ground" of barbaric fancy, come into actual being through the passions and mistakes of Christian men; and, finally, the period after the War of Sections, when the precept "once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian," was met by the answering voice, "blood is thicker than water," and the Goodloes, the Ballards, and the Speeds, the Harlans, the Frys, and the Murrays, clasped their hands across the breach and made short shift of the work of reconstruction with the Buckners, the Prestons, and the Dukes. Thus is it that here at least the perplexed grandchild cannot distinguish between the grizzled grandfather who wore the blue and the grizzled grandfather who wore the gray.

Kentucky, which gave Abraham Lincoln to the North and Jefferson Davis to the South, contributing a very nearly equal quota of soldiers to each of the contending armies of that great conflict—in point of fact, as many fighting men as had ever voted in any election—a larger per centum of the population than has ever been furnished in time of war by any modern State—Kentucky, thus rent by civil feud, was first to know the battle was ended and to draw toegther in reunited brotherhood. Kentucky struck the earliest blow for freedom, furnished the first martyrs to liberty, in Cuba. It was a Crittenden,

smiling before a file of Spanish musketry, refusing to be blindfolded or to bend the knee for the fatal volley, who uttered the key-note of his race, "A Kentuckian always faces his enemy and kneels only to his God." It was another Kentuckian, the gallant Holman, who, undaunted by the dread decimation, the cruel death-by-lot, having drawn a white bean for himself, brushed his friend aside and drew another in his stead. Ah, yes; we have our humors along with our heroics, and laugh anon at ourselves, and our mishaps and our jokes; but we are nowise a bloody-minded people; the rather a sentimental, hospitable, kindly people, caring perhaps too much for the picturesque and too little for consequences. Though our jests be sometimes rough, they are robust and clean. We are a provincial people and we rejoice in our provincialism. We have always piqued ourselves upon doing our love-making and our law-making, as we do our ploughing, in a straight furrow; and yet it is true that Kentucky never encountered darker days than came upon us when the worst that can befall a Commonwealth seemed passed and gone. The stubborn war between the Old Court party and the New Court party was bitter enough; but it was not so implacable as the strife which strangely began with the discussion of an honest difference of opinion touching a purely economic question, of National, not State, policy. Can there be one living Kentuckian who does not look back with horror and amazement upon the passions and incidents of those evil days? . . .

I have stood upon the margin of a distant sea and watched the ships go by, envious that their prows were Westward bent. I have marked the glad waves dancing to the setting sun, heart-sick with thoughts of home. And thus wistful, yearning, ready to take my dearest enemy by the hand and forgive him, yea, to sop gravy with him out of the self-same dish, those words of the vagabond poet, whose sins the Recording Angel long ago blotted out of his book, have come to me and sung to me and cheered me, even as a mother's lullaby:

> In all my wanderings round this world of care,
> In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
> I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
> Amid these rural scenes to lay me down,

To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose,
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Among the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw,
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home at last.

* * * * * *

You, too, friends and brothers—Kentuckians each and every one—you, too, Home again; this your castle, Kentucky's flag, not wholly hid beneath the folds of the Nation's, above it; this your cottage, Kentucky-like the latch-string upon the outer side; but, whether castle or cottage, an altar and a shrine for faithful hearts and hallowed memories. Be sure from yonder skies they look down upon us this day; the immortal ones who built this Commonwealth, and left it consecrate, a rich inheritance and high responsibility to you and me; who, like the father of Daniel Webster, shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve their country and raise their children to a condition better than their own. In God's name, and in Kentucky's name, I bid you something more than welcome: I bid you know and feel, and carry yourselves, as if you knew and felt that you are no longer dreaming, that this is actually God's country, your native soil, that, standing knee deep in blue-grass, you stand full length in all our homes and all our hearts!

HOWARD WEEDEN

[1847—1905]

F. P. GAMBLE

HOWARD WEEDEN was one of the many Southern writers who, almost by accident, have written of the simple things near at hand, and by the truth and beauty of their portrayal have given these themes a universal and abiding quality. The locality from which she drew her inspiration was the picturesque region of northern Alabama. Here she was surrounded by the finest traditions and survivals of the Old South. The country had been settled by the best class of Virginians who had brought with them a brave heritage of gentle breeding, courage, and the nobler qualities of gentlemen. They established fair and peaceful homes, and in them, during years of wealth and ease, slavery existed at its best. But this idyllic society was doomed to a swift passing. The war destroyed its wealth and broke all bonds between masters and slaves, except the tie of lasting affection. And here, in an atmosphere full of beautiful memories, this daughter of a once reigning house lived as the historian of a vanishing race and a vanishing time. As she says: "The books are but modest songs and verses snatched from the fading remnant of a people now nearly passed away, only valuable because the past is always precious, and only beautiful for being old and gone."

Howard Weeden, the daughter of William Weeden, a Virginian, and of Jane Urquhart, a Georgian, was born in Huntsville, Alabama, July 6, 1847. Her father's family were large cotton planters and slave owners. On her mother's side she inherited her literary instinct through a fine line of Scottish ancestry, with a notable taste for letters. She was educated as a gentlewoman of the time, and was given some small training in painting. This, supplemented by a few lessons on visits to New Orleans, was all the technical instruction she ever received. Yet during the quiet years in the old Huntsville home she painted in oil and water-colors, partly to aid the slender family income, more largely for the pleasure of self-expression. She did not, however, come into her own peculiar field until after the Columbian Exposition in 1893. There she discovered the sketches of negroes by Frost, Kemble, and others. She was impressed by these, but saw "nothing of the old-time 'quality' negro of the South." Remembering this, she made a study in oil of "Uncle Champ," an ancient family servant, and wrote the accompanying

verses, "Massa o' de Sheep Fold." Without hurry, and unthinking of fame, she painted her remarkable negro heads and penned the quaint verses, and at last, urged by friends, she sent a little sheaf of both to New York. They were accepted at once, with the request for more. Thus came into being her first book, 'Shadows on the Wall' (1898). During the next six years she brought out 'Bandanna Ballads' (1899), 'Songs of The Old South' (1901), and 'Old Voices' (1904). These thin volumes, each made up of portraits of fine old negroes with a bit of verse opposite, constitute all her work, and on them rests her claim to a small but enduring fame.

She died at her home April 11, 1905. Such is the full record of her life. There was no great tragedy, no picturesque external event to mark its course. She lived quietly and graciously, learning the hearts of her people and recording with a historian's honesty the sadness and beauty around her. Her life was as simple as a garden in a sheltered place, bringing forth a few delicate flowers.

In her work Miss Weeden's achievement is this: Her portraits and poems have caught the spirit of the ante-bellum negro of the finest type—"self-respecting and respected"—and presented it with simplicity and truth. Nothing of the artificial or merely conventional has place. With a deep reverence for reality, she does not depend on a false glamour, romantic tradition, or fanciful background. By study and genius she found the poetry in the unadorned fact. The negro is not *made* beautiful, but the beauty in him is revealed. He is neither caricatured nor idealized; through his grotesque features and commonplace garb she pierced to the lasting human. Her themes are of his work, his pleasures, his taste for good "vittles," his love for old Marse, his faithfulness, and his hope of crossing Jordan to happiness. Moreover, she pictures, not merely the negro race, but individual negroes, each with a soul and hope of his own. This evidences how deep was her vision. For to most men all negroes seem alike; separated from the white by color and physiognomy, they present only superficial differences of character among themselves. Yet this gentlewoman penetrated to the alien hearts and souls of individuals.

Her greatest contribution to the literature of the South is that she was an interpreter of the happy relation once existing between the slave and his master. "She recorded the passing of that strange brotherhood, the former master and the former slave, old and poor alike, passing away forever." She bears a message to other regions and to a later generation as to the true case when slavery flourished at its happiest. Joel Chandler Harris wrote of her poems: "They will see at once why their mothers and fathers are lamenting the extinction of these fine types of negro men and women reared

on the old plantation, independent and yet loyal, forward and yet gentle, captious and yet affectionate, and carrying about with them a flavor of high-breeding, the result of neither apishness nor senility." She discloses in these servants a fidelity so steadfast that one old man wonders why he too does not get a pension after having served "Old Marster" until they both surrendered. This fidelity was founded on a simple faith in the graciousness of the master, as shown in the philosophy of the veteran who says,

"I trust de summer-time to God,
De winter-time to you."

Yet these old men and women limp through her pages full of a dignity and breeding that was no mere imitation of their betters. They often comment on the frailties of their "folks" with shrewdness and wisdom, and keep through everything a childlike simplicity and a gentle, affectionate humor. Perhaps the high note of pathos in this work is the longing of the freed slave for the old days, the wish to forget the hurry and doubt of the present for the memory when restfulness was a virtue and the Master did the worrying.

"An' dere wa'n't nothin' in dem days
Of all dis haste an' noise,
For 'twasn't manners to be fast
When me an' Mis' was boys!"

In all of her work three strains of negro character are discovered: humor, a kind of reminiscent pathos, and religious emotion. For, despite the vulgarity of the false black-face minstrel, the negro is truly humorous, though much of this humor is unconscious. One can almost see the Mammy grinning as she complains because her picture is wanted in the old costume. Her prose answer is just made rhythmic:

"No Lord! my picture can't be caught
By man wid no sich manners;
Dat's 'zactly why de war was fought—
To end dem same bandanners!"

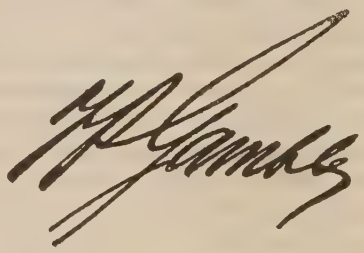
But the negro is not always gay and laughing in the sun. He seems touched with sadness; he is moody and full of sudden sorrows like a child. And like a child he came to Old Marster or Old Mis' to be scolded and comforted. His griefs were perhaps due to his condition of servitude; perhaps also inherited from those who lived in terror of dusks and still dangers of the jungle. Miss Weeden has caught the innate pathos in his eyes and in his words. Likewise, she dwells upon his religious emotions, which, with their queer mingling of faith and superstition, and vague belief in a hap-

pier land, were everywhere a part of negro life. Yet religion to him meant not a rule of conduct but the hope of somewhere to rest. And his visions of this abode across "de River" were usually homely reproductions of the best his earthly residence had known—no work, plenty to eat, and God as a kind of beneficent Master to care for him. After the war he dreamed of going to find again the old-time folks and the old-time happiness waiting him.

But these poems are not treatises on the sociology of the negro; they do not attempt to solve "the problem." They do not preach or point morals. They are just natural bits of humor, or wisdom, or love—a flavor of something that has been made to live out of the past. Joel Chandler Harris gave his impression in these fine words: "To me there seems a story behind each picture, and a story is, indeed, hinted at in the tender little verses that face each painting—little verses that flutter across the page as delicately and shy as the falling yellow leaves of the old mimosa that stood near a dear old lady's window years and years ago."

In the technique of her poems Miss Weeden is simple, direct, and faithful to the spirit of her themes. These give no occasion for esthetic decoration. Simplicity and unadornment were the only possible means of expressing her material. She employs dialect, and vernacular or literary English, as the subject demands. The dialect is not carried beyond a reasonable attempt to imitate the habits of speech of the house servants who came much in contact with the whites. It is always lifelike, characteristic, and fits the lips of the real negro. In the poems of other themes than the negro she uses a delicate, pleasing style without self-consciousness or floridity. In judging her work, these lyrics should not be forgotten. The lines on the mockingbird, Christmas in the North and South, and two or three little love songs, are not ambitious, yet beautiful and full of genuine feeling.

There is nothing worldwide or magically rare in her work. But there is fidelity to truth and fitness of expression, and a very great simplicity. "She wrought modesty in clay and realized in truths what may some day aid the historian to explain how a wise and beneficent Providence tempered the outworn institution of slavery with affection and mutual good-will."



MOTHER AND MAMMY

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Among the ranks of shining saints
  Disguised in heavenly splendor,
Two Mother-faces wait for me,
  Familiar still, and tender.

One face shines whiter than the dawn,
  And steadfast as a star;
None but my Mother's face could shine
  So bright—and be so far!

The other dark one leans from Heaven,
  Brooding still to calm me;
Black as if ebon Rest had found
  Its image in my Mammy!

THE OLD BOATMAN

I changed my name when I got free,
  To "Mister" like the res',
But now dat I am going Home,
  I likes de ol' name bes'.

Sweet voices callin' "Uncle Rome,"
  Seem ringin' in my ears;
An' swearin' sort o' sociable,
  Ol' Master's voice I hears.

De way he used to call his boat,
  Across de river: "Rome!
You damn ol' nigger, come an' bring
  Dat boat, an' row me home!"

He's passed Heaven's River now, an' soon
  He'll call across its foam:
"You, Rome, you damn ol' nigger, loose
  Your boat, an' come on Home!"

LEFT BEHIND

When my ole Master took down sick
I nussed him till he died,
An' many a pleasant day we had—
Me sittin' by his side.

We talked about de ole, ole times,
Part fun, an' part de truth,
But mostly Master mused on Her,
De Mistis' of our youth:

She was so bright an' quick, he said,
She even died dat way—
An' went before *him* forty years
A-smilin'—swif' an' gay:

"But you slow cuss," he said to me,
"You always *was* behin'!
"Come on!" an' wid dat word he went
An' lef' his hand in mine!

OLD MIS'

You never knowed Ole Mis', you say?
Well, dat's a pity, shore;
De sort of Quality she was
Is gone—to come no more.

Her gracious word was like a Queen's,
So kine an' yet so strong;
We all kep' time to her sof' speech
Like marchin' to a song.

A nigger didn't dare to die
Nor marry on our place
Widout she give her blessin' an'
Her 'pinion on de case;

She knowed more den de doctors, 'case
God tole her what to give;
She knowed more den de preachers, 'case
God tole her how to live.

Dat ole plantation hit was run
On 'rangements 'bout like dis:
De place hit b'longed to Master, but
Ole Master b'longed to Mis'!

WHEN MANNERS WERE IN BLOOM

You say you would paint my manners too
Along wid my head—if you could;
Well, you should have lived in olden times
When manners was really good!

De days was sweet an' warm an' long,
Wid plenty of time to be kine,
An' every one smiled an' bowed an' scraped
An' every one did it fine!

I seem to smell de locust flower
Heavy after rain—
An' de ghostly scent of mimosa blooms
Comes blowin' back again;

An' I feels de fine ole mannerly times
Mix wid de scents till I seem
To see ole Master as natchel as life—
Bow in a kin' of dream:

His manners was certainly quality ways,
De finest dat ever I see;
Dough folks used to laugh an' say dat he took
Dem gilt-edged ways from me!

THE WORST OF WAR

When my young master went to war
He carried me wid him too,
An' dough I never fired a shot
Dere was plenty else to do.

He wore de sword an' buttons an' spurs,
An' none was so brave as he;
But never so hard a thing did he do
As the thing he lef' for me.

Where a storm of leaden hail fell thick
He got a ball in his heart
An' died wid a happy smile on his face—
But mine was de harder part:

I led his horse back home where dey sat
Expectin' *him*—an' I saw
Mistis' an' Master's hearts when dey broke—
An' dat was de worst of war!

ME AND MAMMY

Me and Mammy know a child,
About my age and size,
Who, Mammy says, won't go to Heaven
'Cause she's so grown and wise.

She answers "Yes" and "No," just so—
When grown folks speak to her,
And laughs at Mammy and at me,
When I say "Ma'am" and "Sir."

And Mammy says the reason why
This child's in such a plight,
Is 'cause she's had no Mammy dear,
To raise her sweet and right.

To stand between her and the world
With all its old sad noise,
And give her baby-heart a chance
To keep its baby joys.

Then Mammy draws me close to her
And says, "the Lord be praised;
Here's what I calls a decent chile,
'Case hit's been Mammy-raised!"

A VOICE OF THE NIGHT

Wide and warm lies the Southern night,
Steeped in purple dusk;
Calm except for the scented winds
That stir the jessamine's musk,
And silent—until a sudden Voice
Piercing the night is heard,
And the quiet, fragrant world awakes
To the song of a Mocking-bird.

Was it a dream that suddenly stirred
The sleeping bird to bliss
And woke his passionate eager heart
To rapture such as this?
Or was it that, from his lofty nest,
He saw in the East a ray
Of faint but certain dawn—and laughed
Because of Hope and Day!

MASON LOCKE WEEMS

[1759—1825]

ROBERT K. MASSIE

IN the year 1800 appeared what may fairly be considered the first biography of George Washington ever published—a short sketch written by the Reverend Mason Locke Weems. This 'Life of Washington' gained immediate popularity and was soon re-written and enlarged by the author. The enlarged edition proving still more successful, Weems continued to re-write and amplify until, before his death, the book had passed through twenty-one editions and reached its final proportions of an octavo volume of two hundred and fifty pages.

When it is remembered that this book has passed through more than seventy editions, a record equaled by very few books of American authors, and that it was one of the half dozen classics that largely influenced the character and ideals of Abraham Lincoln, it will be seen that its author must be included in any moderately complete list of American writers.

Mason Locke Weems was born in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, October 11, 1759. His father, David Weems, came when a boy from Scotland, and afterward married Esther Hill of Maryland. From this couple is descended the present Weems family of Maryland, founders of the Weems line of steamers.

Mason Weems went to Edinburgh for his education, and is thought to have decided while there to enter the ministry of the Episcopal Church. He had traveled widely as a boy, going with his brother in the latter's sailing-ship on voyages lasting several years. These voyages furnished an outlet for the energies of an active youth, and no doubt helped to give him that interest in men and things, and that breadth of sympathy which afterward characterized him and which is evident in his writings.

In 1782, there being no bishop in America, he went to England seeking Episcopal ordination, and was perhaps ordained by the Bishop of London in the latter part of the year 1784; though there is a family tradition that, owing to his strong American sympathies, he was unable to obtain orders in England and went to Denmark for that purpose. Investigations recently made in London and Copenhagen have failed thus far to settle the matter. There is, however, an interesting letter from Benjamin Franklin to Weems, written July 18,

1784, showing that Weems was then still in England seeking ordination and, finding much difficulty in obtaining it, had asked Franklin's aid. He must have secured his object soon after this, for it is recorded that he became rector of All Hallow's Parish, Anne Arundel County, Maryland, in 1784, and had a female seminary there. In 1791 he moved to Westminster Parish in the same county; two years later he moved to Virginia and settled near the then thriving town of Dumfries, twenty-five miles from Mount Vernon. While living there he frequently preached, during a part of the time at least, at Pohick Church, which is only seven miles from Mount Vernon.

The 'History of Truro Parish,' in which parish Pohick Church is situated, has just been published, but unfortunately there is a gap in its records, and, therefore, the exact nature and date of Weems's connection with Pohick Church can not now be certainly determined, though it is believed by those best informed that he never was regularly settled as rector in the parish. At all events, his personal connection with Washington has been generally exaggerated. Inasmuch as the records show that after 1785 Washington became a regular attendant at Christ Church, Alexandria, services being held irregularly at Pohick, and as Weems's connection with Pohick Church did not begin until toward the close of the century, perhaps not before 1799, the year of Washington's death, Weems can hardly be said ever to have been Washington's rector in any real sense.*

The records of the family show that on July 2, 1795, he married Frances Ewell of Prince William County, Virginia. In 1800 the increasing needs of his family led him to become a traveling book-agent for Matthew Carey, a Philadelphia publisher. With his covered spring wagon packed with books, so arranged in a case that they could be lifted out to display his wares without disturbing them, and with his ever-present fiddle, he traveled through the country from Pennsylvania to South Carolina, selling his books and playing the fiddle during the week, and preaching on Sundays and at any other time the occasion offered. That he was successful along these somewhat varied lines of endeavor is shown by the fact that crowds came to hear him preach the gospel or play the fiddle, as might be, and also that he is said to have sold in one year three thousand high-priced Bibles, as well as many other books.

In 1820 he went to live in Beaufort, South Carolina, and there he died, May 23, 1825. His body was brought back to his wife's home

*Dr. Phillip Slaughter, the author of the 'History of Truro Parish,' says: "Towards the close of the century, some say in 1798, the eccentric Mason L. Weems appears on the scene." That Weems was not the pastor of Washington's family, at least during the latter's lifetime, is definitely known from the title-page of the third edition of his 'Life of Washington' which, under date of February 22, 1800, he dedicates to Mrs. Martha Washington and signs himself: "Your sincere though unknown friend." He is known to have been preaching at Pohick Church in 1802.

in Virginia for interment. He left a large and well-educated family.

Of his most important work, his 'Life of Washington,' no one will maintain that it is to be taken as sober and entirely reliable history, for Weems was sadly lacking in the critical faculty to sift and winnow the chaff and select the grain of truth remaining. Neither is it a character study, for he looked at things synthetically rather than analytically, and Washington's character is seen by him as a whole, and is an ideal to be preserved and followed rather than a force to be studied and understood. The book is not so much a biography as a panegyric copiously illustrated with anecdotes. Yet somehow, owing to the author's appreciation of moral excellence, and his overflowing enthusiasm for his subject, the work has a certain vigor and vitality of its own, and has undoubtedly helped to disseminate Washington's fame and to increase the influence of his character. Of the millions who have heard the story of the cherry-tree and the hatchet, few perhaps are aware that that story first saw the light in this book.

Next in importance is his 'Life of General Francis Marion,' which appeared in 1805. In regard to its accuracy as history, it ought perhaps to be mentioned that General Horry, who furnished Weems the material, is said to have disclaimed all responsibility for the book when it appeared. Be this as it may, again has Weems's own contagious enthusiasm imparted a charm and vivacity to the story which will hold the attention of the young reader from beginning to end, while giving him a good idea of the issues at stake in the struggle, as well as a warm admiration for the dashing courage and high character of Francis Marion. It is, on the whole, the most interesting book Weems ever wrote.

The field of biography continuing to attract him, he wrote also lives of Benjamin Franklin and William Penn. His 'Franklin' was written in 1817, and while not comparable in charm and value to Franklin's own story of his life, is yet a readable book and not without a value of its own. The sayings of "Poor Richard," and the numerous anecdotes about Franklin, appealed very strongly to Weems's taste and gave him an unflagging interest in his work, which enabled him to transfer to his pages something of his own glow of feeling.

The 'Life of Penn,' written in 1819, is very much in the same strain. Again do the writer's admiration for the subject of his sketch and his enthusiasm for his work carry us through what would otherwise be a weariness of his endless anecdotes and his maxims of morality.

Weems possessed great activity of mind and body. He visited many places and wrote pamphlets and addresses on many subjects. He had, too, the knack of speaking so that men listened to his words

and of writing so that they read what he wrote. An idea of the range of subjects and the character of the author may be gathered from the mere titles of some of his pamphlets:

"The Drunkard's Looking-Glass," a little brochure of sixty-three pages, which ran through six editions and probably did much good.

"God's Revenge Against Duelling."

"God's Revenge Against Murder; or, The Drowned Wife, a Tragedy." This was a pamphlet of forty pages and went through eleven editions.

"God's Revenge Against Gambling, Exemplified in the Miserable Lives and Untimely Deaths of a Number of Persons . . . With Curious and Awful Anecdotes."

"God's Revenge Against Adultery, Awfully Exemplified," etc.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to quote one title-page:

"The Bad Wife's Looking-Glass, or God's Revenge Against Cruelty to Husbands, Exemplified in the Awful History of the Beautiful but Depraved Mrs. Rebecca Cotton, Who Most Inhumanly Murdered Her Husband, John Cotton, Esq., for Which Horrid Act God Permitted Her in the Prime of Life and Bloom of Beauty to be Cut Off by Her Brother, Stephen Kannady, May 5, 1807, with a Number of Incidents and Anecdotes Most Extraordinary and Instructive. M. L. Weems. Second Edition, Improved. Charleston. Printed for the Author 1823. Price 25 cents."

Certainly the prospective purchaser has ample opportunity of knowing beforehand the contents and the cost of this very frank little book.

Not all of his subjects, however, are so lurid and tragic. We find a much more cheerful note in this one:

"Hymen's Recruiting Sergeant, A Tattoo for Old Bachelors." This is a most elaborate and enthusiastic praise of matrimony, in which one seems to see in the author a man of kindly nature, high ideals and beautiful home life. His point of view may be best seen from a few quotations: "Ye poor leafless Bachelors! ye withered stems of the barren fig." And again, "May there be no more old Bachelors in our land like scrubby oaks standing selfishly alone, while our maidens like tender vines lacking support sink to the ground." He is, however, not indiscriminate in his praise of matrimony. His recollection of Mrs. Rebecca Cotton leads him to say: "Young Brides must remember that to get husbands and to preserve them lovers are very different things." And this further bit of wisdom drops from his pen: "Sweet as Matrimony is, yet it must be owned there are some bitters in it which nothing but love can dulcify."

Weems has suffered many things at the hands of writers of works on American literature. He has been on the whole much neglected, and when he has been mentioned at all, the notices have usually

been inadequate and careless, and sometimes obviously inaccurate. For instance, Appleton's 'Cyclopedia of American Biography' says that "Weems was for several years rector of Pohick Church, and about 1790 the necessities of his large family compelled him to resign that charge and become a book agent for Matthew Carey." Perhaps it is asking too much to expect the 'Cyclopedia' to be so technically accurate as to speak of the "rector of Truro Parish" instead of the "rector of Pohick Church," a part of that parish, but a very moderate amount of care would have prevented the mistake of speaking of Weems as having a large family at a date five years before his marriage, and the time, moreover, when Frances Ewell, whom he afterward married, was only fifteen years of age. The careful reader of this paper will detect other inaccuracies in the quotation given above from that 'Cyclopedia.' Even the account in Hayden's 'Virginia Genealogies'—the best account of him to be found anywhere—refers to him as returning to this country as an ordained clergyman in the year 1776, at which time he was only seventeen years old. These instances, and they might be multiplied, are mentioned here in order to show that we cannot too hastily take as final the criticisms of Weems in regard to his character as a man and his reliability as a writer.

Great-hearted Bishop Meade, with his lofty but somewhat narrow standards, did not think highly of Weems as a man and a minister, and almost all subsequent writers on the subject have followed the good bishop in speaking slightingly of Weems. Together, they have drawn for us the portrait of a man kind-hearted, indeed, but eccentric in the extreme and seriously lacking in personal dignity, if not in all moral worth. According to these writers, on one occasion we find Weems with his fiddle, seated behind a screen playing for a dance until the screen fell down and, to his great confusion, exposed him to the ridicule of all the company. On another occasion he helped out with his fiddle a company of strolling players, who lacked that instrument for their performance. Again, we are told, he would enter taverns and mimic drunkards in order to draw a crowd and sell his books.

Over against this unprepossessing representation it is well to place the account in Hayden's 'Virginia Genealogies.' The writer, the Rev. A. P. Gray, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in Virginia, tells us that his informant was the venerable Dr. Jesse Ewell, a nephew of Mrs. M. L. Weems. Dr. Ewell lived for twenty years in Weems's house near Dumfries, and is, therefore, no mean authority as to the real character of the man in question. We learn in that account that Dr. Ewell "loved and esteemed Weems for his piety, his earnest devotion to his work, his intelligence and his gentleness." Dr. Ewell repudiates with indignation the story that Weems played

the violin behind the screen for the party of dancers. He gives us a picture of a man of marked peculiarities, indeed, but withal kind and true-hearted. One who in twenty years he had often heard utter words of kindly admonition, but never a hasty reproof—a man who supported his own family comfortably, while giving freely and generously to the needy. His wide experience as a traveler, his knowledge of all classes of men, and his unfailing fund of anecdote made him a most entertaining companion and a welcome guest wherever he went; but he made on men the impression of a man of high character and genuine piety.

An instance of his boyhood is worth recording as throwing light on the character of the man: When a lad of fourteen he was in the habit of leaving the house after supper, and would often be absent until late at night. The family began to be afraid he was getting into corrupt habits, and one night he was followed and was found in an old hut, surrounded by the barefooted and half-clad children of the neighborhood, whom he was in the habit of gathering around him at night in order to give them instruction. That this was not a passing whim, but arose from the deep and permanent impulses of his nature, is seen from a somewhat similar instance, when years later his young companions in London missed him from their company and found him at the bedside of a sick and needy man.

That he was eccentric is universally recognized. On one occasion in his later years, while returning from Leesburg to Dumfries, he came to a stream swollen by the melting snow of early spring. Fearing that the water was deep enough to injure the books in his wagon, he undressed and waded through the stream to measure the depth of the water on his own person to see whether his precious books could go over in safety.

As a writer, Weems has been attacked by his critics even more than as a man. Bishop Meade plainly indicates his lack of confidence in Weems's narratives, and other writers have done the same thing. It is not maintained in this paper that Weems was an accurate and careful historian, sifting true from false and rigidly excluding all that was not well and clearly established; but it seems hardly fair to say, as does Duyckinck's 'Cyclopedia of American Literature': "We believe that Weems would have accounted it a venial, pious fraud to tell any good story to the credit of Washington which came into his head." Practically the same charge is made again and again by other writers about Weems. The conservative remark of Hayden will seem to many people more just and fair: "His anecdotes of the boyhood of Washington are much more easily ridiculed than disproved."

As has been said, he did not possess the critical faculty, and, moreover, his aim was not so much to give a mere narrative of

events as to take events and show their moral significance as an inspiration to right conduct. He was, in short, less of a historian than a moralist, and he thought more of the lesson conveyed by the facts than of the facts themselves. He saw the facts through the medium of his glowing imagination and moral enthusiasm; but it is simply misconceiving the whole man to say that his stories are the deliberate invention of falsehood.

He is not one of the great immortals with a message for all time, but yet as a picturesque figure of a bygone age, as a pioneer in disseminating good literature, as a virile and warm-hearted man giving a vivid picture of the age in which he lived and an impulse for good to his own and succeeding generations, he deserves to be held in remembrance.

Robert K. Massie

THE HATCHET AND THE CHERRY TREE

From 'The Life of Washington.'

Some, when they look up to the oaks, whose giant arms throw a darkening shade over distant acres, or whose single trunk lays the keel of a man-of-war, cannot bear to hear of the time when this mighty plant was but an acorn, which a pig could have demolished. But others, who know their value, like to learn the soil and situation which best produces such noble trees. Thus, parents that are wise, will listen, well pleased, while I relate how moved the steps of the youthful Washington, whose single worth far outweighs all the oaks of Bashan and the red spicy cedars of Lebanon. Yes, they will listen delighted while I tell of their Washington in the days of his youth, when his little feet were swift towards the nests of the birds; or when, wearied in the chase of the butterfly, he laid him down on his grassy couch and slept, while ministering spirits, with their roseate wings, fanned his glowing cheeks, and kissed his lips of innocence with that fervent love which makes the Heaven!

Never did the wise Ulysses take more pains with his beloved Telemachus, than did Mr. Washington with George, to inspire him with an early love of truth. "Truth, George," said he, "is the loveliest quality of youth. I would ride fifty miles, my son, to see the little boy whose heart is so honest, and his lips so pure, that we may depend on every word he says. O how lovely does such a child appear in the eyes of everybody! His parents doat on him. His relations glory in him. They are constantly praising him to their children, whom they beg to imitate him. They are often sending for him to visit them; and receive him, when he comes, with as much joy as if he were a little angel, come to set pretty examples to their children. . . . "

The following anecdote is a case in point. It is too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted; for it was communicated to me by the same excellent lady to whom I am indebted for the last.

"When George," said she, "was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet, of which, like most

little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry tree, which he barked so terribly, that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favourite, came into the house; and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time, that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. "George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?" This was a tough question; and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself: and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, "I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms, you dearest boy," cried his father in transports, "run to my arms: glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is more worth than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold."

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

From 'The Life of Washington.'

Some of his historians have said, and many believe, that Washington was a Latin scholar! But 'tis an error. He never learned a syllable of Latin. His second and last teacher, Mr. Williams, was indeed a capital hand—but not at Latin; for of that he understood perhaps as little as Balaam's ass. But at reading, spelling, English grammar, arithmetic, surveying, book-keeping, and geography, he was indeed famous. And in these useful arts, 'tis said he often boasted that he had made young George Washington as great a scholar as himself.

Born to be a soldier, Washington early discovered symptoms of nature's intentions towards him. In his 11th year, while at school under old Mr. Hobby, he used to divide his play-mates into two parties or armies. One of these, for distinction sake, was called French, the other American. A big boy at the school, named William Bustle, commanded the former; George commanded the latter. And every day, at play-time, with corn-stalks for muskets, and calabashes for drums, the two armies would turn out, and march, and counter-march, and file off or fight their mimic battles, with great fury. This was fine sport for George, whose passion for active exercise was so strong, that at play-time no weather could keep him within doors. His fair cousins, who visited at his mother's used to complain that "George was not fond of their company, like other boys; but soon as he had got his task, would run out to play." But such trifling play as marbles and tops he could never endure. They did not afford him exercise enough. His delight was in that of the manliest sort, which by stringing the limbs and swelling the muscles promotes the kindliest flow of blood and spirits. At jumping with a long pole, or heaving heavy weights, for his years he hardly had an equal. And as to running, the swift-footed Achilles could scarcely have matched his speed.

"Egad! he ran wonderfully," said my amiable and aged friend, John Fitzhugh, Esq., who knew him well. "We had nobody here-abouts, that come near him. There was a young Langhorn Dade, of Westmoreland, a confounded clean-made, tight young fellow, and a mighty swift runner too. But then he was no match for George. Langy, indeed, did not like to give it up; and would brag that he had sometimes brought George to a tie. But I believe he was mistaken; for I have seen them run together many a time; and George always beat him easy enough."

Col. Lewis Willis, his play-mate and kinsman, has been heard to say, that he has often seen him throw a stone across the Rappahannock, at the lower ferry at Fredericksburg. It would be no easy matter to find a man, now-a-days, who could do it.

Indeed his father before him was a man of extraordinary strength. His gun, which to this day is called Washington's

fowling-piece, and is now the property of Mr. Harry Fitzhugh, of Chotank, is of such enormous weight, that not one man in fifty can fire it without a rest. And yet throughout that country it is said that he made nothing of holding it off at arm's length, and blazing away at the swans on Potomac; of which he has been known to kill, rank and file, seven or eight at a shot.

But to return to George. It appears that from the start he was a boy of an uncommonly warm and noble heart; insomuch that Lawrence, though but his half-brother, took such a liking to him, even above his own brother Augustine, that he would always have George with him when he could; and often pressed him to come and live with him. But, as if led by some secret impulse, George declined the offer, and as we have seen, went to work in the backwoods, as Lord Fairfax's surveyor! However, when Lawrence was taken with the consumption, and advised by his physician to make a trip to Bermuda, George could not resist any longer, but hastened down to his brother at Mount Vernon, and went with him to Bermuda. It was at Bermuda that George took the small-pox, which marked him rather agreeably than otherwise. Lawrence never recovered, but returned to Virginia, where he died just after his brother George had fought his hard battle against the French and Indians, at Fort Necessity, as the reader will presently learn.

Lawrence did not live to see George after that, but he lived to hear of his fame; for as the French and Indians were at that time a great public terror, the people could not help being very loud in their praise of a youth, who, with so slender a force had dared to meet them in their own country, and had given them such a check.

And when Lawrence heard of his favorite young brother, that he had fought so gallantly for his country, and that the whole land was filled with his praise, he wept for joy. And such is the victory of love over nature, that though fast sinking under the fever and cough of a consumption in its extreme stage, he did not seem to mind it, but spent his last moments in fondly talking of his brother George, who, he said, "he had always believed would one day or other be a great man!"

On opening his will, it was found that George had lost

nothing by his dutiful and affectionate behaviour to his brother Lawrence. For having now no issue (his only child, a little daughter, lately dying) he left to George all his rich lands in Berkley, together with his great estate on the Potomac, called MOUNT VERNON, in honour of old Admiral Vernon, by whom he had been treated with great politeness, while a volunteer with him at the unfortunate siege of Carthagena, in 1741. . . .

Happily for America, George Washington was not born with "a silver spoon in his mouth." The Rappahannock plantation left him by his father, was only in reversion—and his mother was still in her prime. Seeing then no chance of ever rising in the world but by his own merit, on leaving school he went up to Fairfax to see his brother Lawrence, with whom he found Mr. William Fairfax, one of the governor's council, who was come up on a visit to his sister, whom Lawrence had married. The counsellor presently took a great liking to George; and hearing him express a wish to get employment as a surveyor, introduced him to his relative, Lord Fairfax, the wealthy proprietor of all those lands generally called the Northern Neck, lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock, and extending from Smith's Point, on the Chesapeake, to the foot of the great Allegheny. At the instance of the counsellor, Lord Fairfax readily engaged George as a surveyor; and sent him up into the back-woods to work. He continued in his lordship's service till his 20th year, closely pursuing the laborious life of a woodsman.

From the manner in which Washington chose to amuse his leisure hours during this period, I am almost inclined to think that he had a presentiment of the great labours that lay before him. When in Frederick, which at that time was very large, containing the counties now called Berkley, Jefferson, and Shenandoah, he boarded in the house of the widow Stevenson, generally pronounced Stinson. This lady had seven sons—William and Valentine Crawford, by her first husband; and John, and Hugh, and Dick, and Jim, and Mark Stinson, by her last husband. These seven young men, in Herculean size and strength, were equal, perhaps, to any seven sons of any other mother in Christendom. This was a family exactly to George's mind, because promising him an abundance of

that manly exercise in which he delighted. In front of the house lay a fine extended green, with a square of several hundred yards. Here it was every evening, when his daily toils of surveying were ended, that George, like a young Greek training for the Olympic games, used to turn out with his sturdy young companions, "to see," as they termed it, "which was the best man," at running, jumping, and wrestling. And so keen was their passion for these sports, and so great their ambition to excel each other, that they would often persist, especially on moon-shining nights, till bed-time. The Crawfords and Stinsons, though not taller than George, were much heavier men; so that at wrestling, and particularly at the close or Indian hug, he seldom gained much matter of triumph. But in all trials of agility, they stood no chance with him!

From these Frederick county gymnastics or exercises there followed an effect which shews the very wide difference between participating in innocent and guilty pleasures. While companions in raking and gambling, heartily despise and hate one another, and when they meet in the streets, pass each other with looks as cold and shy as sheep-thieving curs—these virtuous young men, by spending their evenings together, in innocent and manly exercises, contracted a friendship which lasted for life. When George, twenty-five years after this, was called to lead the American armies, he did not forget his old friends, the Stinsons and Crawfords; but gave commissions to all of them who chose to join his army; which several of them did. William Crawford, the eldest of them, and as brave a man as ever shouldered a musket, was advanced as high as the rank of colonel, when he was burnt to death by the Indians at Sandusky. And equally cordial was the love of these young men towards George, of whom they always spoke as of a brother. Indeed, Hugh Stinson, the second brother, who had a way of snapping his eyes when he talked of anything that greatly pleased him, used to brighten up at the name of Washington; and would tell his friends, that, "he and his brother John had often laid the conqueror of England on his back;" but at the same time, would agree, that, "in running and jumping they were no match for him."

Such was the way in which George spent his leisure hours in the service of Lord Fairfax. Little did the old gentleman

expect that he was educating a youth, who should one day dismember the British empire and break his own heart—which truly came to pass. For on hearing that Washington had captured Cornwallis and all his army, he called out to his black waiter, "Come, Joe! carry me to my bed! for I'm sure 'tis high time for me to die!"

BEN FRANKLIN'S SENSE OF HUMOR

From 'The Life of Benjamin Franklin.'

Ben was naturally comic in a high degree, and this pleasant vein, greatly improved by his present golden prospects, betrayed him into many a frolic with Kèimer, to whom he had prudently attached himself as a journeyman, until the *Annis* should sail. The reader will excuse Ben for these frolics when he comes to learn what were their aims; as also what an insufferable old creature this Keimer was. Silly as a booby, yet vain as a jay, and garrulous as a pie, he could never rest but when in a stiff argument, and acting the orator, at which he looked on Cicero himself as but a boy to him. Here was a fine target for Ben's Socratic artillery, which he frequently played off on the old pomposo with great effect. By questions artfully put, he would obtain of him certain points, which Keimer readily granted, as seeing in them no sort of connection with the matter in debate. But yet these points when granted, like distant nets slyly hauling round a porpoise or sturgeon, would, by degrees, so completely circumvent the silly fish, that with all his flouncing and fury he could never extricate himself, but rather got more deeply entangled. Often caught in this way, he became at last so afraid of Ben's questions, that he would turn as mad when one of them was "poked at him," as a bull at sight of a scarlet cloak; and would not answer the simplest question without first asking, "Well, and what would you make of that?" He came at length to form so exalted an opinion of Ben's talents for refutation, that he seriously proposed to him one day that they should turn out together and preach up a new religion! Keimer was to preach and make the converts, and Ben to answer and put to silence

the gainsayers. He said a world of money might be made by it.

On hearing the outlines of this new religion, Ben found great fault with it. This he did only that he might have another frolic with Keimer; but his frolics were praiseworthy, for they all "leaned to virtue's side." The truth is, he saw that Keimer was prodigiously a hypocrite. At every whipstitch he could play the knave, and then for a pretence would read his Bible. But it was not the moral part of the Bible, the sweet precepts and parables of the Gospel that he read. No, verily. Food so angelic was not at all to the tooth of his childish fancy, which delighted in nothing but the novel and curious. Like too many of the saints nowadays, he would rather read about the witch of Endor, than the good Samaritan, and hear a sermon on the brazen candlesticks than on the love of God. And then, oh dear! who was Melchizedeck? Or where was the land of Nod? Or, was it in the shape of a serpent or a monkey that the devil tempted Eve? As he was one day poring over the Pentateuch as busy after some nice game of this sort as a terrier on the track of a weazel, he came to that famous text where Moses says, "Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard." Ay! this was the divinity for Keimer. It struck him like a new light from the clouds: then rolling his eyes as from an apparition, he exclaimed, "Miserable man that I am! and was I indeed forbidden to mar even the corners of my beard, and have I been all this time shaving myself as smooth as an eunuch! Fire and brimstone, how have you been boiling up for me, and I knew it not! Hell, deepest hell is my portion, that's a clear case, unless I reform. And reform I will if I live. Yes, my poor naked chin, if ever I but get another crop upon thee and I suffer it to be touched by the ungodly steel, then let my right hand forget her cunning."

From that day he became as shy of a razor as ever Samson was. His long black whiskers "whistled in the wind." And then to see how he would stand up before his glass and stroke them down, it would have reminded you of some ancient Druid, adjusting the sacred mistletoe.

Ben could not bear that sight. Such shameless neglect of angel morality, and yet such fidgetting about a goatish

beard! "Heavens, sir," said he to Keimer, one day in the midst of a hot argument,

> Who can think, with common sense,
> A smooth-shaved face gives God offence?
> Or that a whisker hath a charm,
> Eternal justice to disarm?

He even proposed to him to get shaved. Keimer swore outright that he would never lose his beard. A stiff altercation ensued. But Keimer getting angry, Ben agreed at last to give up the beard. He said that, "as the beard at best was but an external, a mere excrescence, he would not insist on that as so very essential. But certainly, sir," continued he, "there is one thing that is."

Keimer wanted to know what that was.

"Why, sir," added Ben, "this turning and preaching up a new religion, is, without doubt, a very serious affair, and ought not to be undertaken too hastily. Much time, sir, in my opinion at least, should be spent in making preparation, in which fasting should certainly have a large share."

Keimer, who was a great glutton, said he could never fast.

Ben then insisted that if they were not to fast altogether, they ought, at any rate, to abstain from animal food, and live as the saints of old did, on vegetables and water.

Keimer shook his head, and said that if he were to live on vegetables and water, he should soon die.

Ben assured him that it was entirely a mistake. He had tried it often, he said, and could testify from his own experience that he was never more healthy and cheerful than when he lived on vegetables alone. "Die from feeding on vegetables, indeed! Why, sir, it contradicts reason; and contradicts all history, ancient and profane. There was Daniel, and his three young friends, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who fed on a vegetable diet, of choice; did they languish and die of it? Or rather, did they not display a rouge of health and fire of genius, far beyond those silly youths who crammed on all the luxuries of the royal table? And that amiable Italian nobleman, Lewis Cornaro, who says of bread, that it was such a dainty to his palate, that he was almost afraid, at times, it was too good for him to eat; did he languish and die of this

simple fare? On the contrary, did he not outlive three generations of gratified epicures; and after all, go off in his second century, like a bird of Paradise, singing the praises of temperance and virtue? And pray, sir," continued Ben, "where's the wonder of all this? Must not the blood that is formed of vegetables be the purest in nature? And then, as the spirits depend on the blood, must not the spirits secreted from such blood be the purest too? And when this is the case with the blood and spirits, which are the very life of the man, must not that man enjoy the best chance for such healthy secretions and circulations as are most conducive to long and happy life?"

While Ben argued at this rate, Keimer regarded him with a look which seemed to say, "Very true, sir; all this is very true; but still I cannot go it."

Ben, still unwilling to give up his point, thought he would make one more push at him. "What a pity it is," said he, with a sigh, "that the blessings of so sublime a religion should be all lost to the world, merely for lack of a little fortitude on the part of its propagators."

This was touching him on the right string; for Keimer was a man of such vanity, that a little flattery would put him up to anything. So after a few hems and ha's, he said, he believed he would, at any rate, make a trial of this new regimen.

Having thus carried his point, Ben immediately engaged a poor old woman of the neighborhood to become their cook; and gave her offhand, written receipts for three-and-forty dishes; not one of which contained a single atom of fish, flesh, or fowl. For their first day's breakfast on the new regimen, the old woman treated them with a tureen of oatmeal gruel. Keimer was particularly fond of his breakfast, at which a nice beef-steak with onion sauce was a standing dish. It was as good as a farce to Ben, to see with what an eye Keimer regarded the tureen, when entering the room, in place of his steak, hot, smoking, and savory, he beheld this pale, meagre-looking slop.

"What have you got there?" said he, with a visage grim, and scowling eye.

"A dish of hasty-pudding," replied Ben, with the smile of an innocent youth who had a keen appetite, with something

good to satisfy it—"a dish of nice hasty-pudding, sir, made of oats."

"Of oats!" retorted Keimer, with a voice raised to a scream.

"Yes, sir, oats," rejoined Ben—"oats, that precious grain which gives such elegance and fire to our noblest of quadrupeds, the horse."

Keimer growled out that he was no horse to eat oats.

"No matter for that," replied Ben, " 'tis equally good for men."

Keimer denied that any human being ever eat oats.

"Ay!" said Ben, "and pray what's become of the Scotch? Don't they live on oats; and yet where will you find a people so 'bonny, blythe, and gay;' a nation of such wits and warriors?"

As there was no answering this, Keimer sat down to the tureen, and swallowed a few spoonfuls, but not without making as many wry faces as if it had been so much jalap; while Ben, all smile and chat, breakfasted most deliciously.

At dinner, by Ben's order, the old woman paraded a trencher piled up with potatoes. Keimer's grumbling fit came on him again. "He saw clear enough," he said, "that he was to be poisoned."

"Pooh, cheer up, man," replied Ben; "this is your right preacher's bread."

"Bread the d—l!" replied Keimer, snarling.

"Yes, bread, sir," continued Ben, pleasantly; "the bread of life, sir; for where do you find such health and spirits, such bloom and beauty, as among the honest-hearted Irish, and yet for their breakfast, dinner, and supper, the potato is their teetotum; the first, second, and third course." In this way, Ben and his old woman went on with Keimer; daily ringing the changes on oatmeal gruel, roasted potatoes, boiled rice,, and so on, through the whole family of roots and grains in all their various genders, moods, and tenses.

Sometimes, like a restive mule, Keimer would kick up and show strong symptoms of flying the way. But then Ben would prick him up again with a touch of his ruling passion, vanity; "only think, Mr. Keimer," he would say, "only think what has been done by the founders of new religions: how they have

enlightened the ignorant, polished the rude, civilized the savage, and made heroes of those who were little better than brutes. Think, sir, what Moses did among the stiff-necked Jews; what Mahomet did among the wild Arabs—and what you may do among these gentle drab-coated Pennsylvanians." This, like a spur in the flank of a jaded horse, gave Keimer a new start, and pushed him on afresh to his gruel breakfasts and potato dinners. Ben strove hard to keep him up to this gait. Often at table, and especially when he saw that Keimer was in good-humor and fed kindly, he would give a loose to fancy, and paint the advantages of their new regimen in the most glowing colors. "Ay, sir," he would say, letting drop at the same time his spoon, as in an ectasy of his subject, while his pudding on the platter cooled—"ay, sir, now we are beginning to live like men going a-preaching indeed. Let your epicures gormandize their fowl, fish, and flesh, with draughts of intoxicating liquors. Such gross, inflammatory food may suit the brutal votaries of Mars and Venus. But our views, sir, are different altogether; we are going to teach wisdom and benevolence to mankind. This is a heavenly work, sir, and our minds ought to be heavenly. Now, as the mind depends greatly on the body, and the body on the food, we should certainly select that which is of the most pure and refining quality. And this, sir, is exactly the food to our purpose. This mild potato, or this gentle pudding, is the thing to insure the light stomach, the cool liver, the clear head, and, above all, those celestial passions which become a preacher that would moralize the world. And these celestial passions, sir, let me add, though I don't pretend to be a prophet, these celestial passions, sir, were you but to stick to this diet, would soon shine out in your countenance with such apostolic majesty and grace, as would strike all beholders with reverence, and enable you to carry the world before you."

Such was the style of Ben's rhetoric with old Keimer. But it could not all do. For though these harangues would sometimes make him fancy himself as big as Zoroaster or Confucius, and talk as if he should soon have the whole country running after him, and worshipping him for the Great Lama of the West; yet this divinity fit was too much against the grain to last long. Unfortunately for poor Keimer, the

kitchen lay between him and his bishopric: and both nature and habit had so wedded him to that swinish idol, that nothing could divorce him. So, after having been led by Ben a "very d—l of a life," as he called it, "for three months," his flesh-pot appetites prevailed, and he swore, "by his whiskers, he would suffer it no longer." Accordingly, he ordered a nice roast pig for dinner, and desired Ben to invite a young friend to dine with them. Ben did so: but neither himself nor his young friend were anything the better for the pig. For before they could arrive, the pig being done, and his appetite beyond all restraint, Keimer had fallen on it and devoured the whole. And there he sat panting and torpid as an anaconda who had just swallowed a young buffalo. But still his looks gave sign that the "ministers of grace" had not entirely deserted him, for at sight of Ben and his young friend, he blushed up to the eyelids, and in a glow of scarlet, which showed that he paid dear for his whistle (gluttony), he apologized for disappointing them of their dinner. "Indeed, the smell of the pig," he said, "was so sweet, and the nicely browned skin so inviting, especially to him who had been long starved, that for the soul of him he could not resist the temptation to taste it—and then, oh! if Lucifer himself had been at the door, he must have gone on, let what would have been the consequences." He said, too, "that for his part he was glad it was a pig and not a hog, for that he verily believed he should have bursted himself." Then leaning back in his chair and pressing his swollen abdomen with his paws, he exclaimed, with an awkward laugh, "Well, I don't believe I was ever cut out for a bishop!" Here ended the farce; for Keimer never after this uttered another word about his new religion.

AMELIA B. WELBY

[1819—1852]

WELDON T. MYERS

THERE is one poem by Mrs. Amelia B. Welby—perhaps her very best—that lives in the memory of thousands of the present generation, though the name of the author be utterly forgotten. It was the good fortune of the "Rainbow" to inherit a place, with a mere mention of the author, in Holmes's 'Fifth Reader,' one of that series of school books so prominent in the South during the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century. Boys and girls of twenty and thirty years ago, students of Holmes's old 'Fifth Reader,' all admired and loved the beautiful "Rainbow," and even now, as men and women, they fondly repeat the lines:

> "I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
> That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
> Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
> When my heart was as light as a blossom in June"—

thinking of the poem, not as the production of Mrs. Welby, but simply as a bright page in the old reader.

Amelia B. Coppuck was born in 1819 at the little town of St. Michaels, Maryland, but before she was old enough to receive any lasting impressions of her birthplace her parents moved to Baltimore. She lived her girlhood in or near this city up to her fifteenth year. In 1834 the family "went West"—to Kentucky—and took up residence, first in Lexington and later in Louisville. In this latter city Amelia's brief, quiet life was spent. Four years after leaving her native Maryland, and when only nineteen, she was married to Mr. George Welby, a merchant of Louisville. She died in 1852, the mother of one child, a son, born two months before her death.

The Minstrel-girl, for this she once called herself, began at the age of eighteen to write poetry for the Louisville *Journal* over the signature of "Amelia," and kept up her contributions pretty regularly for ten years. Copied from paper to paper, her fugitive poems caught the fancy of the people of what was then known as the "West," and before long the great reviewers of the East thought her talent worthy of their respect. George D. Prentice, R. W. Griswold, and Edgar Allan Poe were among the critics who praised the light melody and varied fancy of "Amelia," and pointed out her lack of discipline and lack of originality. In 1845 a small octavo vol-

ume of her poems, published in Boston, proved so popular that the Appletons of New York sought and obtained the right of publication, bringing out fifteen editions within the next fifteen years.

What is the secret of this fact, that the envied popularity of fifty years ago has by this time drifted so far toward indifference and neglect? Passing by the social and economic conditions affecting Southern literature since 1860, let us see in what measure the poems of "Amelia" carry in themselves the explanation of their fate.

A young girl with eager, sensitive soul, watched over in a pure home and led in the ways of quiet religious devotion, begins to think on the wonderful life without and within herself. The Chesapeake Bay stretches before her with its moods of storm and calm; above her is the sky, varying day and night, its blue dome broken with clouds or lighted with stars; around her are the dear companions of her own age, hand in hand with whom she goes along the sea under the sky at twilight. The friends converse together on the objects above and about them and, somehow, Amelia, now just on the verge of womanhood, though unguided and untaught, begins to put her thoughts in simple verse. Suddenly from the midst of these happy realities she is taken away to a strange and distant country. The present has in a moment become her past; the familiar earth, sea, sky, and friends are transferred from the actual to the ideal; experience is lost in memory.

However happy and complete with novel interest her life was in Kentucky, henceforth her poetic mood was chiefly that of reminiscence. The poems which, at the age of eighteen, she began to give to the public sang not so much of the passionate present or the golden future as of the dear, regretted past; of sea and sky and friends rising in memory at twilight hours. Half of her poems are in this vein. Many times, contrary to the spirit of her theme, she yields to the allurements of her tender melancholy. Certainly, one thinks, "Summer Birds" would furnish matter for the morning or noontide, but after a few cheery verses we are brought "beneath the moon's pale ray" and "among the tombs." For the bird-songs call back the "loved of other years," and

> "Often, when the mournful night
> Comes with a low sweet tune,
> And sets a star on every height
> And one beside the moon,
> When not a sound of wind or wave
> The holy stillness mars,
> I look above and strive to trace
> Their dwellings in the stars."

Here, as in so many of her poems, are sea, sky, and loved ones coming out of the past. The Goddess of Memory is her favorite muse—Mnemosyne.

Her prevailing mood being reminiscent, sadness and melancholy attend. She loves the twilight and moonlight, and often speaks of death. Many of her brightest effusions end with a sigh. And with all this, very consistently, there is a mingling of a sweet religious hope and faith. We might look in vain for a trace of wit, or humor. We find at most true womanly sentiment or bright, delicate fancies, uttered in fluent, melodious rhythm through line after line and stanza after stanza.

This tone of quiet personal confidence, revealing the melancholy of a gentle heart that muses much on a happy past, charmed the public to "Amelia's" song. The critics, too, acknowledged her gift, and commended it all the more because on looking closely they discerned signs of greater promise in the young Minstrel-girl.

Had that promise been fulfilled, had Mrs. Welby widened and deepened her special gift and added to it the strength of other powers, her songs would have kept much of the popularity they first won. But when she essayed to enter the domain of thought and imagination, monotony and dulness took the place of sweet memories and fancies. Her one narrow field having been gleaned over and over, she could find no new room for exercise. Her theme, but not her energy, had been exhausted. Conscious of this state, she became sad at heart, and her cry was:

"O! in my soul too wild and strong
This gift has grown,
Bright spirit of immortal song
Take back thine own!"

The last four years of her life were lived in silence.

Though shut out from the realms of thought, imagination and deep feeling, Mrs. Welby, with her genuine and varied womanly fancy and sentiment, might have attained high rank among the lyric poets, if her powers from the first had been steadily disciplined. But she was unschooled, unguided in her art, as she herself confessed:

"'Tis with an untaught hand I sweep the chords."

Left, therefore, to her own ready, unrestrained utterance, she repeats herself not only from one poem to another, but not infrequently from stanza to stanza. Again, she has no skill at condensation, and nearly all her pieces show twice too many words for the

matter they contain. The early critics warned her against repetition and diffuseness, but for some reason or other she never obeyed them.

Light, varied fancy, tender sentiment, a persistent note of pathos, a prompt and facile rhythm—these are the qualities that won for "Amelia" at the beginning a generous welcome. On the other hand, her narrow range of experience with the tendency to self-repetition, the lack of literary discipline with the tendency to diffuseness—these made against her fame in the long run. From the seventy-four pieces included in the fullest edition of her poetry, a varied selection can be made, and her merits so illustrated as to afford the present generation much of the pleasure that her poems gave to readers of fifty and sixty years ago.

Weldon J. Myers

THE RAINBOW

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I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in a moment, yet quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell;
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the shore.
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head, in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow, that circled my soul.
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave;
Yet O! When death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS WHERE THE BUTTERCUPS GREW

O, my thoughts are away where my infancy flew,
Near the green mossy bank where the buttercups grew,
Where the bright silver fountain eternally played,
First laughing in sunshine, then singing in shade;
There oft in my childhood I've wandered in play,
Flinging up the cool drops of the light falling spray,
Till my small naked feet were all bathed in bright dew
As I played on the bank where the buttercups grew.

How softly that green bank sloped down from the hill
To the spot where the fountain grew suddenly still!
How cool was the shadow the long branches gave,
As they hung from the willow and dipped in the wave;
And then each pale lily, that slept on the stream,
Rose and fell with the wave, as if stirred by a dream!
While my home 'mid the vine-leaves rose soft on my view,
As I played on the bank where the buttercups grew.

The beautiful things! how I watched them unfold,
Till they lifted their delicate vases of gold!
O, never a spot since those days have I seen
With leaves of such freshness and flowers of such sheen!
How glad was my spirit for then there was naught
To burden its wing, save some beautiful thought
Breaking up from its depths with each wild wind that blew
O'er the green mossy bank where the buttercups grew.

The paths I have trod I would quickly retrace,
Could I win back the gladness that looked from my face
As I cooled my warm lip in that fountain I love
With a spirit as pure as the wing of a dove—
Could I wander again where my forehead was starred
With the beauty that dwelt in my bosom unmarred,
And, calm as a child in the starlight and dew,
Fall asleep on the bank where the buttercups grew.

THE CAPTIVE SAILOR BOY

The light of many stars
Quivers in tremulous softness on the air,
And the night-breeze is singing here and there,
Yet from my prison-bars
A narrow strip of sky is all I see—
O! that some kindly hand would set me free!

The bright new moon is hung
Up 'mid the softness of the fleecy clouds,
And the far ocean 'neath its foamy shrouds
Thrills like a harp fresh strung,
And the wild sea-birds on quick pinions flee—
O! for one glance upon the deep blue sea!

Why should the young and brave
Be fettered thus upon the fresh green earth?
Give me one hour beside my mother's hearth,
And then for ocean's wave!
Free as the laughing billows I would toss—
O! for the swift wing of the albatross!

When slumber waves her wand
Over my brow, I wander in my dreams
Close by the ripples of our soft blue streams
Far in my native land,
And lovely visions o'er my eyelids play—
O! that I could but dream my life away!

I see my mother then;
A pleasant smile sleeps on her features fair,
And the low cadence of her whispered prayer
Steals on my ear again,
As when I knelt beside her blessed knee—
Mother, sweet Mother, dost thou pray for me?

Upon the summer rose
Nature's faint pencilings are softly seen,
Laid on with cunning hand, and bright and green,

Where the wood-branches close
The honey-suckle wreathes our cottage eaves—
Alas! I may not sit beneath its leaves!

Before I sought the sea,
I used to wander with my sister sweet,
And many a winding path our little feet
Made round the old oak tree,
Where in the sunshine we were wont to play—
And they are there—but I am far away!

O! could I only ride
Upon the ocean where the wild winds meet,
And where the sea-shell singeth passing sweet
Under the trembling tide,
The demon of the storms I would not fear—
But O! I am a fettered captive here!

O! could I see my home
If but to kiss my sister's cheek once more,
And hear thee, Mother, bless me o'er and o'er!
For then not e'en my doom
Could dim thy truant's laughter-loving eye—
Alas! without thy blessing I must die!

Die in this dreary cell,
With no fond ear to catch my parting breath,
In bondage I must wrestle here with death,
Without one sweet farewell
From lips that oft have smiled on me in joy—
Alas! sweet Mother, for thy captive boy!

TO A HUMMING-BIRD

A merry welcome to thee, glittering bird!
Lover of summer flowers and sunny things!
A night hath passed since my young buds have heard
The music of thy rainbow-colored wings—
Wings, that flash sparkles out where'er they quiver,
Like sudden sunlight rushing o'er a river.

A merry welcome and a treat for thee!
Here are fresh blossoms opening bright and new,
Ready to yield thee, for thy melody,
Their first rich sighs and drops of honey-dew,
Opening their blushing petals to the glances
Of silvery sheen, that round thy light form dances.

Methinks thou'rt early out—the queenly night
Her star-gemmed curtain scarce has folded back;
And now the glorious sun, a monarch bright,
Bursts forth into his gold-pavilioned track,
Kissing from dew-bent flowers the tears of even,
And scattering her bright mists from earth and heaven.

How fair is all around! and thou, bright thing,
Though but a speck, a brilliant one thou art;
I almost think the humming of thy wing
Must be the merry echoes of thy heart;
For what if other birds have happier voices?
Thou need'st not care—thy very wing rejoices.

Child of the sunshine! bird of summer hours!
Brief is thy life, yet happy as 'tis brief,
For thou wilt pass away when bloom-touched flowers
Are fading from the green earth, leaf by leaf;
I envy thee, for when the things we cherish
Are withering round, 'tis meet with them to perish.

Here thou mayst banquet till the first faint gleams
Of twilight wander o'er the face of day,
Wooing our spirits to the land of dreams;

There on a sunbeam thou wilt flit away;
But, at the earliest dawn of morning's hour,
I'll welcome thee again unto my bower.

THE VIOLET'S SONG TO THE LOST FAIRY

Come to me, fairy queen,
  Stars o'er thee, lightly
Floating in dazzling sheen
  Glimmer out brightly;
Moonbeams are glittering
  On each pure blossom—
Fold up thy weary wing,
  Come to my bosom.

Sleep like a dewy cloud,
  On thy brow presses;
Round thy form, like a shroud,
  Droop thy fair tresses:
Heavy thine eyelids close
  O'er thy glance shaded;
I'll give thee soft repose,
  Thou lost and faded.

Each lily's pearly cup
  Sheds out pale gleamings;
Roses are folded up
  To their sweet dreamings;
Hark! how the night-winds pass,
  Mournfully sighing,
Through the down-trailing grass—
  Where art thou flying?

Where the young willow boughs
  Greenly are waving,
Where the blue streamlet flows
  Sunny banks laving,
There sit thy fairy few,
  Their glances veiling
'Neath tears that fall like dew,
  Thy loss bewailing.

I've oped my azure bell
  Wide to receive thee,
Where if thou'lt ever dwell
  None may deceive thee;
I'll breath my faint perfume
  On thy lip only—
Love thee through joy and gloom,
  Thou fair and lonely.

WHEN SOFT STARS

When soft stars are peeping
  Through the pure azure sky
And southern gales sweeping
  Their warm breathings by
Like sweet music pealing
  Far o'er the blue sea
There comes o'er me stealing
  Sweet memories of thee.

The bright rose when faded
  Flings forth o'er its tomb
Its violet leaves laded
  With silent perfume:
Thus round me will hover
  In grief, or in glee,
Till Life's dream be over,
  Sweet memories of thee.

As a sweet lute, that lingers
  In silence alone,
Unswept by light fingers,
  Scarce murmurs a tone,
My young heart resembled
  That lute light and free,
Till o'er its chords trembled,
  Those memories of thee.

THE BEREAVED

The moon within our casement beams,
  Our blue-eyed babe hath dropped to sleep,
And I have left it to its dreams,
  Amid the shadows deep,
To muse beside the silver tide,
Whose waves are rippling at thy side.

It is a still and lovely spot,
  Where they have laid thee down to rest,
The white rose and forget-me-not
  Bloom sweetly o'er thy breast,
And birds, and streams with liquid lull,
Have made the stillness beautiful.

And softly through the forest-bars
  Light, lovely shapes, on glossy plumes,
Float ever in, like winged stars,
  Amid the purpling glooms;
Their sweet songs, borne from tree to tree,
Thrill the light leaves with melody.

Alas! the very path I trace,
  In happier hours, thy footsteps made;
This spot was once thy resting place,
  Within the silent shade;
Thy white hand trained the fragrant bough
That drops its blossoms o'er me now;

'Twas here at eve we used to rove,
  'Twas here I breathed my whispered vows,
And sealed them on thy lips, my love!
  Beneath the apple-boughs.
Our hearts had melted into one,
But Death undid what Love had done.

Alas! too deep a weight of thought
  Had filled thy heart in youth's sweet hour;
It seemed with love and bliss o'erfraught,
  A fleeting passion-flower,
Unfolding 'neath a southern sky
To blossom soon, and soon to die.

Yet in those calm and blooming bowers
I seem to feel thy presence still,
Thy breath seems floating o'er the flowers,
Thy whisper on the hill;
The clear, faint starlight, and the sea,
Are whispering to my heart of thee.

No more thy smiles my heart rejoice,
Yet still I start to meet thine eye,
And call upon the low, sweet voice,
That gives me no reply—
And list within my silent door
For the light feet that come no more.

THE MOURNFUL HEART

My heart is like a lonely bird,
That sadly sings,
Brooding upon its nest unheard,
With folded wings.

For of my thoughts the sweetest part
Lie all untold,
And treasured in this mournful heart
Like precious gold.

The fever-dreams that haunt my soul
Are deep and strong;
For through its deep recesses roll
Such floods of song.

I strive to calm, to lull to rest,
Each mournful strain,
To lay the phantom in my breast—
But ah! 'tis vain.

The glory of thy silent skies,
Each kindling star,
The young leaves stirred with melodies
My quiet mar.

O! in my soul too wild and strong
This gift hath grown.
Bright spirit of immortal song!
Take back thine own.

I know no sorrows round me cling,
My years are few;
And yet my heart's the saddest thing
I ever knew.

For in my thoughts the world doth share
But little part;
A mournful thing it is to bear
A mournful heart.

THE EVENING SKIES

Soft skies! amid your halls to-night
How brightly beams each starry sphere!
Beneath your softly mellowed light
The loveliest scenes grow lovelier!
How high, how great, the glorious Power
That bade these silvery dew-drops fall;
That touched with bloom the folded flower,
And bent the blue sky over all.

I love to glide in these still hours
With heart, and thought, and fancy free,
When naught but stars, and waves, and flowers,
May give me their sweet company!
When far below the waves outspread
Glide softly on with liquid hue;
When winds are low—and skies o'erhead
Are beaming beautifully blue.

Oh, what a heavenly hour is this!
The green earth seems an Eden-home—
And yet I pine amid my bliss,
For purer blisses yet to come!
How can my spirit gaze aloft
Upon your deep delicious blue,
And float to those far realms so oft,
And never sigh to flutter through?

And yet this spot, so still, so lone,
  Seems formed to suit my mournful mood,
The far blue heavens seem all my own,
  And all this lovely solitude!
A voice seems whispering on the hill
  Soft as my own—and on the sea
A living spirit seems to thrill
  And throb with mine deliciously!

Yet, though my thoughts from care seem freed,
  And a soft joy pervades my breast,
That makes me almost feel indeed
  That hearts on earth are sometimes blessed!
There is a spell in those hushed skies—
  A something felt in this lone spot,
That makes my very soul arise
  With longing for—it knows not what!

Beneath such skies I sometimes doubt
  My heart can e'er have dreamed of sin—
The world seems all so calm without,
  And all my thoughts so pure within!
Such dreams play o'er my folded lid!
  Such heavenly visions greet my view!
I almost seem to glide amid
  The angel-bands, an angel, too!

ELIZABETH BISLAND WETMORE

[1861—]

KATHERINE VERDERY

ELIZABETH BISLAND was born in the State of Louisiana, February 11, 1861, on Fairfax Plantation. A big Palladian house with massive pillared porticoes, set amid a grove of old live-oaks, like so many of the residences of that date in the "Evangeline Country"; already famous through Longfellow's poem. It was the home of her father, Thomas Shields Bisland. He had studied medicine, but preferred the ampler, pleasanter life of the Southern sugar planter on his inherited estates to the laborious practice of his profession. His wife, Margaret Cyrilla Brownson, was a woman of marked beauty and decided literary ability, which under different circumstances might have brought her prominently into the world of letters.

Like most Americans the family combined many strains of blood. Thomas Bisland on the maternal side derived from the Huguenot Du Praslins, who early settled in South Carolina, and from Elizabeth, third daughter of John Knox, the Scotch Reformer by his second wife Lady Margaret Stuart, a cousin of Queen Mary. The Brownsons were descendants of the Asshetons, baronets of James I's creation and seated in Leicestershire from the time of the Conquest, and also from Sir Gregory Watts, Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Ralph Assheton was a connection by marriage of William Penn and assisted him in the foundation of his colony.

Elizabeth Bisland's great-grandmother was the second wife of Don Fernando Gayoso de Lemos, the last Spanish governor of the Province of Louisiana, who because of her fondness of canary-colored dresses was known throughout the territory as "The Yellow Countess."

Hugh Bisland was hanged at the Tolbooth in Edinborough in 1715 for going out with the Pretender. The family emigrated to South Carolina, but in 1778 their land was confiscated and their house burned because of their unrelenting Toryism, and for "giving aid and comfort to the British." They again emigrated to the Province of Louisiana, and securing a grant of land from the Spaniards, settled near what is now known as Natchez, Mississippi.

Elizabeth Bisland was the second child and one of a family of nine. Her advent being almost simultaneous with the outbreak of the Civil War, the sound of cannon and the smoke of battle formed the atmosphere of her infancy, and the bitter struggle of the recontsruction period robbed her of the irresponsible joys of childhood.

Her father entered the Confederate Army with the rank of lieutenant, but his medical education was soon pressed into service, and it was in the capacity of surgeon that he remained in the army throughout the war.

After the fall of Mobile the Federals, under the command of General Banks, ascended the Bayou Têche in force. The young mother and her two babies fled in an army ambulance through the Red River country to the old home in Natchez, and two bloody encounters took place at Fairfax. The Confederates under General "Dick" Taylor met the Union troops at this point and the fighting raged back and forth through the house itself. General Taylor in 'Destruction and Reconstruction' describes this engagement, at what he calls "Camp Bisland."

At the conclusion of the war the family returned to Louisiana to spend the bitter days of the reconstruction period. The story of hardships of this time in the South is a familiar one. Food of all kind was scarce and meat a rare luxury. Educational opportunities were almost non-existent. It was under such adverse circumstances that Elizabeth's childhood was spent.

"Big hominy" was the main staple of food for the growing little body, and a garret full of half mutilated books the only diet for a hungry mind. But the books were good. Old English classics and stately translations from the Greek and Latin poets. The fact that often the first and last pages of a volume were missing may have acted as a beneficial stimulus to the child's eager imagination, for she delighted to supply these defects to suit her own fancy.

When she was twelve years old the family inherited the ancestral place in Natchez and moved thither. It was at about this time that she began to write verse in secret. For a hiding place for her papers she used an old secret cupboard where money had been stored in the Spanish days, confiding her little manuscripts to its safe keeping during the hours when she assisted her mother in the care of the increasingly large family.

Mrs. Bisland was at this time also writing verse, much of which appeared in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat,* thus enabling her to add a few dollars to the wrecked fortunes of the family.

At sixteen Elizabeth made her first venture in this direction, sending a Christmas sonnet to the same paper which was, for some quaint youthful reason, now forgotten, signed B. J. R. Dane.

Overcome with the acute shyness so often attendant on the early efforts of sensitive and artistic natures, she walked miles to a neighboring village lest her own postmark betray her identity, oblivious to the fact that this close incognito prevented any remuneration reaching her.

Eagerly she watched the issues of the paper, and was rewarded by seeing the sonnet given a prominent place in the Christmas edition.

After that many verses appeared in its columns signed B. L. R. Dane, the quality of which attracted the attention of the editor to such an extent that he wrote Mrs. Bisland to ask if she knew a poet in her neighborhood by the name of Dane. This being discussed in the family circle Elizabeth shyly confessed the authorship. Both family and editor were amazed, the latter writing that he had supposed the poems written by an elderly man who had spent much time in England—for which impression the old English volumes in the garret must have been responsible.

The young authoress received back pay for all the work which had appeared, and this was her first capital.

The need of money becoming increasingly great, she soon went to New Orleans, where she was given a salaried position on the *Times-Democrat*. She worked incessantly writing reviews, verse, all sorts of stray articles, and practically filling the woman's department on the paper.

At first she lived in cheap lodgings in the French quarter of the city in order to send home as much of her salary as possible.

It was at this time that she met Lafcadio Hearn, young, sensitive and struggling like herself. They recognized in each other that close kinship of spirit which is the foundation of perfect friendship, and so long as he lived the relationship remained unclouded and unchanged.

In writing to her from Japan years after, Hearn gives an exquisite pen picture of her as she appeared to him at this time.

"But you ought to see my study-room. It is not very pretty—a little Japanese matted room, with glass sliding windows (upstairs), and a table and chair. . . . On the opposite wall is the shadow of a beautiful and wonderful person whom I knew long years ago in the strange city of New Orleans. (She was sixteen years old, or so, when I first met her; and I remember that not long afterwards she was dangerously ill, and that several people were afraid she would die in that quaint little hotel where she was stopping.)

"The shadows watch me while the night lasts. . . . The lady talks to me about a fire of wreckwood, that used to burn with red and blue lights. I remember that I used to sit long ago by that

Rosicrucian glow, and talk to her; but I remember nothing else—only the sound of her voice—low and clear and at times like a flute. . . . My memory is of a Voice and a Thought—multiple, both, exceedingly—but justifying the imagination of *une jeunne fille un peu farouche* (there is no English word that gives the same sense of shyness *and* force) who came into New Orleans from the country, and wrote nice things for the paper there, and was so kind to a particular kind of savage that he could not understand—and was afraid."

At the end of several years' work in New Orleans, she felt her field too limited and went accordingly to New York, reaching there with a few letters of introduction and fifty dollars in her pocket, but with high courage in her heart. She went directly to Mr. Chester Lord of the *Sun* and asked for work. He listened patiently and then looking at her kindly he said, "My dear little girl, pack your trunk and go back home; this is no place for you."

But on being assured that such a course was out of the question he consented to give her a trial.

She brought him an account of a negro burial with vivid touches of humor and pathos, which he not only accepted, but which led to her receiving many assignments from the *Sun*.

Gradually she gained a firm foothold in the newspaper circles of the Great City. As soon as her finances would permit, she left the dreary atmosphere of boarding house life and took a modest little apartment. Here on Sunday afternoons the most interesting literary and artistic people of New York gathered about her tea table. Such men as Sir Henry Irving, Coquelin the elder, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Vassili Verestchagin, the painter, and Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent, came to listen to the "flute-like" voice which lived so musically in Hearn's memory. And of that "kindness" of which he also speaks there was no end.

Even when her own way was most thickly beset with difficulties she never turned a deaf ear to the perplexities of others struggling with the problem of living. She was quick with tactful advice and generous in praise of the least merit. In the battle for daily bread her fine womanliness suffered no tarnish, nor in future years of prosperity did she lose in any degree the great art of sympathy.

In 1889 she was doing work for the New York *World*, the New York *Sun*, the *Illustrated American*, writing the New York letter for the Brooklyn *Eagle* and the Chicago *Tribune*, and was an assistant editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. She worked early and late producing an average of fifty thousand words a month, and earning some five thousand dollars a year.

It was at this time that Mr. Brisben Walker of the *Cosmo-*

politan conceived the idea of sending a representative around the world with the object of beating Phineas Fogg's record of eighty days' circumnavigation in Jules Verne's fantastic book. His choice fell on Miss Bisland.

With only a few hours' preparation she started for San Francisco on November 14, 1889. At the end of seventy-six days of hard travel she returned to New York, having outstripped "Phineas Fogg" by four days.

Her account of the trip appeared first serially in the *Cosmopolitan* and later in book form under the title of 'Flying Trip Around the World.'

This was her first book and brought her considerable notice.

She had won many friends on the journey, one of whom was Lady Broome, who invited Miss Bisland to spend the coming season in London as her guest. The invitation was gladly accepted, and for the first time in her life she gave herself up to care-free enjoyment. She continued to write during this time but not under the whip and spur of necessity.

Lady Broome introduced her not only to social, but also to literary London, and here she met and made friends of Herbert Spencer, Jowett, the master of Balliol, Rudyard Kipling and Rhoda Broughton. The liking between the two last was cordial and mutual, and at the end of the season Miss Bisland followed Miss Broughton to her home in Oxford and secured nearby lodgings. Here she wrote in collaboration with Miss Broughton 'A Widower Indeed,' which subsequently appeared in book form on both sides of the Atlantic. Soon after its publication—in 1890—Miss Bisland became engaged to Mr. Charles W. Wetmore, an Ohio man by birth, but at the time a resident of New York. After graduating from Harvard University he was admitted to the New York Bar, where he became a prominent and successful corporation lawyer.

He had long known Miss Bisland and followed her to Oxford, where she became engaged. She returned to New York in 1891, and was married October the sixth.

Her pen lay idle for some time after this. The luxuries of life, which she appreciated too wisely to abuse, were now hers, and she had the pleasure of expressing her own individuality in a home, which she and Mr. Wetmore built at Oyster Bay, Long Island. Into the building and development of that charming Tudor house, with its acres of cultivated orchards and gardens, she put herself, giving personal supervision to every detail until the whole became expressive of her own charm.

But the necessity for more intellectual expression, which is the

imperative need of all artists, was not dead, and in 1903 she published 'A Candle of Understanding,' a novel whose scene was laid in the South during the early days after the war, the atmosphere and many of the incidents of which were recalled from the memory of her own youth.

In 1906 'The Secret Life' appeared anonymously, being a series of reflections written in diary form, delightful in style and original in thought.

In the same year appeared 'The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn,' her most serious work up to this time. Her intimate knowledge of Hearn and her sympathetic understanding of his complex nature enabled her to present the real man as perhaps no one else could.

The book sold largely both in America and Europe and brought her international reputation. It also created a wider demand for Hearn's books than they had ever known. His genius was of the kind to receive slow recognition and small remuneration.

The income derived from the posthumous sale of his work gave therefore, to his widow and children a much needed increase in their income. Thus by presenting him to the public as he never could have presented himself, did his life-long friend render him the last "kindness" in her power to give.

In 1909 she wrote in collaboration with Anne Hoyt, 'Seekers in Sicily,' a charming little volume embodying some of their mutual experiences during a winter spent on that island, together with much of its history and tradition little known to the general reader.

Her latest book is a second collection of essays, entitled 'At the Sign of the Hobbyhorse.'

Katherine Verdery.

THE RACE AGAINST TIME

From 'A Flying Trip Around the World.' Copyright, Harper Brothers, 1891, and used here by permission of author and publishers.

. . . "A PERFECT day," the record says . . . More undulant fields clothed in the yellow stubble of the gathered harvest. Here and there black loam broken for winter sowing—a square of jet set in pale amber—and over all a faint, turquoise sky. . . .

That night we were in Council Bluffs, Omaha, and by chance got passage in the new fast mail-train, put on as an experiment in time across the continent, which was carrying out one sleeper and the General Manager's private car.

. . . The pace was tremendous from the start. We began to climb the Great Divide. Trees and shrubs grew rare and more rare and finally vanished altogether. . . . Great gray plains all about us; covered thinly with a withered, ashen-coloured plant, the bitter results of an unequal struggle for existence, and strangely resembling in miniature the gnarled, writhen cedars that cling to wind-scourged coasts. Settlements were few and far between. Scrawny horses picked up a scanty living in the desolate upland meadows; and an occasional yellow cur who came out and barked at us as we went by was the only other form of animal life to be seen. Once in a great while we passed a dwelling, a square cabin of gray unpainted boards, always tightly closed and the dwellers absent somewhere on business. The only distinct proof I ever saw of the human habitance of these silent, lonely homes, was a tiny pair of butternut trousers fluttering on the clothes-line near one of them. The minute American citizen who should have occupied these trousers was invisible, and I fear perhaps they were his only pair.

. . . We climbed and climbed, always at tremendous speed, and always the land growing more desolate, and wildly drear. . . . like the cursed site of some prehistoric Sodom, sown with salt. The air shone with a luminous clearness undreamable in coast countries, and at night the stars were huge and fierce—not the soft-gleaming, palpitant planets of tropic nights, but keen and scintillant as swords. There was some-

thing hideous and brutal in the doom laid upon this unhappy territory, as of a Prometheus chained on the mountain tops, its blood dried to dust in its veins, and lifting a scarred face of gray despair to the rainless sky. From time to time we crossed a feeble, trickling stream, but no verdure marked the course of waters that were bitter and fruitless as tears. During the night our way lay through the still more desolate portion of this dry region, named with simple and expressive literalness, the Bad Lands, and here, again, I saw a wonderful breaking of day. The moon, wan with the dawn, hung directly in the zenith, and on the eastern rim of the ghostly gray plain, under the quivering jewel of the morning star, burned the first vague flush of morning. Slowly a dusky amethyst light filled the sapphire bowl of the sky, quenching the stars one by one as it rose, and when the sun showed over the world's edge the cup was brimmed, and the pale moon shone faintly in its depths, like the drowned pearl of the Egyptian Queen. No eye but mine was there to see, yet in the midst of unpeopled desolation, the majestic ceremonies of the sky were fulfilled with the same slow pomp and splendour as if all the worshippers of the Sun knelt in awed wonder to see the Bridegroom come forth of his chamber.

Our speed through this part of the country was terrible. Five hours away from Ogden we were two hours and a half behind the time set for our arrival. Some three-quarters of a million hung upon our reaching there promptly, and getting the track clear for ourselves beyond, not to mention any other important considerations that could scarcely be reckoned in figures, for a great Government contract for mails would be either lost or won by morning. A certain engineer, whose name was Foley—or words to that effect—was telegraphed to meet us at the next stop. He was a gentleman of Irish extraction, who laboured under an entire absence of physical timidity, and who remarked with jovial determination, as he climbed into the cab, that he would "get us to Ogden—or Hell—on time." Frequently, during that five hours' ride, the betting stood ten to one on the latter goal, and Hades was hot favourite. The grade at this part of the road has a descent of ninety-three feet in a mile, and the track cork-screwed through gorges and cañons, with but small margin between

us and destruction. To these considerations Mr. Foley was cheerfully indifferent, and, pulling out the throttle, he let the engine have her head at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. The train rocked like a ship at sea, and sleepers held on to their berths in terror, the more nervous actually succumbing to *mal de mer*. The plunge of the engine, that now and again whimpered affrightedly in the darkness, could be felt through the whole train, as one feels beneath one of the fierce play of the loins of a runaway horse. From the rear car the tracks were two lines of fire in the night. The telegraph poles reeled backwards from our course, and the land fled from under us with horrible nightmare wierdness. The officers of the train grew alarmed and ordered speed slackened, but Mr. Foley, consulting his watch, regretted with great firmness that he could not oblige them. One man rolled in an anguish of terror on the floor, and the general manager, engaged in a late game of whist, regarding the sufferer with sympathetic interest as he took the odd trick with the thirteenth trump, remarked that it was such episodes as this in American life that made us a nation of youthful gray-heads.

We arrived in Ogden on time. Mr. Foley, dismounting with alacrity from his cab, remarked that these night rides were prone to give a man cold, went in pursuit of an antidote behind a swinging Venetian door on the corner, and we saw him no more.

IN THE TRACK OF WAR

From 'A Candle of Understanding.' Copyright, Harper Brothers, 1903, and used here by permission of the author and publishers.

A SOLEMN green dusk fell upon us as we passed in among the columns and arches of the tall trees. They stood ankle-deep in water, hung with enormous tresses of gray Spanish moss and knotted in vines—a dim, immemorial silence seemed to reign. We broke in upon it rudely with our oars, beating the clear brown swamp water. Big alligators, upon our coming, slid without a sound from floating logs and submerged themselves—all but a rugged snout and two small, wicked eyes. Knots of snakes, wrapped about the sharp knees of the cypress-roots, noiselessly disentangled themselves and vanished without

a ripple. Flocks of little, woolly water-cabbages dipped and lifted upon our wake and drifted out of our path. Below the surface the fringe-weeds waved languidly, bending towards our keels; and looking back when we had passed, the broken silence seemed to close in again through the long, watery aisles where the frail ghost-lilies were blooming.

The sun was on the edge of the horizon when our sweating oarsmen swung the boats out into the open bayou, between the walls of sward-grass. The level cane-fields lifted themselves on either hand. A broken wharf offered a landing place.

Mungo swept the moisture from his forehead with his forefinger.

"Dar, marster! Des look how dem Rebs en Yankees done gone muss up you-all's house!" He made a gesture towards a gaping hole torn in one corner of the long, white, wooden dwelling set up above the dampness on brick piles. A chimney had been raggedly beheaded. Windows gaped. Blinds hung on a solitary hinge and bullet holes freckled the walls.

Gaunt stumps showed the source of the barricade of logs that stretched half way across the lawn, and against this the earth from a rough trench had been thrown. A broken cannon lurched sidewise over its smashed wheel and stared up to the sky in drunken helplessness of attitude.

Within doors the ruin was more active and grotesque. Pictures drooped forward in tatters from their frames. Chairs and sofas were climbing, as if in clumsy panic, against the battered doors. Torn books huddled in crazy confusion around overturned tables. Half-way up the stairway was wedged a huge mahogany bedstead, hacked and marred.

Mother stared at this moment. She said, "Oh, William!" and, dropping her flowered green silk shawl from her shoulders, sat upon the lowest step of the stairway and wept, while father exclaimed, "My God!" under his breath.

Edith and I slept rolled up in shawls on the floor that night and agreed that the South seemed a great deal more interesting and amusing than it was at grandmamma's where we always went to bed in the regular way; but I told mother I didn't mean to say "God bless everybody" in my prayers any more, because I just wouldn't have Him blessing Yankees, and mother blew her nose again and said I might do just as I liked about it.

The memoirs mentioned that it took a long time to restore some semblance of order, and that even yet one had to sit down easily in most of the chairs, and remember about the table's lame leg, and not to move the stool that hid the burned place in the carpet. Father patched the pictures and painted over the places where they were torn, and pasted the covers back on the books, and tried to put the pages where they belonged, but my record contained a passage at this point regretting that there were two or three kings I didn't know about yet—whether they had their heads cut off, or married, or what—because so often part of the book would be gone just when it was going to tell about it, and the very nicest stories generally had the first or the last part missing, so that one either didn't know what the people had done in the beginning, or else didn't find out what happened to them in the end.

THE DÖPPELGANGER

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I SUPPOSE that everyone who has reached maturity has been aware of a sense of a dual personality—of a something within him that is a *me* and not a *me;* of opposing influences that puzzle his judgment, weaken his resolves, and warp his intention. These natures he finds engaged in an eternal conflict which sways him from the course he would instinctively follow, and draws him along lines of thought and conduct satisfying to neither side of his being, and achieving only a helpless compromise between the two.

"To be?"—"Or *not* to be?" contend the two at every crossing of the tangled meshes of existence, and neither disputant is ever convinced by the other's logic.

"To sleep"—says one. "Perchance to dream," replies the other coldly; and so gives pause to Hamlet's swift intentions. Which is the real man? The Hamlet whose soul lusts for sudden brute revenge, whose promptings are the instinctive play of the natural man, or that frigid censor who checks the impulses of the first speaker and chills him with cold reasons

and balancings of right and wrong, so that the sword falls from his nerveless hand at the very moment of opportunity? Or, after all, is the real man the one whose actions are a continual endeavour to steer between the two promptings; the Hamlet whose doings are not in direct answer to either voice—are but furious and confused outbursts of indecision?

If it were at all possible to decide between the two, one would incline to think that the second voice, that chilling critic, was another self, alien to us, though entrenched in the very depths of the soul—was the *not* me, in everlasting opposition to the *me*—was the past warring with the present.

The warm, impulsive, blundering *me* we know, but who is that other? Whence comes this double, this *alter ego,* this bosom's lord, and strange, nameless ghost who haunts the house of life? How many thousand deaths have we died to give him life? For he is inexpressibly aged, infinitely sophisticated; and while the *me* still crowns its locks with youth's golden illusions, he is grey with knowledge and hoary with disenchantment. Though a part of our most intimate selves, he is not at one with us. He sympathizes with none of our enthusiasms, is tempted by none of our sins. . . . Sins! . . . what should he do eating forbidden fruit who is all compounded of the knowledge of good and evil?

"Ye shall be as gods, having eaten of that tree"—and like a god he sits in the dusk of the soul's seat, knowing the past, predicting the future of our destiny. And yet is his grim wisdom of no avail, since—a shadowy Cassandra—he warns in vain. His deity-ship is of no more worth than that of the Olympian heavens, which might punish or reward, but could not divert the decrees of a power higher than itself. It is indeed the fate of all gods to have their creations caught from between their shaping hands by the blind, fumbling fingers with the shears. Gods may teach; may command; may ban or bless: but the being once made is Fate's creature, not theirs.

This cynical, impotent *döppelganger* goes by many names. His Christian cognomen is Conscience, and his voice is raised to exalt Christian tenets of clean living and high thinking.

"Thou shalt surely die," he declaims from the altar where he wears with cheerful indifference the livery of a faith in

which he has no part, and we walk contentedly in the path he designates, flattering ourselves upon being upheld and guided by the voice of omnipotent truth, until passion trips our heels with some hidden snare, and, rolling headlong in the mire, we lift our stained faces in astonishment to behold that calm-lidded countenance all unstirred by our wild mishap. He foresaw, but he was helpless to prevent, nor does he greatly care, since he also knows that age after age every reincarnation of the spirit must be tempted anew by the ever-renewed, ever-lustful, unalterable flesh.

Weissman diverts himself and indulges the Teutonic weakness for word-building by naming this double self the "germ-plasm"—that immortal, eternal seed of life that links the generations in an unbroken chain; changing and developing only through the unreckonable processes of time, and taking heed not at all of the mere passing accidents of fleeting avatars.

Why should not this germ-plasm, this eternal ghost, be infinitely sophisticated? What surprises can its mere momentary envelope contrive for a consciousness as old as the moon? If temptations seduce the young flesh, though the old, old soul declares with scorn that teeth are set on edge by the eating of sour grapes, it is not surprised at all when the body persists in its will to seize upon the fruit of its desire, having seen in everyone of a myriad generations the same obstinacy and weakness of the flesh, which learns little and very hardly from the spirit.

Now and again—in his moments of exalted seriousness—man listens to this ancient voice of the spirit breathing the accumulated experience of time, and then it imposes upon him the ripened wisdom of its long retrospect of the generations, and man creates religions—by which he does not square his conduct—or philosophies—whose bit he immediately takes between his teeth. But for the most part he stops his ears to the soul's stern, sad preaching with the thick wax of sentimentalism, and that undying determination that life shall not be what it is, but what he wishes it to be—and so stumbles along, through ever-renewed pangs and tragedies, after a mirage in the hard desert of existence, to whose stones and flints, despite his bruises, he will not turn his eyes. And well it is for us that upon many the mantle of flesh lies so warm and thick that this

ghost called consciousness of self cannot chill their blood with his dank wisdom breathed from out a world of graves. In the hearts of such as these all the sweet illusions of existence came to full and natural bloom. To their lusty egoism life has all the exhilaration and freshness of a new and special creation.

Far otherwise is it with the haunted man, whose dwelling is blighted by that cold presence with its terrible memory. Forever echoes through his chambers the cry that hope will be unfulfilled, that love will die, the morning fade, that what has been will be again and forever again; that the waters of life will climb the shore only to crawl back again into the blind depths of eternity; that the unit is forever lost in the eternal ebb and flux of matter. Endeavour can find no footing in this profundity of experience. To all desire, all aspiration, the ghost says in a paralyzing whisper:

"Scipio, remember that thou art a *man*—that everything has been done even if thou doest it not—that everything will be done whether thou doest it or no. . . . Where are the poems that were written in Baalbec? Where the pictures that were painted in Tadmor of the Wilderness? Are there fewer pictures and poems to-day because the men who made them are not? Who was prime minister to the bearded King of Babylon? Where is his fame? . . . Ay, drink this cup if you will, but you know well the taste of it is not good at the bottom. You have drunk it a thousand thousand of times, and the taste was never good, and yet you will drink it a thousand times again, hoping always that it will be good."

And the haunted man sits with idle hands and withered purpose, listening always to the voice, while his neighbours push loudly on to die futilely but gloriously in the unending battle.

"An end-of-the-century disease," say those full-fed, happy egotists with lowered breath and eyes askance as they pass the haunted house. "The mould of age has fallen upon him and made him mad." Yet before the walls of Troy these two—the ghost-ridden, and the happy egotist—battled for the glowing shadow of a woman whom neither man loved nor desired. Achilles, blackly melancholy in his tent, hears the old voice cry "'Εν δέ οἱ τιμῆ ἡμὲγ κακὸς ἠδὲ καὶ ἐοθλός." and disdains the greatness of life and the littleness of it. To the iron

inevitableness of fate he opposes only indifference and an unbending courage. That which has been will be, and the end is death and darkness. He has no illusions. He wars neither for love of country nor love of Helen. If Troy falls, nothing is gained. If the Greeks fail, nothing will be lost. In time all the sweat and blood shed upon Ilium's windy plain will evaporate into a mere mist of uncredited legend. In Achilles, the other self, the *alter ego,* is the stronger man. The ghost of dead experience is as living as he.

Not so is it with Hector. All the passions of humanity are as new and fresh to him as if none before himself had known them. He looks neither forward nor back. The present is his concern. What though men have died and been forgotten, he will not lessen his utmost effort, even to the giving up of his life to save Troy. That is to him the one thing of importance. So robust is his courage, his faith, his love, that the sad spirit of memory within him cannot speak loud enough to make him hear. There is no warring of dual personalities in him; he is aware of but one—that rich momentary incarnation called Hector, more potent than the memories and experiences of the thousands of lives that preceded him, that gave him existence.

What though Achilles was right; what though both be but dust and legend now—who would not choose that flash of being called Hector—Hector dragged at the chariot-wheel of Achilles—Hector with wife enslaved and children slaughtered and his city's proud towers levelled with the plain, rather than to have been the haunted victor, triumphing but not triumphant; fighting without purpose or hope? The same end indeed came to both, but one died as he lived, for what he thought a glorious end, while the other too passed away—but with the cold knowledge that both deaths were fruitless and vain.

Troy is a dream, but the battle forever is waged between the fresh incarnation of being and the memories of past being. Every creature wakes out of childhood aware that he lives not alone in even the secretest chambers of his life. Which is the *I* he cannot always say. The two companions are never at one. Sometimes the struggle breaks into open flame. Sometimes the one is victor, sometimes the vanquished. Each fights for Helen, for his ideal of pleasure, of wisdom, or of good, but in the very handgrips of battle a chilling doubt will fall between

them whether she for whom they war—call her virtue, beauty, lust, life, what you will—is the real Queen, or only some misleading eidolon whose true self is hid in distant Sparta; and so the grasp relaxes, the tense breath falls free, the selves mingle. Man gropes for truth and finds it vague, intangible, not to be grasped—a dream.

LAFCADIO HEARN: A PEN-PICTURE

From 'The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn.' Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1906, and used here by permission of the author and publishers.

It was to my juvenile admiration for this particular bit of work that I owed the privilege of meeting Lafcadio Hearn, in the winter of 1882, and of laying the foundation of a close friendship which lasted without a break until the day of his death.

He was at this time a most unusual and memorable person. About five feet, three inches in height, with unusually broad and powerful shoulders for such a stature, there was an almost feminine grace and lightness in his step and movements. His feet were small and well shaped, but he wore invariably the most clumsy and neglected shoes, and his whole dress was peculiar. His favorite coat, both winter and summer, was a heavy double-breasted "reefer," while the size of his wide-brimmed, soft crowned hat was a standing joke among his friends. The rest of his garments were apparently purchased for the sake of durability rather than beauty, with the exception of his linen, which, even in days of the direst poverty, was always fresh and good. Indeed a peculiar physical cleanliness was characteristic of him—that cleanliness of uncontaminated savages and wild animals, which has the air of being so essential and innate as to make the best-groomed man and domesticated beasts seem almost frowzy by contrast. His hands were very delicate and supple, with quick timid movements that were yet full of charm, and his voice was musical and very soft. He spoke always in short sentences, and the manner of his speech was very modest and deferential. His head was quite remarkably beautiful; the profile both bold and delicate, with admirable modelling of the nose, lips and chin. The

brow was square, and full above the eyes, and the complexion a clear smooth olive. The enormous work which he demanded of his vision had enlarged beyond its natural size the eye upon which he depended for sight, but originally, before the accident—whose disfiguring effect he magnified and was exaggeratedly sensitive about—his eyes must have been handsome, for they were large, of a dark liquid brown, and heavily lashed. In conversation he frequently, almost instinctively, placed his hand over the injured eye to conceal it from his companion.

Though he was abnormally shy, particularly with strangers and women, this was not obvious in any awkwardness of manner; he was composed and dignified, though extremely silent and reserved until his confidence was obtained. With those whom he loved and trusted his voice and mental attitude were caressing, affectionate, and confiding, though with even these some chance look or tone or gesture would alarm him into sudden and silent flight, after which he might be invisible for days or weeks, appearing again as silently and suddenly, with no explanation of his having so abruptly taken wing. In spite of his limited sight he appeared to have the power to divine by some extra sense the slightest change of expression in the faces of those with whom he talked, and no object or tint escaped his observation. One of his habits while talking was to walk about, touching softly the furnishings of the room, or the flowers of the garden, picking up small objects for study with his pocket-glass, and meantime pouring out a stream of brilliant talk in a soft, half apologetic-tone, with constant deference to the opinions of his companions. Any idea advanced he received with respect, however much he might differ, and if a phrase or suggestion appealed to him his face lit with a most delightful irradiation of pleasure, and he never forgot it.

A more delightful or—at times—more fantastically witty companion it would be impossible to imagine, but it is equally impossible to attempt to convey his astounding sensitiveness. To remain on good terms with him it was necessary to be as patient and wary as one who stalks the hermit thrush to its nest. Any expression of anger or harshness to any one drove him to flight, any story of moral or physical pain sent him quivering away, and a look of ennui or resentment, even if but a passing emotion, and indulged in when his back was turned,

was immediately conveyed to his consciousness in some occult fashion and he was off in an instant. Any attempt to detain or explain only increased the length of his absence. A description of his eccentricities of manner would be misleading if the result were to convey an impression of neurotic debility, for with this extreme sensitiveness was combined vigour of mind and body to an unusual degree—the delicacy was only of the spirit.

THE PUPPET SHOW

From 'Seekers in Sicily.' Copyright, John Lane Company, 1909, and used here by permission of the author and publishers.

It was in returning from this place of peace that he had that crowning inspiration about the puppet show, which is why in the darkness of that very evening they are threading a black and greasy alleyway which smells of garlic and raw fish. But they go cheerfully and confidently in the dimly seen wake of Gaspero's festal richness of attire.

An oil torch flares and reeks before a calico curtain. This curtain, brushed aside, shows a pigeon-hole room, nine feet high, very narrow, and not long. On either wall hangs a frail balcony, into one of which the three wriggle carefully and deposit themselves on a board hardly a palm's breadth wide. From the vantage point of these choice and expensive seats—for which they have magnificently squandered six cents apiece—they are enabled to look down about four inches on the heads of the commonalty standing closely packed into the narrow alley leading to the stage. A strictly masculine commonalty, for Gaspero explains in a whisper that the gentler sex of Palermo are not expected to frequent puppet shows, lest their delicate sensibilities may suffer shock from the broad behaviour of the wooden dolls. Of course, he hurries to add, handsomely, all things are permitted to *forestieri,* whose bold fantasticalities are taken for granted.

The groundlings appear to be such folk as fish peddlers, longshoremen, ragpickers—what you will—who smoke persistent tiny cigarettes, and refresh themselves frequently with orange juice, or anisette and water. These have plunged to the extent of two cents for their evening's amusement, and

have an air of really not considering expense. The gallery folk are of a higher class. On Peripatetica's right hand sits one who has the aspect of an unsuccessful author or artist; immediately upon the entrance of the *forestieri* he carefully assumes an attitude of sarcastic detachment, as of one who lends himself to the pleasures of the people merely in search of material. Opposite is an unmistakable valet who also, after a quick glance at the newcomers, buttons his waistcoat and takes on an appearance of indulgent condescension to the situation.

A gay drop curtain, the size of a dinner napkin, rolls up after a preliminary twitter from concealed mandolins. The little scene is set in a wood. From the left enters a splendid miniature figure glittering in armour, crowned, plumed, and robed, stepping with a high melodramatic stride. It is King Charlemagne, the inevitable *deus ex machina* of every Sicilian puppet play. Taking the centre of the stage and the spotlight, he strikes his tin-clad bosom a resounding blow with his good right wooden hand, and bursts into passionate recitative:

"The cursed Moslem dogs have seized his subjects upon the high seas, and cast them into cruellest slavery. Baptised Christians bend their backs above the galley oars of Saracen pirate ships, and worse—oh, worst of all!"—both hands here play an enraged tattoo upon his resounding bosom-pan—"they have seized noble Christian maidens and haled them to their infernal harems.

"S'death! shall such things be? No! by his halidome, *no!* Rinaldo shall wipe this stain from his 'scutcheon. What ho—without there!"

Enter hastily from right, Orlando.

"His Majesty called?"

"Called? well rather! Go find me that good Knight Rinaldo the great Paladin, and get the very swiftest of moves on, or something will happen which is likely to be distinctly unpleasant."

Orlando vanishes, and in a twinkling appears Rinaldo, more shining, more resplendent, more befeathered even than the King; with an appalling stride (varied by a robin-like hop), calculated to daunt the boldest worm of a Moslem.

He awaits his sovereign's commands with ligneous dignity, but as the King pours out the tale his legs rattle with strained

attention and when the Christian maids come into the story his falchion flashes uncontrollably from its sheath.

"*Will* he go? Will a bird fly? Will a fish swim?"

Charlemagne retires, leaving Rinaldo to plan the campaign with Orlando.

Enter now another person in armour, but wearing half an inch more of length of blue petticoat, and with luxuriant locks streaming from beneath the plumed helmet. 'Tis Bramante, the warrior maiden, who in shrill soprano declines to be left out of any chivalric ruction. Three six-inch swords flash in the candle light; three vows to conquer or die bring down the dinner napkin to tumultuous applause.

The pit has been absorbed to the point of letting its cigarettes go out, and the author and the valet hastily resume their forgotten condescension.

Every one cracks and eats melon seeds until the second act reveals the court of a Saracen palace.

The thumps of the three adventurers' striding feet bring out hasty swarms of black slaves, who fall like grain before the Christian swords. Better metal than this must meet a Paladin!

Turbaned warriors fling themselves into the fray, and the clash of steel on the steel rings through the palace. Orlando is down, Rinaldo and Bramante fight side by side, though Rinaldo staggers with wounds. The crescented turbans one by one roll in the dust, and as the two panting conquerors lean exhausted upon their bloody swords—enter the Soldan himself!

Now Turk meets Paladin, and comes the tug of war.

Bramante squeaks like a mouse; hops like a sparrow.

Ding, dong! Rinaldo is beaten to his knee and the Soldan shortens his blade for a final thrust, but—Bramante rushes in, and with one terrific sweep of her sword shears his head so clean from his shoulders that it rolls to the footlights and puts out one of the candles.

Ha! ha! He trusted in his false god, Mahound!

Bramante hops violently.

Enter suddenly, rescued Christian Maid. Also in armour; also possessing piercing falsetto.

Saved! saved! She falls clattering upon Rinaldo's breast,

and Bramante, after an instant's hesitation, falls there on top of her, with peculiar vicious intensity.

More dinner napkins. More frenzied applause. Gaspero draws a long breath. His eyes are full of tears of feeling.

Scene in the wood again. Charlemagne has thanked Rinaldo. Has thanked Bramante. Has blessed the Christian Maid, and has retired exhausted to his afternoon nap!

Christian Maid insists upon expressing *her* gratitude to the Paladin with her arms round his neck.

Bramante drags her off by her back hair, a dialogue ensuing which bears striking likeness to the interview of cats on a back fence.

Christian Maid opines that Bramante is *no lady,* and swords are out instantly.

One, two, three!—clash, slash, bang!

Rinaldo hops passionately and futilely around the two contestants.

Ladies! Ladies! he protests in agony, but blood is beginning to flow, when, suddenly, a clap of thunder—a glitter of lightning.

The cover of an ancient tomb in the wood rolls away, and from the black pit rises a grisly skeleton. Six legs clatter and rattle like pie-pans; swords fall. It is the ghost of Rinaldo's father. Christian Maid is really Rinaldo's sister, he explains, carried off by Saracens in her childhood.

Skeleton pulls down the cover of the tomb and retires to innocuous desuetude.

Opportune entry of Orlando miraculously cured of his wounds. Rinaldo has an inspiration, and bestows upon Orlando the hand of the Christian Maid.

All the tins of the kitchen tumble at once—everybody has fallen on every one else's mail-clad bosom! . . .

Dear Gaspero! It has been a *wonderful* day.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE

[1789—1847]

LEWIS PARKE CHAMBERLAYNE

THE events of Richard Henry Wilde's life are less interesting than his mind and character, yet the bare facts of his career, when known, help to explain the quality and the small number of his literary works. Writing at a time when patriotism was flamboyant in the United States, and sharing this love of country, he longed with all the ardor of a passionate nature for literary fame, but felt with ever increasing conviction that he at least was unable to produce poetry of a high order on American themes. Yet his native quality of mind prevented him from forgetting this disappointment in the triumphs of politics and the law, for he seems never to have been able to devote himself wholeheartedly to either, although, with the exception of his five years' sojourn in Europe, he remained always a politician or a lawyer. Outwardly his life was active and brought him honor both in Congress and in his profession, as well as in scholarship, but if we can judge from his posthumous poem, "Hesperia," his career was in his own eyes a failure.

He was born in Dublin, September 24, 1789, of well-to-do parents, and was brought to Baltimore at the age of eight, five years later accompanying his widowed mother and his brothers to Augusta, Georgia. The family was now poor, but Richard, who was the eldest, was ambitious and studious, working hard at his borrowed law-books while helping his mother in her shop, and was admitted to the Bar before he was of age. It is said he made a practice of reading fifty pages of law and writing ten pages of notes every day. His industry and courage were rewarded by quick success at the Bar, and he early gained a reputation by undertaking a case which required him to attack, in 1809, the constitutionality of the very popular Alleviating Law, making it impossible to sue for most kinds of debt. Shortly afterward he was elected Attorney-general of Georgia, and before he was twenty-seven he represented Georgia in Congress, being continuously in the delegation from his State from 1827 to 1835. The nomination for Speaker of the House in 1834, when he led on the first ballot against such men as Polk and Bell, testifies to his standing. Wilde was a Whig, opposed to Andrew Jackson's "Removal of the Deposits"; and his stand with the

minority against the President's "Force Bill," in the dispute over nullification, finally lost him his seat. He had not been a warm partisan, not speaking very often, and then usually on questions of the tariff and finance. In his own words, he "found no party which did not require of its followers what no honest man should, and no gentleman would, do."

Wilde may have felt chagrin after his defeat, and at the same time, if we may trust indications afforded by passages in "Hesperia," there was another sorrow, an unhappy love, that made life in the United States wearisome and Italy particularly attractive to him. His wife, whom he had married in 1818, died in 1827, and about two years later he must have met in Washington the Italian lady to whom so many references are made in "Hesperia"; whom, if the poem is to be trusted, he loved till his death. So much at least we know—that the five years spent in Europe, mostly in Italy, were of the greatest importance in Wilde's life, and must have been among his happiest years. In Florence he lived three years, devoted to the study of Dante and Tasso, and the only long work that he published in his own lifetime was the fruit of this stay in Florence. This was his 'Conjectures and Researches Concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso' (2 vols. New York, 1842). He also began a life of Dante, which he never finished, and planned a collection of translations of the Italian lyric poets, with short biographies of the authors. The 'Researches Concerning Tasso' are based on those of Rossini, and contain an exhaustive examination of the sonnets and the canzone, as well as the correspondence of Tasso. The conclusion reached is that popular tradition is right in attributing Tasso's misfortunes in prime measure to the imprudent disclosure in his poems of his intrigue with Leonora d'Este, and that in consequence his imprisonment was punishment visited on him by the Duke. The charge of insanity Wilde considers a mere pretext for harsh treatment, though he admits that Tasso was subject to delusions of witchcraft, brought on, he thinks, by hardships in prison. The book is full of close argument and testifies to the author's learning and patience, although it is far from being easy reading. The *Archivio Storico Italiano* (Firenze, 1848), in a notice of Wilde's death, commends the "Tasso" as "showing, whatever may be thought of the correctness of the conclusions, no lack of diligence in collecting the confessions in Tasso's work, or of acumen in their examination, or of ingenuity in exposition of the resulting theory advanced." However, the "Tasso" will probably be forgotten sooner than his discovery, with others, Italians and Englishmen, of the portrait of Dante by Giotto under the whitewash which had hidden it for centuries on the walls of the Bargello of the

Podestà in Florence. Wilde had many friends in Italy, and he speaks of it as sharing his love and allegiance with America. According to the Italian review quoted before, he had hopes of a diplomatic post there which were disappointed.

The events of his life after his return to this country in 1840 are soon told. In 1843 he removed to New Orleans, where he became the first professor of constitutional law in the University of Louisiana; in 1847 he fell a victim to the yellow fever epidemic of that year.

To the world in general, Wilde is the poet of one short lyric, "My Life is Like the Summer Rose." This was originally called simply "Stanzas," and was intended as a lyrical interlude in a projected epic on Florida, where the poet's younger brother had served in the first campaigns against the Seminoles. An Augusta wit translated the song into Greek, and printed it as a newly discovered ode of Alcæus, and he found believers, though hardly among the dons of Oxford, as the legend in some forms goes. If we are not inclined to rank it so high as that, still, Poe certainly went too far in the other direction when he said better verses were to be found in every newspaper. It is a pretty song, and one line—"On that lone shore loud moans the sea"—deserves the praise it has always received for its rich vowel-color. But, after all, Wilde was not a singer, and recognized his deficiency, for he wrote but three other lyrics, his "Ode to Ease," "Star of My Love," and the "Farewell to America." The fault of all these poems as lyrics is Wilde's fatal fault—he never could develop his theme, hardly ever even show the theme in progression. Separate ideas are thrown off one after another, but of movement or growth there is none. This same trait is shown in his excessive use of exclamatory sentences, and lines consisting of disconnected words, all nouns, or all verbs, or all adjectives—word-lists, in short. His sonnet to Byron is marred by this fault, and in less degree his sonnet to the mocking-bird. In "Hesperia" there are more than eighty lines of this kind, as:

> "Jew, Christian, Moslem, Persian, Brahmin, own," or
> "Fate! Destiny! Necessity! Stern, mute,
> Dread, passionless divinity! Whose sway
> Immovable, unsearchable, the brute
> Man, devils, saints, earth, heaven and hell obey."

In fact, Wilde, who was a lawyer by profession and a Congressman by avocation, treats his subjects more like an orator than like a poet. The "Ode to Ease" is a mass of negatives, and "Solomon and the Genius" a series of questions. Both lack the fire of poetry as

much as they show rhetorical skill and training. Reading Wilde's poems give one rather the sensation of marking time than of advancing. Even in the descriptive passages, in which his accumulation of detail has a certain effect, he does not so much produce a picture as recount the objects he would like to combine into one. Perhaps his most successful description is that of the burning pine forest in "Hesperia," I, 61-65.

In that poem, as in the "Ode to Ease," Byron's influence is evident; as well the philosophy as the plan of the poem—descriptions and reflections strung on the thread of a journey—recall "Childe Harold," and we have Wilde's personal testimony in his sonnet to his admiration for Byron, in which, of course, he was typical of the period. Altogether, in spite of its entire lack of narrative interest, this posthumous poem, "Hesperia" (Hesperia, A Poem by Richard Henry Wilde, Edited by his Son, Boston, Ticknor and Fields, 1867) is the most valuable as it is the most ambitious of his poetical works. It is also the most interesting, though it is without plot or hero, beginning or end. The interest lies in the key it gives to the character of Wilde himself, whom we learn to know as a man of deep feeling and elevation of character, whose emotion must alter itself in verse but never succeeds in refining itself into poetry; the result has definite value for the student as an example of the literary ambitions and tastes of a widely-traveled, well-read, and thoughtful American of the mid-Nineteenth Century.

"Hesperia" shows an intimate personal acquaintance with all the eastern half of the United States. In its four cantos, Florida, Virginia, Acadia, and Louisiana, there are few picturesque localities, from the everglades to Massachusetts, and, turning south again, from the source of the Mississippi to New Orleans, that are not described or at least mentioned. Whenever Wilde refers to his own thoughts and feelings the tone is that of settled melancholy. In the dedication to the Marchioness Manfredina di Coenza, he writes: "You once advised me to attempt a poem of some length in hopes that an occupation suitable to my inclinations might divert my inexpressible weariness of life and spirit.

"You may remember my telling you some of the difficulties of such an undertaking. Few write well, except from personal experience—from what they have seen and felt—and modern life, in America especially, is utterly commonplace. It wants the objects and events which are essential to poetry—excludes all romance, and admits of but one enthusiasm.

"In addition to these inherent obstacles came my own want of invention, and the impossibility of adopting a foreign story, because the scenes and manners to be painted were unknown to me.

Compare with these words the stanzas 6-11 of the Canto I, and we have Wilde's greatest weakness expressed in his own words—inability to extract poetry from the life around him. It is the same old complaint, sounded then as now, on this side of the Atlantic and the other—"America is the land of deadly prose"—and it is true that the United States of Dickens's 'American Notes' does not seem a poetical country. Then, as now, there was gigantic energy in the country, but very little of it was expended on art. Moreover, such poetry as we had had barely begun to emerge from the imitative period. Poets, so called, there were in plenty—Wilde is only one of one hundred and twelve treated in Rufus Griswold's 'Poets and Poetry in America,'* but to the American public of the 'thirties, poetry meant generally picturesque verse on Old-World themes, or, on the other hand, elaborate treatment of American history in the manner of Scott or Moore. Already the demand was for a "national" poet, for the national note had been already sounded in politics; but while one field was filled with the figures of Calhoun, Webster, and Andrew Jackson, poetry makes but a poor show in comparison, with Poe, Bryant, and Longfellow. Wilde recognized at least the reason for the state of literature among us—our youthful civilization; but to fill the gap, by celebrating the life of America in a medium adapted to that life, and in a spirit worthy of our highest ideals, was for him, as it has remained for most of his successors, beyond his power.

He is at his best in philosophical reflection and satire, but even in his bitterest moods he does not attack persons, either types or individuals, but pure abstractions—as in his apostrophes to gold, Canto I, 94-106, and to the sword, II, 79-89. It would be interesting to know the date of the passage on evolution in Canto I, 42:

> "In Nature . . . scorn superlative
> Of individual life throughout we trace
> And watchfulness unceasing o'er the race."

It was certainly written before stanza 55 of "In Memoriam," which was not published till three years after Wilde's death. The coincidence is interesting. Tennyson's lines are:

> "Are God and Nature then at strife,
> That Nature lends such evil dreams?
> So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life."

In still another, and that the first of these apostrophes, the riddle of human life and fate is the subject, and in stanzas 44-49 of Canto

*Ninth edition, Philadelphia, 1845.

III the mystery and awe of the stars in their courses, obeying the one "almighty everlasting power" of motion, are the inspiration of lines that remind the reader of the passage in "The City of Dreadful Night," beginning "How the moon triumphs through the endless nights." Here Wilde refuses belief in any other power than Fate, which he identifies with motion. But he is not consistently a skeptic. In the very next context he declares his belief in Divine Mercy. Most probably, like very many other pessimists, he made no attempt to be consistent in his philosophy; and before the end of the poem it is plain enough that personal griefs—griefs surely real though only shadowed forth—were the causes that lamed both his philosophy and his faith. In a less degree, but truly as in Thomson's case, the enemy must have been within—a "too quick sense of constant infelicity"—the old story of a will crippled by the corrosion of a melancholy it could not or would not shake off.

Lewis Parke Chamberlayne.

AMERICA TOO YOUNG FOR POETRY

Selections from "Hesperia."

For here is matter that the eye and mind
Heart, fancy, memory, could brood upon,
The deep pine forest waving in the wind,
The rapids hoarsely murmuring as they run,
The town within its zone of hills enshrined,
The broad, bright river glittering in the sun—
Such are the sights and sounds that might engage
Man's better thoughts in this lone heritage.

And these are much and all!—what want we here
Of Arqua, but the poet's home and grave?
The woods are all as green, the skies as clear:
Nor is the sun less warm, less pure the wave:
But wanting these, the memories that endear
Spots haunted by the good or wise or brave,
Stream, grove, cliff, fountain, cataract and lake
Transient and slight emotions only wake!

Sweet as Egeria's, bore it but her name,
We have full many a grotto-guarded spring:
Streams not unworthy of Illysus' fame,
Did classic recollections only fling
Grace on their urns—mountains that well might claim
Eagles and poets of as bold a wing
As soared above Parnassus—vales that vie
With Tempé, in the hues of earth and sky!

But the heart seeks, and has forever sought,
Something that man has suffered or enjoyed,
And without human passion, action, thought,
Nature however beautiful is void:
'T is from deep feeling Poetry is wrought;
Such is the spell her master minds employed.
What wins for Arden's wood one Briton's tear
But pensive Jaques with his poor stricken deer?

Could we our country's scenery invest
With history or legendary lore,
Give to each valley an immortal guest,
Repeople with the past the desert shore,
Pass out where Hampdens bled or Shakespeares rest,
Exult o'er Memory's exhaustless store,
As our descendants centuries hence may do—
We should—and then shall have—our poets too!

THE BURNING PINE FOREST

(A description of a tornado.)

. . . And scarcely less terrific and sublime
The kindred element's triumphal glare,
Whose flaming wreaths like fiery dragons climb,
Hiss, dart, and flicker in the midnight air,
Making in hours a ruin which old Time
Even in a century can scarce repair;
How the red torrent drives before the wind
A blazing sea with burning wrecks behind!

Onward and onward still, the flames extend
On every side, as far and fast as eye
Can follow: clouds of smoke and sparks ascend,
Dimming the stars and crimsoning the sky,
Whose mingled tints a livid lustre lend
Once more upon the conflagration gaze!
To the pale streams that rush in terror by,
As with loud crash, huge burning masses fall,
And startled echo answers to their call!

Thousands of mighty victims prostrate glow;
Round tens of thousands still the flames aspire,
Drunk with the resinous tears and sweat that flow
Wrung out by torture, and with fierce desire
Quaffed off, as is the blood of mortal foe
By the relentless savage in his ire:
Here is a burnt offering that might claim
Acceptance even by the God of Flame!

Those boundless colonnades of burning pine,
Even more than Moscow's ruins might amaze
Man's mind, as something wondrous and divine!
Column, arch, dome and tower and chancel blaze,
Spirit of Fire! thy palace or thy shrine.
Dark Eblis, come! this dwelling thou alone
Canst challenge! Come! ascend thy fiery throne!

APOSTROPHE TO GOLD

In my hot youth I did account thee base,
Forswore thy worship and renounced thy name,
Defied thy touch, ay! and blasphemed thy face
For empty Pleasure and still emptier Fame:
What brought they? Disappointment and Disgrace,
Imputed faults and genius—pride and shame—
False friends, that cooled, and summer loves, that flew
With the first wintry withering blasts that blew.

I do repent me of that early sin,
The folly of my inconsiderate days;
And now, however late, would fain begin
To burn thee incense, and to hymn thy praise;
If all who truly worship thee may win,
I too would offer thee a laureate's lays—
Haply for ears tuned to sweet chimes unfit,
And yet not worse than have for *Gold* been writ.

Most subtle casuist! pure and calm and sweet—
Whose sure persuasion, eloquent though dumb,
Ever converted men the most discreet,
Or if it failed, failed only in the sum—
Where shall we find thee rank and title meet,
High Priestess of the Kingdom not to come—
Since even now thy rule and reign are seen,
Rock of all faiths—of every realm the queen?

Sinew of war! who bartering gold for steel
Reaps with such steel anew the golden grain;
Thine are the charms that even Cæsars feel,
Sovereign of Earth and mistress of the main,
Beneath whose shock, religions, empires reel,
And pontiffs', kings' and prophets' power is vain:
Sole subterranean monarch ever dear,
And never past the reach of Love or Fear!

True Poliorcetes!—conqueror of towns—
Corrupter of all virtue, rule, and state,
Sapper of treaties, oaths, and thrones and crowns,
Sole argument of most unquestioned weight—
Even Beauty yields beneath thy smiles or frowns,
Thou universal menstruum of Fate!
Solvent of statesmen and of vestal's vows,
The only spotless, pure, and perfect spouse!

Great Theologian! regent of each creed,
Philosopher of no one sect, but all—
Sceptic and Platonist in thee agreed,
And Evangelic Doctors hear thy call:

Thine is a voice that answers to the need
Of all "that stand as fearing they may fall:"
Jew, Christian, Moslem, Persian, Brahmin, own
Thou art above the altar and the throne!

Beneath thy ceaseless dropping-dew attacks,
Even adamantine Honor rusts away:
Before thy touch, severed like burning flax,
Love—Nature—Life's most holy ties decay;
Through thee alone doth Glory wane or wax,
And powers, thrones, creeds, dominions, own thy sway;
Ay, more—they pass from Earth and leave no sign.—
No power, throne, creed, opinion lasts but thine!

NIGHT, THE STARS, MOTION AND NECESSITY

'T is night! calm, lovely, silent, cloudless night!
Unnumbered stars on Heaven's blue ocean-stream,
Ships of Eternity! shed silver light,
Pure as an infant's or an angel's dream;
And still exhaustless, glorious, ever-bright,
Such as Creation's dawn beheld them beam,
In changeless orbits hold their ceaseless race
For endless ages over boundless space!

Amid those countless systems what is man?
A microscopic insect foul and fierce;
And yet his eye and intellect can scan
Those glorious orbs whose moments are his years,
Their size, weight, speed and figure, gauge and span,
And half the mystery of their movements pierce;
In reason, mind, thought, power, how like a God,
In sin a crawling reptile of the clod!

A mass of shifting atoms—whereof one
Is born each moment, and each moment dies,
As matter into life by motion won,
On its career, bright, brief, resistless, flies;

Or motion's mystery ceasing, as begun,
(Save in effect untraced by mortal eyes)
Sinks putrid, stagnant, cold its loveliest forms,
To soar or crawl again in flies or worms!

By ceaseless motion all that is exists,
Through ceaseless motion all existence dies;
Motion alone eternally subsists
Ruling the sun and stars and sea and skies,
Self moved, in moving matter it persists
And changing all, unchanged, man's thought defies;
Space but a point, eternity an hour,
To that Almighty, Everlasting Power!

Among those spheres Man hopes to find his rest,
Yet sinks beneath his appetite's control:
Dreams of perpetual rapture with the blest,
While swilling brutishly from Circe's bowl:
A strange compound of Nature's worst and best,
The body of a beast—an angel's soul—
Which less than instinct, more than reason wields,
For glory struggles, and to impulse yields!

He reads earth, air and ocean's certain laws
Yet acts as if he swayed the world at will:
Traces creation up to one fixed cause,
But no self-knowledge gains from all his skill:
Slave of his slaves!—by passion's starts and flaws
Forever driven, though panting to be still;
And when some weary nerve with anguish jars
Calling God's vengeance down upon the stars!

Fate! Destiny! Necessity! Stern, mute,
Dread, passionless Divinity! whose sway
Immovable, unsearchable, the brute,
Men, devils, saints, earth, heaven and hell obey;
None can o'ertake thee, none from thy pursuit,
Stars, spirits, angels, seraphs, flee away;
Great Alpha and Omega, Law of laws,
Eternal circle of effect and cause!

Thou who ne'er changest a decree once made,
Who never heeded tears or prayers or sighs;
To whom no vows or offerings are paid,
For whom no altar, fane or incense rise;
Thou who beholdest states and empires fade,
And suns and systems with the same cold eyes
That first beheld their fixed predestined doom
Long ere the universe was in its womb!

Whom it were weak to praise and vain to blame,
Useless to seek or scan—accuse—defend,
Through space and ages all unmoved, the same,
Whom none can make their foe, and none their friend;
Whose bolt none ever traced to whence it came,
And none shall ever follow to its end: —
From earth to heaven we track the lightning's path,
But dark alike thy pleasure and thy wrath!

Thee therefore I implore not—neither brave,
Most calm inscrutable! whate'er thou art,
I meet my doom, and neither shun nor crave
Thought, word nor deed past my allotted part;
Thou mad'st me what I am, an humble slave,
And what thou gav'st is here—a passive heart!
To me past, present, future are the same,
Fragments of Fate that differ but in name!

And yet it is a deep and solemn thought,
For mortal man, that nothing is in vain;
From all he felt and suffered, shunned or sought,
Reaches an endless all pervading chain,
And, dyed with every act and word and thought
Infinitude—Eternity remain!
That which is done, is done, and good or ill,
Throughout all time its mission must fulfill.

This living lyre, whose thousand strings ajar,
Grating harsh discord, shriek and crash and groan—
This will and power evermore at war—
This thirst to know what never can be known—

This reason soaring past the farthest star,
And blindly stumbling o'er the smallest stone—
This obstinate self-will that beats its breast
Against its prison bars, and knows no rest: —

This sensual body and this subtile spirit,
These endless longings, and this ceaseless strife—
These hopes by Faith or Penitence to merit,
For momentary ills, Eternal Life—
These bonds of circumstance that all inherit—
This fond belief with which the world is rife,
That act, thought, motive with ourselves begin,
And wish and power to sin or not to sin:—

All these though transitory as a breath,
Produce their consequence, however small;
Atoms of causes!—yet defying death,
Outliving time and thought, pervading all!
The Universe, throughout its length and width
Feels their effect forever past recall!
'T is well Almighty goodness, power, and skill,
"Shapes all our ends, rough hew them as we will."

STAR OF MY LOVE

"This is my star: we will look at it every night and think of each other." "Il y a parmi ces étoiles un amour éternel qui peut seul suffire à l'immensité de nos vœux."

Star of my Love! how brightly burns
  Thy mild, pure, tranquil flame to-night!
Though thousands from their crystal urns
  Are pouring floods of silver light,
  In thine alone I take delight,
For one who in my absence mourns
  Now gazes on thee in thy flight,
And every look I give returns,
  And therefore dost thou seem so bright,
                Star of my Love!

Star of my Love! while thus on high
Thy kindred hosts their vigils keep,
Careering through the dark-blue sky,
And earth seems sunk in slumber deep,
There yet are those who do not sleep,
But gaze upon thee with a sigh,
And eyes that long, yet scorn, to weep,
While gloomy clouds across thee fly,
Like thoughts that o'er our fancies sweep
Star of my Love!

Star of my Love! I see thee shine
E'en now as when thou met'st the gaze
Of one whose hand was clasped in mine
When last we saw thy glories blaze.
Then as we marked thy beauteous rays,
With spirits soft and pure as thine,
We asked thine aid in thorny ways
And bowed our hearts before thy shrine,
With souls all gratitude and praise.
Star of my Love!

Star of my Love! . . . most lovely star
Of all in heaven's high temple hung,
Though wandering now asunder far,
Thou hast for us an angel's tongue:—
Thou saw'st the parting pangs that wrung
Our bosoms from thy silvery car;
For us thy golden lyre was strung
To Him who made us what we are,
And thus to thee our hymn is sung,
Star of my Love!

STANZAS

My life is like the summer rose
  That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
  Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
  That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
  Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints, which feet
  Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
  All trace will vanish from the sand:
Yet as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

TO LORD BYRON

Byron! 't is thine alone on eagles' pinions,
  In solitary strength and grandeur soaring
  To dazzle and delight all eyes; outpouring
The electric blaze on tyrants and their minions·
Earth, sea, and air, and powers and dominions,
  Nature, man, time, the universe exploring;
And from the wreck of worlds, thrones. creeds, opinion
  Thought, beauty, eloquence, and wisdom storing:

O! how I love and envy thee thy glory,
To every age and clime alike belonging;
Link'd by all tongues with every nation's glory
Thou Tacitus of song! whose echoes thronging
O'er the Atlantic, fill the mountains hoary
And forests with the name my verse is wronging.

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD

Wing'd mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe:
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule!
For such thou art by day—but all night long
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,
As if thou did'st in this thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy Jaques complain,
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

CALVIN HENDERSON WILEY

[1819—1887]

J. Y. JOYNER

CALVIN HENDERSON WILEY, the son of David L. Wiley and Anne Woodburn, was born in Guilford County, North Carolina, February 3, 1819, and died in Winston, North Carolina, January 11, 1887. His ancestors moved into the State from Pennsylvania in 1754. His parents were pious Presbyterians, and he was named for two Presbyterian ministers, the great John Calvin and the Rev. Dr. Henderson, his mother's old pastor. It was the desire of his mother's heart that her son should become a Presbyterian minister. He was prepared for college at Caldwell Institute, in Greensboro, North Carolina, conducted under the auspices of the Orange Presbytery, and one of the most celebrated preparatory schools in the State. He was graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1840 with the highest honors.

Not feeling the sacred call to the ministry, however, he selected law as his profession, was admitted to the Bar in 1841, and immediately settled in Oxford, North Carolina, practicing his profession there until 1849. His tastes, however, turned him to literary pursuits, and all his spare time was devoted to these. He edited the *Oxford Mercury* from 1841 to 1843. In 1847 he published a novel entitled 'Alamance: or, the Great and Final Experiment.' In 1849 he published a second novel entitled 'Roanoke: or Where is Utopia?' Both novels were based on North Carolina history and were widely read and popular in the State. In 1849 he returned to his native county of Guilford and was elected by the Whigs a member of the General Assembly of 1850-1851. At this session of the General Assembly he introduced and championed in a speech of great power and eloquence a bill "to provide for the appointment of a Superintendent of Common Schools and for other purposes." This bill, however, was defeated. He was reëlected from Guilford a member of the General Assembly of 1852-1853, and through his influence mainly his bill, with a few changes, was re-introduced by Mr. Cherry, of Bertie, a Democrat, and passed by a Democratic Legislature. Though a Whig, he was elected the first Superintendent of Common Schools by a Democratic Legislature in December, 1852, and assumed the duties of his office January 1, 1853. He held this

office continuously, by reëlection by his political opponents, and discharged its duties with marked ability until October, 1865.

In 1862 he married Miss Mittie Towles, of Raleigh, who, with five children, still survives him. In 1866 he was ordained a Presbyterian minister, though he never held a regular charge. In 1881 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by his *alma mater,* the University of North Carolina. In 1869 he moved to Jonesboro, Tennessee, where he served for several years with marked success as general agent of the American Bible Society for eastern and middle Tennessee. In 1874 he returned to North Carolina, taking up his residence at Winston and serving until his death as general agent of the American Bible Society for North and South Carolina. In 1883 he organized the Winston city schools and was elected chairman of the board of trustees, filling this position with the greatest acceptability until his death.

The signal service rendered by Calvin H. Wiley was in organizing and bringing to efficiency the public school system of the State of North Carolina. For this service he has won a place in the hearts of his people and shall receive the undying gratitude of generations yet unborn as they shall learn from history's shining page the everlasting debt they owe. Wiley early became a close observer and student of the industrial and educational conditions of his State. His ancestors had been present at the Battle of Alamance, which was the first baptism of blood on American soil for freedom from the thraldom of unjust taxation. His grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution. Love for his State and his people was one of the ruling passions that beat with Wiley's blood.

His patriotic heart was filled with unutterable sadness at the tragic spectacle of thousands of the citizens of his beloved State emigrating to other states, leaving behind them deserted homes and devastated fields. With fine feeling and splendid eloquence, he wrote and spoke against this disastrous emigration of the State's citizens. "The ruinous effects," he wrote, "are eloquently recorded in deserted farms, in wide wastes of guttered sedge-fields, in neglected resources, in the absence of improvements, and in the hardships, sacrifices, and sorrows of constant emigration." He reached the conclusion that this deplorable condition and this disastrous depopulation were largely the result of ignorance—ignorance of the wonderful resources and possibilities of their own State, ignorance of the means of making the most of these, and ignorance of the numerous disadvantages of many of the regions to which they were moving. He saw but one remedy—universal education. He saw but one way to secure this—an efficient system of public schools. Moved by an unselfish love of his home and his people, and urged by fear

of impending disaster to both, he turned aside from his chosen profession, laid aside every cherished ambition of literary fame, and set himself resolutely to the task of building up a system of public schools for the education and emancipation of all his people. It was a herculean task. The story of how Wiley performed it is inspiring and heroic.

Wiley entered upon the performance of his task with the courage and wisdom, the hope and enthusiasm, of a great man inspired by the consciousness of a great mission. He reduced to order the chaos prevailing in the public school system. He secured the application of more business-like methods in the management of the school funds. He collected, printed, and circulated a digest of the school laws. By printed addresses and official circulars he instructed school officers in their duties and disseminated information about the schools and their work. By dint of everlasting insistence, he collected from school officials fuller and more accurate knowledge of the work and embodied it in able reports to the Governor and the General Assembly. He traveled in his old-fashioned buggy from one end of the State to the other, studying the schools and the people, conferring with friends of the system, teachers and school officers, and making public addresses on education at the county seats of the counties visited. With infinite tact and judgment, born of a shrewd knowledge of men and affairs, he secured the support and active interest of politicians, statesmen, leading citizens of all classes and all sections of the State; he silenced opposition here and answered criticism there; he utilized the press and every other available agency for cultivating public sentiment, awakening interest and disseminating information about the schools; he organized teachers, editors, and other friends of education into the Educational Association of North Carolina, which proved a powerful ally in his work; he organized teachers' associations and library associations in the various counties. Realizing the need of a voice as well as a head for the cause, he established the North Carolina *Journal of Education*, placed it in the hands of school officials and teachers, and thus made it an effective medium of communication with his coworkers.

In a social order that was at that time aristocratic rather than democratic, one of the chief obstacles to the progress of the common schools was the prevalent, but false, idea that public schools were a public charity, fit only for the children of the poor. Wiley successfully combated that idea and inculcated the idea that they were a necessary part of the governmental machinery, to be supported by taxation as were the other necessary parts of the machinery of a great government, and that they would be good enough for the poorest only when they were made good enough for the

richest. With rare tact he overcame the antagonism of the "old-field" school-teachers, whose business was largely destroyed by the common schools, and forestalled the incipient opposition of private academies and colleges. By wise amendments to the law, and constant appeals and instructions to the examiners and other officers, he succeeded in establishing a standard of moral and intellectual qualifications for teachers. He had begun before his election as superintendent the preparation of a series of North Carolina Readers, with a view of inculcating in the rising generation a knowledge of the history and the wonderful resources of their State, and of infusing into them a spirit of patriotism and pride of state. When he came into office he unselfishly gave up all financial interest in the series of readers, in order that he might be free to secure their introduction into the common schools. The influence of these readers in the cultivation of such a spirit of pride and patriotism in the minds and hearts of that generation of North Carolinians, and in checking the disastrous drain upon the best blood of the State by emigration to other states, no man can measure.

In the short compass of a brief sketch like this, it is possible to give only the barest outline of the splendid work of this great man for the common schools of the State. In his own words, he was "all things to the schools and had to be for a time at least a guide to them, to public sentiment, and to the Legislature, with no guide or support for himself in the community or in the neighboring States." Under his shaping hand the system grew and improved and the schools prospered until at the beginning of the Civil War it was truthfully asserted and generally admitted that North Carolina had the best system of common schools in the South. So marked had been the success of the system that it had attracted general attention abroad, and a number of the Southern States had followed the example of North Carolina and modeled their systems largely after hers. Wiley was applied to from various Southern States for suggestions and plans, and was invited to visit the Legislatures of some of these to address their committees on education.

Such was the general condition of the public school system of North Carolina at the outbreak of the Civil War. Throughout this period of revolution, Wiley stood bravely by his trust, continued at his post, and mainly through his power and influence held intact the "Literary Fund" for the support of the public schools. Notwithstanding the great financial straits of the State during these dark days, and the frequent efforts of the Legislature to use this fund to meet the crying needs of war, no Legislature dared to lay unholy hands upon this sacred fund. The public schools of North Carolina, mainly through the tact, wisdom, and devotion of this

one man, were kept open throughout the entire war; and when the first news of General Joseph E. Johnston's surrender, which occurred near Raleigh, reached Dr. Wiley, he was in his office receiving reports from the public schools. In his last report made to Governor Worth, dated January 16, 1866, Dr. Wiley says: "To the lasting honor of North Carolina, her public schools survived the terrible shock of cruel war, and the State of the South which furnished most material and the greatest number of the bravest troops of the war did more than all the others for the cause of popular education. The common schools lived and discharged their useful mission through all the gloom and trials of the conflict, and when the last gun was fired, and veteran armies once hostile were meeting and embracing in peace upon our soil, the doors were still open and they numbered their pupils by the scores of thousands." He did not say, but we may say with truth, that to the eloquence, the zeal, the vigilance, the courage, the devotion, the wisdom, the tact, the power, the energy and the influence of the great superintendent of her public schools was mainly due the credit of this honorable record.

Dr. Wiley's term of office ended October 19, 1865, by an ordinance of the Constitutional Convention declaring all offices vacant. He served as Superintendent of Common Schools thirteen years. Though he was a Whig in politics, and exercised the privilege of voting his political convictions, he ever held his work above politics, was frequently reëlected by Democratic Legislatures, and had the coöperation of the leaders and the best people of both political parties. In recognition of his ability and splendid services, the Democratic nomination for Superintendent of Public Instruction was tendered to him in 1876, but was declined on the ground that the office had become a political one, and that his sacred calling of minister made it improper for him to engage in political debate. After the close of the war a new system of public schools was built up in North Carolina on the old foundation laid by Dr. Wiley.

He never lost his interest in the public schools. With pen and voice he labored for the advancement of the people's schools until the day of his death. His last service to the cause was rendered in the establishment of an admirable public school system in the city of Winston, where he resided. There was the tender touch of a father's love for a child in his devotion to these schools. In 1904 a monument was erected to his memory by the contributions of the children of the Winston public schools, and it now stands on the public school grounds, an everlasting memorial of love and gratitude for the last splendid service of an old man to a cause for which his life was spent.

As a writer and speaker on educational subjects, Dr. Wiley de-

serves to rank among the greatest. His reputation was national. At the National Convention of Educators in Cincinnati, in 1858, Dr. Wiley's name is found on the program as "one of the distinguished educators who would address the Convention," along with that of Horace Mann. His school reports and other writings on educational subjects were quoted with approval and commented upon favorably throughout the United States. Parts of his report of 1855 read like blank verse and deserve to rank forever as educational classics. His style is scholarly, finished, lucid, dignified, forceful. At times it is figurative, eloquent, evincing by occasional flights of a fine imagination and occasional outbursts of fine passion the literary temperament and taste. But he was much more than a mere educational writer and orator. The work that he performed, the story of which I have told briefly but inadequately in this sketch, entitles him to rank among the great constructive educational statesmen of our country.

J. Y. Joyner

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A PLEA FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE

From "The First Annual Report of the General Superintendent of Common Schools," 1854.

To make a nation truly great and happy its heart and mind should both be educated; and the undue cultivation of one of these to the neglect of the other, will lead to inevitable injury. Among a population wholly ignorant, wicked and designing men avail themselves of the pious and reverential tendencies of the human heart to enslave and oppress the multitude in the name of religion; while a people educated with the sole idea that the chief end of man is to make money and acquire power, and to use them for the indulgence of his passions, will in the end first become slaves to their appetites and then to a more self-denying race. Extreme care, therefore, should be taken to improve the heart and subdue its passions, as the mind is enlightened; and a grave responsibility rests on every Teacher as well as parent to enforce on children the injunction to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. Religion and education must go together; and while contemplating the possibility of a future generation of North Carolinians wholly enlightened and universally able to take care of themselves, in a worldly point of view, I cannot but feel a deep solicitude that it should not be an infidel generation, devoted to Mammon, and ready to abase itself to all the strange gods which the wicked inventions of men may create.

To enforce, however, a wholesome morality is not more important than to guard against all sectarian influences in our public schools; and those who have their direction should have constantly at heart these two cardinal objects.

As far as my influence would extend I have exerted it, and shall continue to exert it, in favor of the employment of Teachers whose morals are wholly above reproach; and while the Word of God, the common creed of all christian denominations, has not been recommended as a text-book for the schools, every child should have access to it and be allowed to read it, and to judge and choose for itself. This is in accordance with our fundamental political doctrine; and it is in accordance with the idea that man is a responsible free agent,

each individual accountable for his own life and opinions, to the One Divine Master of all.

It is my desire that all children shall be taught to read, and taught by those whose lives illustrate the beauties of a heart disciplined to good; and that when enabled to read they be allowed to read for themselves the revelations of Heaven's will to man.

In connection with this subject I feel bound to take notice of an evil which needs correction, and which seems to be incidental to a system of free schools, in the primary stages of their existence.

When we send our children to colleges, academies and select schools, we send them with a view to their instruction and improvement; every child is compelled to get the proper kind of books, to submit to discipline and to study or be disgraced.

It seems to be thought, in some places, that a free school is one where entire freedom of action is to be guaranteed to the pupil; and entertaining these erroneous notions, parents not unfrequently prevent the improvement of their children by refusing to permit them to be corrected, or submit to discipline necessary to chasten and restrain the wayward disposition and the prurient passions of youth.

Sometimes, wholly mis-interpreting the idea of Free schools, they think they are schools where children are to be free to do as they please; and forgetting that *free men* are those who have enslaved their own passions, they unwisely and with a cruel kindness permit their offspring to grow up with such indulgences as prevent the formation of a manly character, destroy their energy, and cause them to lag and faint behind their better disciplined fellows in the race for power and position. Even Kings and Emperors have those who are to inherit their power carefully instructed in youth, causing them to undergo the most thorough training to develop all those qualities which make the self-reliant hero, and reduce to subjection those passions and tendencies which, if allowed to grow with our growth, render the man a mere child in the great conflicts of life. And if *all* the people would follow this example there would not be one King to own and

rule a nation—each individual citizen would be a sovereign, considerate to equals, but acknowledging no superior.

It does seem to me that something is needed in this respect; and I wish to see our Common Schools turning out a generation of men and women with childish appetites subdued and indolent propensities overcome, and with all the sovereign attributes of free citizens and of the mothers of free men, in a state of healthy development. It should be a maxim, known and received of all, that free children do not make free men; and it should be equally well known that children can be governed and trained without recourse to brutal punishment, or to that rigorous discipline which blights all the generous bloom of the youthful heart. They must be trained, but trained as delicate beings, full of keen susceptibilities, of generous emotions, and of loving natures; and while the noxious weeds are carefully eradicated, not one harmless blossom should be touched, whether the blossom be the promise of future fruit or the mere embellishment of a kindly soil.

While an arrogant and self-sufficient egotism is as disgusting and sinful in nations as in individuals, a proper self-respect and love of home are essential to the welfare of each; they are virtues in themselves and the parents of a whole family of other virtues. Till that millennial era when we will regard the world as our country and all men as our kindred, they lie at the foundation of most improvements; they are the promoters of benevolent enterprises, and of self-denials, lead to those sublime sacrifices which constitute true patriotism, and promote those institutions which make home comfortable and secure. Efforts to promote the love of home, in the plastic nature of childhood, are peculiarly becoming in North Carolina, a State where the want of this attachment and its ruinous effects are eloquently recorded in deserted farms, in wide wastes of guttered sedge-fields, in neglected resources, in the absence of improvements, and in the hardships, sacrifices and sorrows of constant emigration.

Our State has long been regarded by its own citizens as a mere nursery to grow up in; and, from my earliest youth, I have witnessed the sad effects of this in the families of my acquaintance, many of such being scattered from the homes of their nativity over the wide south-west, some without bet-

tering their fortunes, some to become ever afterwards unsettled, and not a few to find nameless graves by the wild road side. Such is the experience of all or nearly all. As a private citizen I have long resolved in my mind plans for the removal of this infatuation; and as I have intimated, in another place, I undertook a series of North Carolina *Readers* to be used in our schools, partly with the object in view named above. The first number, received with more flattering commendations than its intrinsic merits deserved, was finding its way into the schools; and I know of instances in which, imperfect as it is, it has produced among children an intense desire to know more about North Carolina, and of other cases where, for good or evil, it has arrested thoughts of emigration and prompted to investments in the State.

What would be the effect of a good series in universal use? To accomplish this has been an aim with me; and that I might do as much good as possible, I have refused to be personally interested in any form, and have given away the copyright of my Reader at cost of materials, on the conditions before named. As a farther means of promoting the same end, I have, as before stated, issued a handbill, partly with this view, to be posted in every schoolhouse; and I have in contemplation to prepare a series of simple questions, with answers to be given by the teacher, to familiarize in the minds of children, the name and style of the United States—the name of the President, the character of the Government, as distinguished from all other Governments; the name of the State and county in which they live, the name of the Governor, the position of each person as part of the Government, and the wish of all good men, all over the earth, that this Government in its purity might be perpetual. Something of this kind has been adopted in those German States where they have the best systems of Public Schools; and the eminent American writers who have visited them, speak with admiration of the effects.

The Geography recommended, with my *Appendix*, will do justice to the State, and no more than strict justice; and indeed the Publishers, anxious not to be partial, took the liberty of modifying the text in one respect, which, though right in a work of the kind, I rather regretted at the time.

The matter to which I allude is this: the time is coming when very material changes will be effected in the routes of commerce. All things considered, the finest agricultural country in the world is the valley of the Mississippi, and its tributaries; and for all the immense productions of this region that do not take a circuitous route to the North, the distant mouth of the Mississippi River, in the stormy Gulf of Mexico, affords the principal outlet to the ocean. New Orleans is the entrepot; and though it has had to contend against heavy disadvantages, from its location, the same location has forced it to be a great city.

Between the nearer Atlantic and this vast granary of the west and south-west, stands the interposing barrier of the Alleghany Mountains, long thought to be an impassable wall, and a limit to the iron track of commerce.

But modern science has overcome greater difficulties to secure that modern desideratum, the shortest passage; and the gallant States of Virginia and Georgia are already storming these heights with every prospect of success. South Carolina will follow in the assault; and none of these have so great inducements to undertake the enterprise as the people of North Carolina. Nearly midway of the Atlantic coast, in a temperate and healthy climate, is the unchangeable, safe, and capacious harbor of Beaufort; and from hence, through our fertile upland slopes, and the gorges of our own beautiful mountains, lies the shortest route to the great south-west.

To foreshadow the grand commercial destiny we might attain, on the youthful mind of the State, and prepare it to grasp and realise the magnificent consummation, I took much pains to have all the proposed railroads over the mountains, and their bearings and connections made familiar to the publishers of the Geography in question; and I also described our own port and its probable connections with the west in such a way as to do what I considered full justice to the subject. The publishers, issuing a general work, slightly modified the prominent idea in my text; but of this I cannot complain.

The State already occupies in the work the largest space of any other, with its railroad routes noticed and Beaufort handsomely described. Its map is the fullest and most carefully prepared, while in other respects the work is a faithful and

accurate compend of the general outlines of Geography. It deserves to be universally used in our schools, and I hereby recommend it.

THE BATTLE OF MOORE'S CREEK BRIDGE

'Adventures of Old Dan Tucker and his Son Walter.'

General McDonald, with an array of four thousand gallant Scots was marching towards Wilmington, having crossed the Cape Fear, and eluded the vigilance of Moore, when he heard of an obstruction in his path. On the farther side of a creek called Moore's Creek there lay encamped, as his scouts told him, a handful of militia under Colonel Lillington; and the general, after a short council, resolved to surprise and cut to pieces the daring patriots. He learned that Lillington had with him only five hundred men, but that Colonel Caswell was rapidly marching towards him with about five hundred more; and to prevent this junction, and to destroy the two regiments in detail, was the object of the Scotchman. He therefore marched suddenly and expeditiously towards Lillington, who came near being taken by surprise. His camp he had before fortified; and now the planks were taken from the bridge over the creek, the sleepers greased and fortified by a *tête-de-pont;* and then going familiarly among his men, the colonel prepared them for a bloody and desperate struggle. "Victory or death," was to be the motto; and on the iron heart of every soldier in the patriot camp was it engraven. Coolly and sternly they awaited the onset; while in the Scottish army not a soul doubted the result, unless it was the general himself, who was so ill that McLeod, the second in command, had to take his place. At break of day the Scotch, in beautiful array, with shouts and martial clangour, were seen marching along the creek; but there was not a word nor a whisper heard among the men of Lillington. Suddenly a broad sheet of flame burst along the ranks of these, and the head of the Scottish column staggered backwards as many a gallant soldier fell from its ranks. Again they were rallied by McLeod, who, waving his sword over his head, actually

crossed the bridge; but another and more deadly fire swept off the entire head of the column, McLeod himself falling mortally wounded. In this second and destructive volley, the men of Caswell joined; and as Campbell, the third in command among the Scots, formed their ranks, a third discharge killed him with nearly one-fourth of his remaining men. Lillington now gave the word to charge; the planks were instantly thrown down, and the clash of swords and bayonets indicated the last deadly struggle. Everywhere the Scotch were beaten; but there was among them one whose gallant bearing attracted the attention of friend and foe.

Cool, stern, and wary, he still refused to surrender, and with a few devoted followers hewed his way from point to point in the patriot ranks; and after all hope of victory had fled, and he was alone without a follower, he still opened a path before him, his sword dripping with blood and his uniform cut to pieces. As he was thus slowly making his way towards a body of still resolute Scots, he was suddenly confronted by a young officer, who hailed him.

"Who among these patriot dogs knows my name," said Chester Rowton, throwing back the clotted hair from his face.

"I, the avenger of innocence," cried Walter Tucker; "and I thank God for this hour, which I have so long prayed for!"

"I will end your troubles, vain boy," replied Rowton, as he took his guard and coolly parried the strokes which Walter furiously showered upon him. "*You* the avenger of innocence!" cried he with a scornful laugh, as he shivered Walter's sword; "*You* the avenger of innocence! I'll send you to the other world before me," and his brandished sword glittered near the head of the defenceless antagonist.

But here a third actor intervened.

"I'm the avenger," cried he, with wild and terrible energy, and as he spoke, plunged a dagger to the Englishman's heart; "I'm the avenger," he continued, leaping into the air and brandishing his dagger. "Ha, ha! the day of retribution has come at last! Vengeance is sweet, sweet, oh how sweet!" and he again plunged the dagger to the heart of his dying victim.

"He's dead," said the youth, as the pallor of the last foe overspread the countenance of the Englishman; "he's dead!

and he's forgiven. Chester, Chester, my dear lord, take me with you!" and falling on his neck, the maniac youth and his victim expired together. Such was the end of Chester Rowton and of Polly Dawson, the beautiful, and until she saw him, the happy belle of Utopia.

The struggle was over, and the whole Scotch army was killed or taken captive. Among the former were McLeod and Campbell, the second and third in command; and among the latter General McDonald.

This was one of the most decisive and important victories achieved during the revolution; for with this ended the royal sway in North Carolina. The armament in the Cape Fear, with Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis, soon left without doing any damage; the Scotch settlements were broken up, the negroes kept in subjection, and the Indians beaten and overawed. The Tories were everywhere intimidated, and the Whigs made confident; the governor was driven off in disgrace, and North Carolina was, from this day, a free and independent state. Such were the effects of the battle of Moore's Creek, fought by eleven or twelve hundred militia, in 1776, against four thousand Highland Scotchmen; and yet who out of North Carolina has heard of Moore's Creek, or of its heroes, Lillington and Caswell?

The brave, and great, and good, are born everywhere; in some places they neglect them, in others they crucify and stone them, and in others heap rubbish on their heads and suffer them to starve. In some very few places these evidences of man's immortality are humanely treated by the natures they ennoble. Some may object to these reflections in such a place; but who can recount the deeds of men, their eternal fights and feuds, without feeling disposed to moralize on the melancholy tale of blood and crime?

On the night after the engagement at Moore's Creek, Walter Tucker was introduced to Colonel Lillington by Richard Caswell.

"To this young man I am greatly indebted," said Caswell; "and, indeed, the whole country owes him a debt. From him I got the information which caused my rapid movements in this direction; and I have been surprised at his military tact and skill."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance," answered Lillington, speaking to Walter; "I have heard of you before; your visit to Rock Castle was, perhaps, one of the causes of my being here to-night. By the way, have you not a relation in the camp, a noted fiddler?"

"I have a father who plays on the violin," said Walter, colouring; "but surely he cannot be here."

"There is one here of the name of Tucker—my attention was called to him by a singular incident. I observed him coming up with some three or four followers, just at the termination of the engagement; and so eager did they seem that one of them, a furious little Frenchman, flung the scabbard of his sword away, as he ran over the bridge crying, "Begar, ve vil be in at de suppaire!"

"This must be the old gentleman of New Berne who requested permission to join my regiment with a company, and whom I left diligently recruiting. They called him Old Dan —and I heard that he was a famous fiddler."

"That is my father," said Walter; "I must endeavour to find him."

"With your permission we will walk with you," spoke Lillington, "for I would be delighted to form the old gentleman's acquaintance."

"Certainly," answered Walter, though his heart misgave him that he would be covered with shame by the old plebeian's manners.

They had not walked far before a merry group about a blazing log fire attracted their attention; and as they neared it they could plainly distinguish the sound of violins mingled with the shouts and laughter of the soldiers. The officers came up unperceived; and, as they did so, Walter's heart sank within him as he beheld his father bare-headed, on a camp stool, gazing upwards at the stars, his head squeezed down into his shoulders, and whirling himself around in his seat, while his bow moved as if by steam. Not far from him was old Coon, mounted astride of one of the logs on the fire, his hat pulled over his eyes, and his head swung forward, while he swayed himself to and fro, droning in tune with his violin, and occasionally uttering a wild yell, as if pierced with ecstasy by the sounds which he was evoking.

The two friends, it seems, had met for the first time in many weeks; and from a dispute about the relative merits of Caswell and Lillington, had fallen into a more pleasant rivalry, and were now making a display of their musical skill, each playing a different tune, while Mons. Dufrong was endeavouring to dance to both. The crowd, hugely delighted, were divided in opinion; and with "Old Virginny, Never Tire!" "Go it, Old Too Late!" and such like sentences, cheered on their respective friends. Walter Tucker, mortified beyond expression, instantly formed his determination; he bade Alice Bladen and aristocratic society a mental farewell for ever, and resolved, with Utopia, to bury himself from the world. Having thus determined to cast away his pride, and forego his cherished aspirations, he felt as if a burden had been taken off him; though he could not refrain from an expression of regret at his father's unusual and unseemly conduct.

"Tut, man, if I was a fiddler, I'd be playing myself," said Lillington; "and won't we caper wildly when we get to Wilmington!"

"My father seems strangely affected," continued Walter; "he is not such a man as you would take him for, from this display."

"No doubt of it, no doubt of it," replied Caswell; "any one would be justified in playing the child on this occasion."

At this moment the officers were recognized; and Dan, certainly influenced by a spirit stronger than that of mere enthusiasm, rushed to embrace his commander, when he discovered Walter. For a few minutes his manner changed as he greeted his son, tenderly, but not rudely or boisterously; and then saying, "Never mind, Walter, never mind, boy, I shall not disgrace you," he gave himself up to the most extravagant demonstrations of joy.

The young man, although remarkable for filial piety, could not but wish his father in New Berne, or on his island of Roanoke; but as for Dan, to use his own emphatic language, he didn't "care a green persimmon for anybody or anything." Old Zip kept along with him in this race of folly; and Mons. Dufrong, out of friendship for his former guests, was particularly drunk all the time, and would have required at least half-a-dozen of interpreters to make himself understood. The

senior Tucker looked on the war as now at an end; the ken of the philosophic islander extended far into the future, and the vision of a pure democracy was already floating before his intoxicated fancy. In a day or two, however, he and his friends, Coon and the Frenchman, left the camp; and although Walter had now abandoned all hopes of aristocratic promotion, he could not but feel relieved by the absence of his plebeian relations.

RICHARD HOOKER WILMER

[1816—1900]

WALTER C. WHITAKER

RICHARD HOOKER WILMER, second bishop of Alabama, was of the Maryland Wilmers, who came over in the Cavalier emigration of 1649-1659, and who lived on the Eastern Shore for more than one hundred and fifty years. Six generations bring the family down to Richard Hooker. The original head of the American branch and three of his descendants were named Simon; the other two were Lambert, the son of the first Simon, and William Holland, father of the Bishop.

William Holland Wilmer was the fifth son of Simon and Ann Ringgold Wilmer, and was born in 1782. He was ordained in 1808 by Bishop Claggett of Maryland, and sprang at once into prominence as a man of tireless energy, unusual intellectual attainments, and remarkable spirituality. Besides his efficiency as a rector, he was instrumental in restoring the professorship of theology in William and Mary College and in founding the Theological Seminary near Alexandria, Virginia.

In 1826 he became president of William and Mary College and rector of Bruton Parish, Williamsburg, did a marvelous work in a twelvemonth, and died. His ministry covered less than twenty years; he was young even at the end; yet he had been three times President of the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies of the General Convention, and had rehabilitated the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia.

Richard Hooker Wilmer was his third child by Marian Hannah Cox, his second wife. He was born March 15, 1816, and was left motherless at the age of five. His father soon married Anne Brice Fitzhugh, between whom and Richard the closest ties grew up. A few years later the father died, and at the age of twelve Richard was the oldest boy in a family of nine, with much of the family support dependent upon him.

In 1831, Mrs. Wilmer moved out from Alexandria to Seminary Hill and opened a high school on the present site of the Episcopal High School. Richard attended this school one year, and then, with the proceeds of a timely sale of land in Ohio, granted to a maternal ancestor by the Continental Congress, he went to Yale College, where he was graduated in 1836 at the age of twenty.

Returning from Yale to Virginia, he immediately entered the

Theological Seminary and began his three years' course of preparation for holy orders—a career which, when his clerical antecedents are considered, was very natural. During his course of theological training, he lived with his stepmother, who had meanwhile closed her school and removed to Lebanon, a few miles distant; and his farmer-life interfered not a little with his student-life.

He had no difficulty, however, in passing his examinations, and on Easter Day, 1839, in Monumental Church, Richmond, he was made deacon by Bishop Moore, and the next day was advanced to the priesthood. Broad-shouldered and thick-chested from both inheritance and out-of-door life, he read the service in a voice that captivated his hearers with its mellowness and richness; and his elocution, always without the slightest artificiality, was even then well-nigh perfect.

His first charge was St. Paul's, Goochland County, and St. John's, Fluvanna County. His parishioners lived for fifty miles along the James River: all of them were hereditary members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but there was not one male communicant in the entire flock. To be a Christian was to be "unmanly;" to abjure Christianity was to be "emancipated." Yet Wilmer took hold of the men of this region, and by his unaffected, red-blooded, uneviscerated manliness, won their respect, first for himself and then for his cause; and within the few years of his incumbency he had revolutionized social and religious conditions in that neighborhood. Shortly after assuming this work he married Margaret Brown at her father's estate, "Belmont," Nelson County, Virginia, October 6, 1840. On her mother's side, Mrs. Wilmer was of old Virginia stock, being a granddaughter of Robert Rives and Margaret Jordan Cabell. Her father was Alexander Brown, who came from Perth, Scotland, in 1811. Her gentle and retiring nature was an offset to her husband's masterfulness, and they were a well-matched pair. Much of his subsequent success was due to her quiet helpfulness and gentle care.

After a short rectorship in Wilmington, North Carolina, Wilmer accepted the rectorship of Grace Church, Berryville and Wickliffe Parish, in Clarke County, Virginia, and remained there from 1844 to 1849, as long a pastorate as he ever exercised in any one place. Here his effectiveness and reputation as a preacher grew steadily. Sermon work was favored by the bracing climate and encouraged by the good listening of his Scotch-Irish hearers. One sermon a week was all he would undertake, and in preparing this sermon he was thorough and definite. The first draft took the shape of a letter to one of his parishioners. From this draft he secured the tone of personal appeal that ever remained a chief charm of his preaching.

Then he developed his subject, carefully eschewing abstractions, but ever pressing on to drive home the chief thought of his discourse. His sermons defied conventional analysis; they were not put together of different independent pieces of thought, as is a wagon or an engine, but grew as an oak tree grows, and were spiritually massive, strong, and umbrageous. No little of his attractiveness in the pulpit was due to his freedom from cant and from Pharisaic stringency as to non-essentials. He was a masculine man, and he insisted on the weightier matters of the law. Often he gave offence because he did insist on urging the necessity of judgment, mercy, and truth, honesty, sobriety, and virtue—but he accepted with equanimity the outcome of fidelity to his commission. Alluding to his reputation as a preacher, Bishop Meade asked playfully, on one of his visitations, "Well, Brother Wilmer, how many have you preached into the Church this year?"

"I haven't preached anybody into the Church," was Wilmer's answer, "but I have preached one man out of it."

Then came a breakdown in his nervous structure which compelled him to drop all work for one year. When but partly restored, he went to Loudoun and Fauquier counties, where he spent an uneventful ministry of three years (1850-1853). In 1853 he removed to Forest, in Bedford County, and here he remained till 1858, when, in response to urgent solicitation from John Stewart, he took the country work at Brook Hill, near Richmond. Here he founded a parish that was soon lifting the practical heathenism of the surrounding poor into intelligent Christianity. John Stewart and his brother, Daniel, paid the expenses of the work and prayed for its prosperity, and to their prayers, more than to his own labors, did Wilmer attribute the fruit that came in such large measure. His life as rector of Emmanuel Church was that of a suburban pastor, having the advantages of proximity to a thriving city, yet with all the benefits of country freedom.

The success of his work and the attractiveness of his personality made him a prominent figure, and he was a deputy from Virginia to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which met in Richmond in 1859. In the same year William and Mary College conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

In 1861, as the war of the secession became imminent, Wilmer was swept off his feet by his patriotism and conception of duty as a Virginian, and he became captain and drill-master of the home-guard raised in the neighborhood. He cooled off after a little, resigned his captaincy, and contented himself with ministering to the sick and wounded—save that, throughout the conflict, which he ever regarded as a war of defence by the South, he publicly and

strenuously urged men to the tented field, taking as his warranty the command of the Lord to the priests of Israel to blow the silver trumpet summoning the tribes of the Lord to arms when the land was invaded.

On November 21, 1861, he was unanimously, and on the first ballot, elected Bishop of Alabama. The consecration took place in St. Paul's Church, Richmond, March 6, 1862, Bishop Meade presiding, and Bishops Johns and Elliott joining in the "laying on of hands." Ten days later the Bishop was at work in his new field.

An unsuccessful war and increasing impoverishment do not conduce to the building up of church organizations, and the first years of Wilmer's episcopate were confined to the work of holding the diocesan forces together so far as they could be held, to ministering to the women, children, and old men who remained at home, and to caring for the spiritual condition of the soldiers. Toward the close of the war an orphanage was undertaken on the Bishop's personal responsibility, and by his self-sacrifice was maintained without interruption, first at Tuskaloosa, then at Mobile. He attempted to establish a publishing house for the distribution of religious literature in the army; but, while many hundreds of prayer-books were distributed, the breaking of lines of communication by the Federal soldiers soon brought the scheme to naught.

About this time friends in Mobile presented to him a house and lot at Spring Hill, seven miles from the city, and, removing thither from his war-time residence in Greensboro, he began the development of a rural home whose restfulness and hospitality became known far and wide. Here he spent his leisure hours between visitations, till his death.

Of leisure there was at first but little, but the Bishop's work was confined chiefly in its administrative functions to the slowly developing work in the larger towns and cities, Mobile, Montgomery, Selma, and Huntsville (there was no Birmingham), and in its prophetic functions to the laying of doctrinal foundation and the determining of the theological tone of the diocese.

The Bishop's pulpit power was now at its height, and the sermons which he preached from 1868 to 1880 have seldom been excelled in theoretical excellence, in charm of style, spiritual depth, and immediate, far-reaching effect. Chief among these discourses were the sermon preached in Savannah at the consecration of Bishop Beckwith of Georgia, and his sermons on "Manliness" and "Covetousness." On ritual questions, which divided men into parties within the Church, and on doctrinal differences between his own Church and other Christian bodies, he had clear-cut views, and he let others know his position, but was rather eirenic than controversial in his preaching. His three pastoral letters on "Christian

Charity," "The Church of God," and "Revivals," were misunderstood by those who forgot that they were official pronouncements for family government, and who were just those indifferent ones of whom the Bishop himself declared that they say "You are right, and I am right; and, though we hold contradictory views, both of us are right." Conscience, he held, might justify a man in holding a position which, nevertheless, was untenable; conscience could determine the man's position, but not the soundness of his position.

In 1887 the Bishop's one book was published: 'The Recent Past, from a Southern Standpoint.' A second edition appeared six months later; and other editions have appeared from time to time since. His opinions on national, religious, and ecclesiastical subjects were stated frankly and unconventionally; and eloquent tributes were paid to those men whose lives were linked most closely with his own. Two years later a portion of the book was published separately under the title 'Guide Marks for Young Churchmen.' In 1888 his most noted pastoral, "The Words of Christ," was published. This pastoral, in amplified form, he preached before the General Convention in Baltimore in 1892.

In consequence of his increasing infirmities, Bishop Wilmer consented, in 1890, to the election of a coadjutor; and on January 21, 1891, the Rev. Henry Melville Jackson, D.D., of Richmond, Virginia, was consecrated Bishop-coadjutor of Alabama. This assistance, relieving Bishop Wilmer's body from over-exertion and his mind from undue anxiety, left him free for the continued use of his pen. The concluding years were filled with letter-writing and with the publishing of tracts and pamphlets. For long periods he wrote eight hours a day, a letter rarely remaining unanswered twenty-four hours. Two sermons which he worked over and published attained a very large circulation. Of that on "The Efficacy of Prayer," ten thousand copies were distributed, and an edition of four thousand copies of "Confession of Sin Not Profession of Religion" was sold in a few months. These tracts, not being copyrighted, were republished in full in scores of religious and secular publications, and entered thousands of homes.

The failing health of the Coadjutor induced the Bishop to return for a time to the active visitation of the diocese; but this could not be for long. Upon the Coadjutor's resignation the Rev. Robert W. Barnwell of Selma was elected coadjutor; but before he could be consecrated, Bishop Wilmer passed away, June 14, 1900, aged eighty-four years and three months. His remains rest in Magnolia Cemetery, Mobile.

CITIZENSHIP

From 'The Recent Past.' Copyright, Thomas Whittaker, and used here by permission.

Let us look around about us. Perhaps I should begin more properly with the individual, and talk to you about the *man,* his body, soul, and spirit. If I live to complete this letter, I may, perhaps, touch all these several points. But just now I feel more disposed to treat and get rid of certain matters of a more general description, hoping that as I get nearer the end of life, and get more of the light that streams from the "Delectable Mountains," I may have more to tell you of that other country for which we are all bound, and on the confines of which I know that I am now standing. Of this, more anon. I want now to say something about your *earthly citizenship.* No man liveth to himself. He is a member of society, and under government. The books of history and geography which you may read will give you all that you need to know in a general way about the several continents and countries, etc. I let all that pass, only observing that histories, as a general rule, are one-sided, partisan, and partial, recording the facts from many various and conflicting standpoints, insomuch that we are often compelled, with Pilate, to exclaim, "What is truth?" To go into this matter (at any sufficient length to make it profitable), I find impracticable. Let it suffice for me to say this much: the history of one age is pretty much the history of all ages; that which hath been, is now, and until something, as yet unknown to history, shall intervene, will most likely continue to be; and there is, so far as human nature is concerned, "nothing new under the sun."

There is one matter about which I feel especially solicitous that you should be rightly informed; and that is, the political history of your own country, and section of country. We have passed through, during the last twenty-five years, a mighty revolution. That revolution effected a mighty change in the character of our government and institutions. It is most important for you to understand the merits of that conflict of ideas which convulsed the minds of the people, North and South, and finally culminated in a sectional war, which turned a million of men to ashes, and covered the whole land

with mourning. Even at this present moment, as I write, we seem to walk on molten lava, whose surface is scarcely cooled. Your father, who is writing these lines, was deeply and passionately involved on the side of his State and section; ready, if his ministerial calling had not forbidden, to have shouldered his musket, and entered the fight. As it was, under a temporary access of passion, he became captain of a home-guard, and drilled daily, while yet rector of a church near Richmond, Virginia. I mention this to give you an idea of the intensity of the excitement. Your grand-uncle, the Rev. Lemuel Wilmer, who was, as he viewed it, an ardent patriot, wrote me after the war was over, that, when Maryland was invaded, he went to Washington with musket on his shoulder, and took his place in the trenches. He was then an old man, and had been rector of Port Tobacco Parish for half a century. I refer to this incident to show you that some of our blood still live up to the motto on the family coat-of-arms—"*Facit quod suscipit.*" A little reflection served to cool the heat of my fever and turned my attention to a more legitimate sphere of action. Besides, I read that the "Son of man"—whose servant I was—"came not to *destroy* men's lives, but to *save* them;" and I read also, that "*the servant must be as his lord.*" While the war lasted, I did what I could for the wounded and the sick, and blew the trumpet to excite men to action in the field; taking as my warranty for doing this much, the permission given to the Jewish Priesthood, "to blow the silver trumpet in case of a war of invasion." You will have read, and will continue to read, as they are published, many histories of that conflict. I do not wish to so bias your minds as that they shall not take a calmer, and perhaps clearer, view of that conflict of ideas and of arms that I, from my position, could be expected to do. Your own views on this matter will, and must, depend, in great measure, upon the description of books that you are likely to read. Owing to the fact that the North does most of the publishing of books—and especially of school-books—you will most likely at school be in a situation to imbibe Northern ideas of the origin, causes, etc., of the whole revolution; to hear many whose names have stood high for learning, character, and for all that makes up true nobility, characterized as "rebels," "traitors," and the like; and a great,

though ineffectual, struggle for right and compact denounced as "The *Great Rebellion.*" Well, if all this was as our enemies allege, I have no wish to so forestall your minds with opinions to the contrary as to close them to the entrance of the truth. For truth, like the King's messenger, has authority to enter the mind and the heart *"in the name of the King."* Our only privilege is, to inquire whether it is the King's messenger. To guide you in such an inquiry, and to dictate not at all, is the object of this writing.

INTRUSION OF THE MILITARY POWER

From 'The Recent Past.'

Just after the Civil War, which reduced the State of Alabama to the condition of a military province, your grandfather became the object of a military order which closed the churches of his diocese, and subjected him to a notoriety which he neither desired nor anticipated. It is a long story, with which I will not burden these pages. You will find in the journals of my diocese a very full statement of the whole matter. You will also find a brief synoptical view in the "Centennial History of the Church in America." Let it suffice for me to say, that even at this hour, as I stand upon the border of time, there is not a word put down in the history of those events which I regret or would recall. I have in this matter the answer of a good conscience towards God and man.

I give you here the briefest outline. When the war ended, I found the civil government of the State subverted, her constitution abrogated, her governor deposed, and held under duress, her whole civil power annihilated, the drumhead the only tribunal of justice.

The first practical question that pressed upon me for decision was that relating to the use of the "Prayer for all those in Civil Authority," as formulated in the Book of Common Prayer. I looked around, and found no vestige of any such authority. I was under no ecclesiastical obligation to use the prayer as it stood in the prayerbook; for when I was consecrated a bishop, I had made a "Declaration of Conformity"

to the Constitution of the Church in the Confederate States.

Some of the generals in the Federal Army were kind enough to step forward, and attempt to solve all my doubts upon the question; but they did not succeed in settling my difficulty. Prayer ought to be a very real and sincere thing; and I could not find it in my heart to send up a prayer to Heaven for a blessing on what had no existence, nor could I make up my mind to pray under dictation. But I was bound by a higher obligation than any which man can impose, to pray for our rulers of whatever sort. The fact that they were holding us in slavish subjection did not release us from that obligation. Nor did we desire any such release. The fact that they had abrogated all the sanctions of our former legislative, judicial, and executive government, only increased the necessity for more earnest prayers unto God that He would give grace to these soldiers who held us under the bayonet, to "execute justice, and maintain truth." But when it came to ask the Almighty to give "health, prosperity, and long life" to the commander-in-chief of this body of men, who had settled down upon our whole country, and when officers with swords at their sides came to demand it, I, for one, had no doubt or misgiving as to what course I should pursue. I wish that some of my brethren who will not consent to catholicize our prayers—the prayer for the President is the one uncatholic spot in our regular liturgy—could have seen the necessity as I then saw it. The wording of this prayer will have to be changed. The troubles in this country have not ended. We will have to go through all the diseases incident to a nation's childhood. We will have—we have already nearly had —rival Presidents-elect. It may be we shall have a President of Knights of Labor, with men of brawn and muscle to make good their pretentions. Then will come the strain; then timid people will palter with the Almighty in a double sense; then feeble brethren, at the nod of a soldier, will wing heavenward their extorted little prayers (which are insults to heaven), with protests attached to them. I have known that to be done, and it may happen again.

He studies history to little purpose who does not now provide for all the contingencies likely to arise in the course of events. What endless troubles came upon the people of Eng-

land during the usurpation of Cromwell. The loyal men of the realm felt bound in conscience to pray for the king; and the powers that were forbade it, and sent the offenders to prison or into exile. A state of things may exist in this country, when a rude soldier shall step up to the officiating minister, and demand to know which President of the United States he refers to in his prayer; and it may even happen that one clergyman may be praying in one church for one President, and another in a neighboring church may be invoking long life and prosperity upon another claimant to the office. He has read history very superficially who does not recognize the possibility of all that I have supposed.

Situated as I was after the war of the States, with no existing civil authority over me, I was virtually ordered to "pray for the dead" with but slight hope of any present resurrection. They who mean nothing by their prayers can easily pray for any thing or nothing. "Why do you curse so?" said an acquaintance, "you offend me by your profanity." "Ah, well!" was the reply, "you pray a good deal, and I curse a good deal, but the Lord knows that neither of us means anything by it."

But this is aside. In the state of things above described, I issued a pastoral letter to my clergy, and told them that "the prayer for all those in civil authority" was out of place and utterly incongruous under the present state of affairs; that, whilst bound over to pray for our rulers, there was a manifest incongruity in the prayer-book form of prayer for rulers which made it inapplicable to our people in their then condition; that it was not a question of loyalty, but of congruity, and a question to be settled by none but an ecclesiastical authority. The clergy fell into line to a man.

Hearing that there were troubles brewing in Mobile—I had refugeed in Greensborough—I went there at once. I had been in the city but a few hours when a servant came to my room, and told me that an officer had called to see me. Upon going to the parlor, a general of the Federal army introduced himself to me as an officer on the staff of the General commanding, and said that he had called by direction of said officer, to know when I meant to use the prayer for the President of the United States. I told him that that was a question the

General had no right to ask, and that I answered no such questions if put in a tone of authority; that the Church had her sphere of action, and could not permit any intrusion. The officer was thrown aback, talked a good deal about the absoluteness of military power, and intimated not obscurely, that I would have to succumb. I told him that he would see for himself the issue. After a considerable talk on his part—I preserving entire silence—he proposed that we should talk the matter over as "between man and man." I told him that I had no sentiment that was not open to the world, but none that could be extorted. He then in a very familiar way put the question anew under the programme of, as "between man and man."—"When do you think you will use the prayer-book prayer for the President?"

I answered, "When you all get away from here." This particular prayer was for a government of the people's choice and affection—the loyal prayer of the Church of England, rather servilely continued in our liturgy. "The fact is, sir, that the government, as it is over us now, and impersonated in the President is a government for which I desire the least 'length of life' and the 'least prosperity' that is consistent with the permissive will of God"; that we did ardently pray that he who held these reins of absolute power might have "grace" to execute judgment, and to maintain truth, etc., and hoped that our prayers would be answered. I then said to the officer, "Suppose our positions reversed; suppose we had conquered you, and, amid all your desolation and sadness and humiliation, commanded you to fall down upon your knees, and ask God to grant long life, health, and prosperity to our commanding officer—would you do it?" I cannot quote his reply, for his excitement threw him off his balance; and he intimated in strong but profane terms, that he would be—something very dreadful—if he would. "Well," I said, "I am not disposed to use your phraseology; but, if I do that thing that you come to order me to do—addressing the Almighty with my lips when my heart is not in my prayer—I run great danger of meeting the doom that you have hypothetically invoked upon your own head." He then left.

In the course of a few days, there came out "general orders" shutting up all our churches, and "suspending" me

from all my functions. These orders were, on the part of the general commanding the military district, accompanied with a shower of bad language that could only fall with its foul savor on the head of him who gave vent to it.

Meanwhile, the churches were nearly all closed, and soldiers stationed at the doors to prevent entrance. Yet it is a great mercy that even military rule cannot entirely close our communications with Heaven. We worshipped in private houses; and I confirmed in churches which were not guarded by soldiers, issued Pastorals, etc., much to the indignation of the general who had suspended me from my functions.

After a while, the Council of the Church in the Confederate States held its regular triennial session at Augusta, Ga. There the whole question of "the prayer of those in authority" was settled by the adoption of the old form in the Prayer-Book. Coupled with this action, however, was a "resolution" that each bishop should exercise his own discretion as to the time for its introduction. Upon this modification, I had absolutely insisted.

By this action of the Council it was competent for me at once to order the use of the prayer; but as the military intrusion still existed, I delayed the matter until the order should be withdrawn. It went hard with the General to do it; but he was compelled by a higher power, and poured out his wrath in language that could only defile the lips from which it issued.

If I cannot say with the Apostle, "I have after the manner of men, fought with beasts at Ephesus," I can truly say that there was poured upon my head a very flood of abuse and obloquy. I received it in all complacency. I do not know whether I most enjoy the plaudits of my friends or the abuse of my unfriends. It is grateful *"laudari a laudato viro."* The abuse of some men is a crown of glory.

Now, I have made a long story very short. The whole narration might prove wearisome.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

From 'The Recent Past.'

THERE was a book, written by Mrs. Stowe—a sister of the celebrated Henry Ward Beecher—which had an immense circulation, and exerted a powerful influence. It was a work of fiction, entitled 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It was written with considerable ability, and was, in some respects, a most attractive and thrilling narrative. It collected together many incidents illustrative of the cruelty with which slaves were said to be treated in the South. They may have been true, or not true. You can find similar incidents in all the relations of life, in all ages, and among all people. Yet—strange to say—the book, if carefully analyzed, speaks volumes in favor of that which it was written to condemn. It was, essentially, a specimen of feminine logic; but let me explain. Shortly after the war I was in New York, and met with an old acquaintance. The conversation turned upon domestic slavery. I asked him how it was that the Northern mind had become so thoroughly abolitionized; telling him, that when I was a youth, pursuing my studies at old Yale, the abolitionists were few in number, and not of much social standing. He replied, that, in his judgment, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'—the book above referred to—had as much to do with the growth of a bitter feeling against slavery as any other agency, and asked me if I had ever read the book. "Of course I have," said I: "we all read it, and in some respects admire it—chiefly, its powers as a work of fiction. If it pretends to describe slavery as it generally existed, it is pretty much a work of falsehood." "But yet," I continued to say, "very few have ever pondered that book, and extracted its truest and deepest meaning."—"As how?" said he. "In this way," I answered. "Tell me who was the most striking character in that book for honesty, fidelity, and piety?"—Why, 'Uncle Tom,' of course," he said—"one of the finest characters I ever read of!"—"Yes," I said, "he was; but who was Uncle Tom? Was he not a slave? and does not the book go to show, that, if you want to find the best specimen of honesty and piety among servants, you must seek him among the slaves. Africa did not produce him, does not now produce him. We

think that domestic slavery tended to the production of just such a character; fostering the instinct of obedience, from which spring reverence and faith. Be this as it may, I can say this much without contradiction—that, according to Mrs. Stowe's book, slavery is not *incompatible* with the highest development of honesty and piety in the slave." He pondered my remark for a moment, and said, "Of course, I must admit that much; it is so written in the book."—"Well, again," said I, "who was the most attractive character in the book?"—"Eva," he said, "one of the most lovely of her sex, gentle and refined—a beautiful character indeed."—"Who was Eva? was she not a slaveholder?"—"Yes, she was."—"Then," I replied, "in so far forth as that book is concerned, if you want to find a specimen of a peculiarly gentle and refined young woman" (Eva was the young lady of the house in which Uncle Tom served), "you must seek for her among slaveholders. We have an idea that the relation between those two parties—the young mistress and the old servant—tended naturally to the production of the qualities described in them both. At any rate, you must admit, that, according to Mrs. Stowe, refinement in the woman is not incompatible with the position of ownership in slaves."—"Yes," he said, "I cannot but admit that much; it is so set down in Mrs. Stowe's book."—"And now, once more," I continued, "who was the worst character in the book?"—"Why, Legree," he answered—"a vile and cruel man."—Who was Legree? was he not a Northern man who came South, trafficked in slaves, and maltreated them?" —"That is all so," he answered. I then wound up the conversation by saying to my friend, "Then, the gist of the book is this: if you want a good, honest, and religious servant, seek him among the slaves—find an Uncle Tom; if you want to see a glorious specimen of womanly loveliness, seek her among the slaveholders—find an Eva: and keep every Down-Easter from having any power over the poor creatures. Mrs. Stowe's book must be held responsible for this conclusion." A profound silence ensued, and a profound silence should reign for a while among the chatterers on this subject. For all that was beautiful in that condition of society has passed away. And there was something beautiful in the relation between the parties—especially in the care taken of the young and the old.

Beautiful and just and benignant was the patriarchal condition of slavery in the "Old Dominion." All gone, or going—the honest and loving-hearted Uncle Tom, the lovable Eva; fast going—the faithful old mammy, the decent and comely maid-servant, reverence, obedience, faithful service, and Uncle Tom piety—all vanishing into space; and what have we instead? Conflicts of races, animosity and distrust, jealousy of capital, suffrage without sense, religion without morals, service without reverence—Gog and Magog—the old war between oppressive capital and discontented labor—he that runs may read! I say this, without fear of just contradiction, that slavery, as it existed in my time, in the State of Virginia—I say Virginia, for I was born and reared in that State—presented the justest and fairest condition of society that I have ever seen or read of. The same was true, I doubt not, in other Southern States. Compare the condition of the slave laborer with that of any class of people in similar employment in other lands. Read of the condition of the manufacturing and laboring classes anywhere. The condition of the slave in the Old Dominion showed a larger remuneration for labor, and a kinder treatment, with a comfortable provision for old age. Alas! poor *old* black man now! I think I can say, with entire truth, that the large majority of slaves at Christmas Eve were well housed, well fed, well clothed, with something extra in the pocket. There were exceptions, of course, but inappreciable in a large view. Where is the parallel, in any country, among white laborers of same condition?

But when the issues of the war emancipated the black, and Republicanism clothed him with the rights of American citizenship, including that of suffrage, the South handed over to the country millions of people of African descent, prepared, in the judgment of a majority of the people of this country, to exercise the duties and enjoy the privileges of said citizenship. These were the "down-trodden slaves," so-called! What Christian mission has ever accomplished the same result on the coast of Africa? How is it with the Indians? If there be any truth in the coming histories of this country, such facts as these will not long be silent, but will speak in tones most eloquent of the benignant and civilizing power of domestic slavery. My heart warms even now as I recall the

past, and there come up before me the memories of my childhood and early manhood; of the dear old mammy who took me into her arms, and made me sit in her lap, and eat of the buttermilk and the ash cake with apples in it, which with loving hands she had made ready for "young master" when he came back from college. You, my children, who shall spend your lives in the Southern States, and shall take part in the effort to adjust the social and domestic life to this new order of things, will some day, I fear, be forced to appreciate what I have said of the past, and anticipate for the future. As yet, while I write these lines, we have some few of the old folks left. They have all of our love and respect. These have not yet learned to look distrustfully upon the friends of their childhood. Fond memories still bind them to their white friends. As to the young fry, who are not taught reverence and subordination, what is their destiny? I shudder to think of it. I hope that I may be mistaken. God knows that I am doing all in my power to avert the impending danger. But what can you hope for in the large, from a people, who, by their own confession, know little of the virtues of chastity and honesty? Would they come under the influence of a religion which makes "things which are true," "things which are honest," "things which are just," the foundation of their religious character, then we might hope to see a superstructure of "those things which are lovely and of good report."

But, alas! thrown off to themselves—especially in our rural districts, where they outnumber the whites—their religion oft becomes a caricature, not far short of the Fetichism of their native Africa.

The Church could help them, and is now putting forth more energy on their behalf; but alas! they cling to their own devices, and will have none of her ways.

We read and hear—*usque ad nauseam*—of the brutalizing and debasing effect of slavery upon the character of this people. All their degradation is referred to this relationship. Orators and pamphleteers expatiate upon the theme, until some people actually begin to believe there is something in it. But whence and when, and through what period of time, came their present comparative advancement? It was not in Africa, nor from Africa, that the influence came which elevated him

from the savage state. The white man goes to Africa, and has to write out a language for the natives. As a people, they have little inventive power. They seem to make slow, if any, advancement in their native land. Even under civilizing influence in their own country, they develop slowly and doubtfully. Yet, under the auspices of servitude in the Southern States, millions have been raised to American citizenship, which is denied to the ever-free Indian. If they were not fitted for it, what a shame to have given them power to dominate the white race, as they did in some localities! If they were so fitted, what a tribute to the elevated influences of Southern slavery!

And their citizenship was accomplished by a vote of a majority of the people of the United States!

I say nothing in vindication of slavery in its origin. It was a foul wrong, shared alike by North and South, and to be repented of by both sections with works meet for repentance. It was a foul wrong to sell Joseph into Egypt, and afterwards to enslave his descendents there. Yet out of this wrong the wonder-working providence of God wrought good unto Israel. So may it be in the case of Africa in America! I say nothing regretfully of the fact—not the manner—of the negro's emancipation. I am doing, as I have always done, all in my power to help him in every manner. I am alike a debtor to the bond and the free. But I do maintain, and that without fear of reasonable contradiction, that the negro's present civilized condition and capability is due to this cause—that he was brought closely into relations with the white men—and the best white men—in his state of servitude. The closer the relation—as in the family—the more marked the advancement! Here is a fact which should be deeply pondered by those who love and seek the truth; viz., that the slaveholding population of the Southern States were, for the most part, men of standing and culture, imbued oftentimes with a chivalry of spirit which forbade unkindness to the slave who lived under his roof, who ate of his bread, and hearkened unto his voice. A true Southern man will not be unjust to his dog.

AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON

[1835—1909]

LOUISE MANLY

TO Augusta Evans Wilson belongs the rare distinction of a literary activity of fifty years, with no diminution but even an increase of power and skill in her latest works. She was born May 8, 1835, in Columbus, Georgia. From her parents she inherited great gifts, intellect, refinement, and a lovely disposition, her mother, Sarah Howard, a member of one of Georgia's most distinguished families, being universally beloved. As a child and young girl, Augusta Evans was delicate; and, unable to bear the confinement of school, she was taught by her mother, who wisely led her inclination for omnivorous reading into safe and healthful paths.

In 1845 Mr. Evans removed to Texas, and for four years resided at San Antonio. This was near the close of the Mexican War; and the stirring events of that period made a deep impression upon the receptive mind of the child, whose strong and vivid imagination seized its varied pictures and reproduced them in the first work of her pen, 'Inez: a Tale of the Alamo.' It was written in Mobile, where her father, returning east in 1849, had settled, and was presented to him as a Christmas gift by his fifteen-year-old daughter. Harper and Brothers published it in 1855.

Four years of reading and study developed her second novel, 'Beulah,' of which she says: " 'Beulah' reflects to some extent the struggle between doubt and faith through which I passed in early life; and although many philosophic problems remain unsolved, my belief in the religion taught by Jesus Christ is implicit and unalterable."

Miss Evans went herself to New York to negotiate for the publication of 'Beulah.' She applied to Mr. J. C. Derby, of Derby and Jackson, telling him frankly that 'Inez' had not sold well, and that the Appletons had refused this new novel, adding, "I was dissatisfied with the first and was not discouraged by its reception. I believe, however, that I now have written something that will be read if I can find a publisher for it."

Mr. Derby submitted the manuscript to his own family, who approved it unanimously; and it was brought out in 1859. Its success was immediate and extraordinary, setting its author as "a new star suddenly appearing in American literature." Among the first orders was one for one thousand copies from the firm which had refused it.

The clouds that had long been gathering now burst over the country in the tragic war between the States. The heart and sympathies of Augusta Evans were naturally with her people. In her own words: "The sole enthusiasm of my life was born, lived, and perished in the eventful four years of the Confederacy. Those solemn, anxious, torturing, yet holy, four years of tears, prayers, vigils beside hospital cots, of nights passed on my knees in prayer for dear ones in battle line; those few vivid, terrible years constitute for me the most sacredly sacrificial portion of my life."

Her genius evolved from these trying times its third work, 'Macaria: or, Altars of Sacrifice.' It was published at Richmond, Virginia, 1863, by West and Johnson, bearing the copyright of "The Confederate States of America," and was printed on coarse yellow paper, the best that could then be procured in the South. Dedicated "To the Brave Soldiers of the Southern Army," it was of course widely read among them; and at a terrible battle in Virginia a copy of it saved the life of a soldier. Being suddenly called into action while reading it, he thrust it into his breast pocket. When the battle was over, a bullet, which unarrested would have entered his heart, was found embedded in its leaves.

Despite a rigid blockade and the vigilance of Federal officers, who burned as "contraband and dangerous" all copies they could secure, 'Macaria' was carried to New York and was about to be published by parties who intended to "confiscate rebel property" and pay nothing for copyright. But Miss Evans had sent, by a blockade runner, a copy of the book to Mr. Derby, who at once made arrangements to issue it. Hearing, however, of the scheme above mentioned, he arranged that a royalty should be paid; so that when the war was over, he held in trust a handsome sum for the author; and to her delight and grateful surprise, when she went again to New York with the manuscript of 'St. Elmo,' she found this godsend in the hands of her loyal friend. To him she dedicated the new book, "in grateful memory of many years of kind and faithful friendship."

'St. Elmo,' "the most praised, best abused novel ever written," came out in 1866 from the press of G. W. Carleton, who with his successors, the G. W. Dillingham Company, thenceforward published all her books. Its success was immediate and widespread. Near Chattanooga stands now a village called St. Elmo; and other towns, as well as hotels, steamboats, and country-seats, were named in its honor. It is, without doubt, the best known and most popular of all her novels, the publishers issuing it alone in a magnificent *édition de luxe*.

A striking fact about 'St. Elmo' is that, though written just after the war, it has not a word, not an echo of that strenuous and troubled

era. With rare self-control and a sense born of high wisdom, she lifts herself and her readers out of the overwhelming seas around them and places them in a region of peace and prosperity, to which only the most sanguine hope then beckoned the stricken inhabitants of the South.

The returns from her books now accomplished the darling desire of her heart, which was to free her father from the burdens of care and financial embarrassment that war had laid upon him, in common with all fathers of the South.

On December 2, 1868, Miss Evans was married to Colonel L M. Wilson, an honored and prominent citizen of Mobile. At their beautiful suburban residence, "Ashland," about three miles west of the city, our author's love of home, flowers, and country life found full scope for activity and enjoyment. The place consisted of forty acres, with a white dwelling of spacious rooms, and broad halls and galleries. Around the house were hot-houses and gardens where, under Mrs. Wilson's personal care, flourished, in great beauty and profusion, azaleas, camellia japonicas, geraniums, begonias, roses, ferns, and other plants, native and exotic. Handsome trees shaded the wide grounds, and beyond were seen flocks of milk-white poultry and still further the orchards, pastures, and fields, where Colonel Wilson indulged his fancy for fine stock.

Mrs. Wilson's mornings were given to housekeeping and her flowers; then came correspondence, reading, and study, until three o'clock in the afternoon, when Colonel Wilson came home from his city office and her desk was closed for the day. Once a week the house was thrown open to friends and guests. Mrs. Wilson was simple and unaffected in her conversation; it did not soar above the heads of her guests as might be suspected from the learning displayed in her novels; and she was as much interested in the simple topics of every-day life as in philosophy, science, literature, or politics.

'Vashti; or, Until Death Us Do Part,' was published in 1869, with the inscription, "To the Honored Memory of my Beloved Father, whose death has retarded the completion of a work which, in the beginning, was blessed with his approval, I reverently dedicate this book."

At her husband's request, Mrs. Wilson now rested for some years from arduous literary labors; and it was not until 1875 that 'Infelice' appeared, dedicated to her husband and her mother. Twelve years later came 'At the Mercy of Tiberius,' which she considered her best work.

It was always her custom to study thoroughly every subject that she introduced into her books; and in the case of this novel she investigated for several years the subject of electricity and collected

eight well-authenticated acounts of electric photography, among them four instances of human faces photographed by lightning on window panes, which she uses with such telling effect.

She always had her plot completely in mind before beginning to write, so that she could write the last chapter as readily as the first; she revised frequently, working carefully and slowly, and her finished manuscript was free from erasure and correction.

In 1891 Mrs. Wilson lost her husband, after an ideally happy married life of twenty-three years. Grief and loneliness were accentuated by ill-health; and she gave up the lovely country home and bought a house on Government Street in Mobile, near her sister and also adjacent to Colonel Wilson's grandchildren. There, with her devoted brother, Mr. John Howard Evans, she resided in comparative seclusion, her main outside activity being in the field of charity.

To the astonishment of the reading world, after a silence of fifteen years, at a period of life when most minds have lost creative vigor, and when calm and ease have settled upon seething ambition—especially after accomplishments which seemed "enough for life and for glory"—Mrs. Wilson produced, in 1902, another work entitled 'A Speckled Bird,' with the graceful dedication, "To my kind readers, known and unknown, who have desired and asked me to write again, these pages are offered in grateful recognition of very loyal friendship during many years."

In this novel our author ventures for the first time since 'Macaria,' into the field of the actual, and places her heroine of both Northern and Southern blood, in the period following the war between the States, well epitomizing her position in social life by the title taken from a verse in Jeremiah: "As a speckled bird, the birds round about are against her."

Five years later came a novelette, 'Devota,' dedicated to her brother, John Howard Evans; though of only one hundred and twenty-two short pages, it is a crystal ball ensphering the many-sided and multi-colored life of to-day.

What is it in Mrs. Wilson's works that has caused them to outlive the years and the changes of taste in the almost two generations since she began writing? It is usually said to be her sincerity of purpose, the high moral tone of her novels, and their lessons against certain prevalent evils. All this is eminently true; but the same may be said of other writers of the last half-century whose works do not command the high regard in which Mrs. Wilson's novels stand.

Perhaps their first excellence, besides those already mentioned, is the great amount of work shown in them. An immense range of reading is evident, and an accurate if not profound study of many recondite subjects of both ancient and modern times. History, geog-

raphy, belles-lettres, philosophy, the mythology and religion of all countries, politics, abuses in church and society, questions of the day—such as the craze of æstheticism, spiritualism, Buddhism, Theosophy, woman's suffrage, socialism, polar exploration—all are invoked to render tribute to her genius. Such learning has its charm for the scholar and its incentive to study for the young and unlearned. It is easy to cry "pedant"; but our author has no desire merely to display erudition; her viewpoint is well given in 'St. Elmo.' And this exuberance of learning is toned down in her later works. Especially in the matter of quotations is there a noticeable change, showing that she has kept in sympathy with the literary tastes of the passing years.

Another important gift is a strong and effective style. It is not sketchy, mere outlines and crude suggestions; it gives the complete glowing picture for those who cannot paint themselves.

The figures, though sometimes far-fetched, are invariably true to high and noble spiritual realities, as witness, this from a much-derided passage in 'St. Elmo.'

"*St. Elmo.*—Life is but a huge, mellow, golden Osher that mockingly sifts its bitter dust upon our eager lips. Ah! truly, *on trouve au fond de tout le vide et le néant!*

"*Edna.*—Mr. Murray, if you insist upon your bitter Osher simile, why shut your eyes to the palpable analogy suggested? Naturalists assert that the Solanum, or apple of Sodom, contains in its normal state neither dust nor ashes, unless it is punctured by an insect (the Tenthredo), which converts the whole of the inside into dust, leaving nothing but the rind entire, without any loss of color. Human life is as fair and tempting as the fruit of "Ain Jidy," till stung and poisoned by the Tenthredo of sin."

A sincere love and keen observation of nature are shown in her descriptions of its varied forms—the seasons, the sky, the flowers, the birds, the waters, whether of babbling brook or mighty ocean. They are, to the nature-lover, delightfully accurate.

A third and the greatest excellence—that without which all writers must fail—is the faculty of *seizing into life,* to use the figure of Goethe. Her characters are human, the scenes and events, the sorrows and joys are such as may be seen and felt in real life. Even the learned, self-willed young heroine, wise beyond her years, often criticized as unnatural and absurd, is found in real life. The type was more striking twenty-five years ago than now, since women's colleges and clubs have put the shibboleth of learning upon all women's lips.

Pervading all her works is Mrs. Wilson's noble sincerity. She teaches the root-truths, the eternal truths, which persist through

all the changing forms of life and society, and which must be impressed again and again on each rising generation. Her whole thought and learning are pressed fearlessly into service to render virtue attractive and vice disgusting. In her own words, she has never drifted with popular currents of opinion, but, on the contrary, has *fought her way upstream* to what she considered sources of truth, regardless of adverse criticism; and she tasted her exceeding great reward in the knowledge of the good her works have accomplished. Letters came to her from many lands, telling of the interest and admiration her works excited, of souls reclaimed from vice and infidelity, and notably of the young incited to higher ideals and ambitions.

What more can the greatest genius do?

Mrs. Wilson died, at her Southern home, in May, 1909.

Louise Manly.

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STRUGGLE BETWEEN DOUBT AND FAITH

From 'Beulah.' Copyright, G. W. Dillingham Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

. . . He looked at her searchingly, and observing unshed tears in her eyes said in a kinder tone than he had yet employed:

"Beulah, what *do* you want?"

"Something that I almost despair of obtaining."

"Child, you are wasting your strength and energies in a fruitless undertaking. Already you have grown thin and hollow-eyed; your accustomed contented, cheerful spirit, is deserting you. Your self-appointed task is a hopeless one; utterly hopeless!"

"I will not believe it," said she, firmly.

"Very well; some day you will be convinced that you are not infallible." He smiled grimly, and busied himself with his flowers.

"Sir, you could help me, if you would." She clasped her hands over his arm, and fixed her eyes on his countenance, with all the confidence and dependence of other days.

"Did I ever refuse you anything you asked?" said he, looking down at the little hands on his arm, and at the pale, anxious face, with its deep troubled eyes.

"No! and it is precisely for that reason that I ask assistance from you now."

"I suppose you are reduced to the last necessity. What has become of your pride, Beulah?"

"It is all here, in my heart, sir, thundering to me to walk out and leave you, since you are so unlike yourself." He looked stern, and indescribably sad. She glanced up an instant at his fascinating eyes, and then laying her head down on his arm, as she used to do in childhood, said resolutely:

"Oh, sir! you must aid me. Whom have I to advise me but you?"

"My advice has about as much weight with you as Charon's would, could he utter it. I am an admirable counsellor, only so long as my opinions harmonize with the dictates of your own will. How am I to aid you? I went, at twelve o'clock last night, to see a dying man, and passing along the street, saw a light burning from your window. Two hours later, as I returned, it glimmered there still. Why were you

up? Beulah, what is the matter with you? Has your last treatise on the 'Origin of Ideas' run away with those of its author, and landed you both in a region of vagaries? Remember, I warned you."

"Something worse, sir."

"Perhaps German metaphysics have stranded you on the bleak, bald cliffs of Pyrrhonism?"

"Sir, it seems to me there is a great deal of unmerited odium laid upon the innocent shoulders of German metaphysics. People declaim against the science metaphysics, as if it were the disease itself, whereas it is the remedy. Metaphysics do not originate the trouble; their very existence proves the priority of the disease which they attempt to relieve——"

"Decidedly a homeopathic remedy," interrupted her guardian, smiling.

"But, sir, the questions which disturb my mind are older than my acquaintance with so-called philosophic works. They have troubled me from childhood."

"Nevertheless, I warned you not to explore my library," said he, with a touch of sorrow in his voice.

"How, then, can you habitually read books which you are unwilling to put into my hands?"

"To me all creeds and systems are alike null. With you, Beulah, it was once very different."

"Once! yes, once!" She shuddered at the wild waste into which she had strayed.

"What are the questions that have so long disturbed you?"

"Questions, sir, which all my life, have been printed on evening sun-flushed clouds, on rosy sea shells, on pale, sweet, delicate blossoms, and which I have unavailingly sought to answer for myself. There are mysteries in physics, morals and metaphysics, that have wooed me on to an investigation; but the further I wander, deeper grows the darkness. Alone, and unaided, I have been forced to brave these doubts; I have studied, and read and thought. Cloudy symbolisms mock me on every side; and the more earnestly I strive to overtake truth, the tighter grow my gyves. Now, sir, you are much older; you have scaled the dizzy heights of science, and carefully explored the mines of philosophy; and if human learning will avail, then you can help me. It is impossible for you

to have lived and studied so long without arriving at some conclusion relative to these vexing questions of this and every other age. I want to know whether I have ever lived before; whether there is not an anterior life of my soul, of which I get occasional glimpses, and the memory of which haunts and disquiets me. This doubt has not been engendered by casual allusions to Plato's reminiscence theory; before I knew there was such a doctrine in existence, I have sat by your study fire, pondering some strange coincidences, for which I could not account. It seemed an indistinct outgoing into the far past; a dim recollection of scenes and ideas, older than the aggregate of my birth-days; now a flickering light, then all darkness; no clew; all shrouded in the mystery of voiceless ages. I tried to explain these psychological phenomena by the theory of association of ideas, but they eluded an analysis; there was no chain along which memory could pass. They were like *ignes fatui,* flashing up from dank caverns, and dying out while I looked upon them. As I grew older, I found strange confirmation in those curious passages of Coleridge and Wordsworth, and continually I propound to my soul these questions: If you are immortal, and will exist through endless ages, have you not existed from the beginning of time? Immortality knows neither commencement nor ending. If so, whither shall I go, when this material framework is dissolved to make other frame-works, to a final rest? or shall the I, the me, the soul, lose its former identity? Am I a minute constituent of the all-diffused, all-pervading Spirit, a breath of the Infinite Essence one day to be divested of my individuality? or is God an awful, gigantic, immutable, isolated Personality? If so, what medium of communication is afforded? Can the spiritual commune with matter? Can the material take cognizance of the purely spiritual and divine? Oh, sir! I know that you do not accept the holy men of Galilee as His deputed oracles. Tell me where you find surer prophets! Only show me the truth—the eternal truth, and I would give my life for it! Sir, how can you smile at such questions as these; questions involving the soul's destiny? One might fancy you a second Parrhasius."

She drew back a step or two, and regarded him anxiously, nay pleadingly, as though he held the key to the Temple of

Truth, and would not suffer her to pass the portal. A sarcastic smile lighted his cold face, as he answered:

"There is more truth in your metaphor than you imagined; à la Parrhasius, I do see you, a tortured Prometheus, chained by links of your own forging to the Caucasus of Atheism. But listen to——"

"No, no; not that! not Atheism! God save me from that deepest, blackest gulf!" She shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

"Beulah, you alone must settle these questions with your own soul; my solutions would not satisfy you. For thousands of years they have been propounded, and yet no answer comes down on the 'cloudy wings of centuries.' Each must solve to suit his or her peculiar conformation of mind. My child, if I could aid you, I would gladly do so; but I am no Swedenborg, to whom the arcana of the universe have been revealed."

"Still, after a fashion, you have solved these problems; may I not know what your faith is?" said she, earnestly.

"Child, I have no faith! I know that I exist; that a beautiful universe surrounds me, and I am conscious of a multitude of conflicting emotions; but, like Launcelot Smith, I doubt whether I am to 'pick and choose myself out of myself.' Further than this, I would assure you of nothing. I stand on the everlasting basis of all skepticism, 'there is no criterion of truth,' all must be but subjectively, relatively true."

TEACHER AND PUPIL

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. . . Drawing Edna to a seat beside him on the sofa, Mr. Hammond said:

"Mrs. Murray has intrusted your education entirely to me; but before I decide positively what books you will require I should like to know what particular branches of study you love best. Do you feel disposed to take up Latin?"

"Yes, sir—and—"

"Well, go on, my dear. Do not hesitate to speak freely."

"If you please, sir, I should like to study Greek also."

"Oh, nonsense, Edna! women never have any use for Greek; it would only be a waste of your time," interrupted Mrs. Murray.

Mr. Hammond smiled and shook his head.

"Why do you wish to study Greek? You will scarcely be called upon to teach it."

"I should not think that I was well or thoroughly educated if I did not understand Greek and Latin; and besides I want to read what Solon and Pericles and Demosthenes wrote in their own language."

"Why, what do you know about those men?"

"Only what Plutarch says."

"What kind of books do you read with most pleasure?"

"History and travels."

"Are you fond of arithmetic?"

"No, sir."

"But as a teacher you will have much more use for mathematics than for Greek."

"I should think that, with all my life before me, I might study both; and even if I should have no use for it, it would do me no harm to understand it. Knowledge is never in the way, is it?"

"Certainly not half so often as ignorance. Very well; you shall learn Greek as fast as you please. I should like to hear you read something. Here is Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village'; suppose you try a few lines; begin here at 'Sweet was the sound.'"

She read aloud the passage designated, and as he expressed himself satisfied, and took the book from her hand, Mrs. Murray said:

"I think the child is as inveterate a bookworm as I ever knew; but for heaven's sake, Mr. Hammond, do not make her a blue-stocking."

"Ellen, did you ever see a genuine blue-stocking?"

"I am happy to be able to say that I never was so unfortunate!"

"You consider yourself lucky then, in not having known De Staël, Hannah More, Charlotte Bronté, and Mrs. Browning?"

"To be consistent, of course, I must answer yes; but you know we women are never supposed to understand that term, much less possess the jewel itself; and besides, sir, you take undue advantage of me, for the women you mention were truly great geniuses. I was not objecting to genius in women."

"Without those auxiliaries and adjuncts which you deprecate so earnestly, would their native genius ever have distinguished them, or charmed and benefited the world? Brilliant success makes blue-stockings autocratic, and the world flatters and crowns them; but unsuccessful aspirants are strangled with an offensive *sobriquet,* than which it were better that they had mill-stones tied about their necks. After all, Ellen, it is rather ludicrous, and seems very unfair, that the whole class of literary ladies should be sneered at on account of the color of Stillingfleet's stockings, eighty years ago."

"If you please, sir, I should like to know the meaning of 'blue-stocking'?" said Edna.

"You are in a fair way to understand it if you study Greek," answered Mrs. Murray, laughing at the puzzled expression of the child's countenance.

Mr. Hammond smiled, and replied:

"A 'blue-stocking,' my dear, is generally supposed to be a lady, neither young, pleasant, nor pretty (and in most instances unmarried); who is unamiable, ungraceful, and untidy; ignorant of all domestic accomplishments and truly feminine acquirements, and ambitious of appearing very learned; a woman whose fingers are more frequently adorned with ink-spots than thimble; who holds housekeeping in detes-

tation, and talks loudly about politics, science, and philosophy; who is ugly, and learned, and cross; whose hair is never smooth and whose ruffles are never fluted. Is that a correct likeness, Ellen?"

"As good as one of Brady's photographs. Take warning, Edna."

"The title of 'blue-stocking,'" continued the pastor, "originated in a jest many, many years ago, when a circle of very brilliant, witty, and elegant ladies in London met at the house of Mrs. Vesey, to listen to and take part in the conversation of some of the most gifted and learned men England has ever produced. One of those gentlemen, Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings, was so exceedingly agreeable and instructive, that when he chanced to be absent the company declared the party was a failure without 'the blue stockings,' as he was familiarly called. A Frenchman who heard of the circumstance, gave to these conversational gatherings the name of *bas bleu,* which means blue stocking; and hence, you see, that in popular acceptation, I mean in public opinion, the humorous title, which was given in compliment to a very charming gentleman, is now supposed to belong to very tiresome, pedantic, and disagreeable ladies. Do you understand the matter now?"

"I do not quite understand why ladies have not as good a right to be learned and wise as gentlemen."

"To satisfy you on that point would involve more historical discussion than we have time for this morning; some day we will look into the past and find a solution of the question. Meanwhile you may study as hard as you please, and remember, my dear, that where one woman is considered a blue-stocking, and tiresomely learned, twenty are more tiresome still because they know nothing. I will obtain all the books you need, and hereafter you must come to me every morning at nine o'clock. When the weather is good, you can easily walk over from Mrs. Murray's."

As they drove homeward, Edna asked:

"Has Mr. Hammond a family?"

"No; he lost his family years ago. But why do you ask that question?"

"I saw no lady, and I wondered who kept the house in such nice order."

"He has a very faithful servant who attends to his household affairs. In your intercourse with Mr. Hammond be careful not to allude to his domestic afflictions."

Mrs. Murray looked earnestly, searchingly at the girl, as if striving to fathom her thoughts; then throwing her head back with the haughty air which Edna had remarked in St. Elmo, she compressed her lips, lowered her veil, and remained silent and abstracted until they reached home.

* * * * * *

The comprehensive and very thorough curriculum of studies now eagerly commenced by Edna, and along which she was gently and skilfully guided by the kind hand of her teacher, furnished the mental aliment for which she hungered, gave constant and judicious exercise to her active intellect, and induced her to visit the quiet parsonage library as assiduously as did Horace, Valgius, and Virgil the gardens on the Esquiline where Maecenas held his literary assize. Instead of skimming a few text-books that cram the brain with unwieldy scientific technicalities and pompous philosophic terminology, her range of thought and study gradually stretched out into a broader, grander cycle, embracing, as she grew older, the application of those great principles that underlie modern science and crop out in ever-varying phenomena and empirical classifications. Edna's tutor seemed impressed with the fallacy of the popular system of acquiring one branch of learning at a time, locking it away as in drawers of rubbish, never to be opened, where it moulders in shapeless confusion till swept out ultimately to make room for more recent scientific invoices. Thus in lieu of the educational plan of "finishing natural philosophy and chemistry this session, and geology and astronomy next term, and taking up moral science and criticism the year we graduate," Mr. Hammond allowed his pupil to finish and lay aside none of her studies; but sought to impress upon her the great value of Blackstone's aphorism: "For sciences are of a sociable disposition, and flourish best in the neighborhood of each other; nor is there any branch of learning but may be helped and improved by assistance drawn from other arts."

Finding that her imagination was remarkably fertile, he required her, as she advanced in years to compose essays, letters, dialogues, and sometimes orations, all of which were not only written and handed in for correction, but he frequently directed her to recite them from memory, and invited her to assist him, while he dissected and criticised either her diction, line of argument, choice of metaphors, or intonation of voice. In these compositions he encouraged her to seek illustrations from every department of letters, and convert her theme into a focus, upon which to pour all the concentrated light which research could reflect, assuring her that what is often denominated "far-fetchedness," in metaphors, furnished not only evidence of the laborious industry of the writer, but is an implied compliment to the cultured taste and general knowledge of those for whose entertainment or edification they are employed—provided always said metaphors and similies really illustrate, elucidate, and adorn the theme discussed —when properly understood.

His favorite plea in such instances was, "If Humboldt and Cuvier, and Linnæus, and Ehrenberg have made mankind their debtors by scouring the physical cosmos for scientific *data,* which every living *savant* devours, assimilates, and reproduces in dynamic, physiologic, or entomologic theories, is it not equally laudable in scholars, orators, and authors—nay, is it not obligatory on them, to subsidize the vast cosmos of literature, to circumnavigate the world of *belles-lettres,* in search of new hemispheres of thought, and spice islands of illustrations; bringing their rich gleanings to the great public mart, where men barter their intellectual merchandise? Wide as the universe, and free as its winds, should be the range of human mind."

Yielding allegiance to the axiom that "the proper study of mankind is man," and recognizing the fact that history faithfully epitomizes the magnificent triumphs and stupendous failures, the grand capacities and innate frailties of the races, he fostered and stimulated his pupil's fondness for historic investigation; while in impressing upon her memory the chronologic sequence of events he not only grouped into great epochs the principal dramas, over which Clio holds august critical tribunal, but so carefully selected her miscellaneous

reading, that poetry, novels, biography, and essays reflected light upon the actors of the particular epoch which she was studying; and thus through the subtle but imperishable links of association of ideas, chained them in her mind.

The extensive library at Le Bocage, and the valuable collection of books at the parsonage, challenged research, and, with a boundless ambition, equalled only by her patient, persevering application, Edna devoted herself to the acquisition of knowledge, and astonished and delighted her teacher by the rapidity of her progress and the vigor and originality of her restless intellect.

The noble catholicity of spirit that distinguished Mr. Hammond's character encouraged her to discuss freely the ethical and psychological problems that arrested her attention as she grew older, and facilitated her appreciation and acceptance of the great fact, that all bigotry springs from narrow minds and partial knowledge. He taught her that truth, scorning monopolies and deriding patents, lends some valuable element to almost every human system; that ignorance, superstition, and intolerance are the red-handed Huns that ravage society, immolating the pioneers of progress upon the shrine of prejudice—fettering science—blindly bent on divorcing natural and revealed truth, which "God hath joined together" in holy and eternal wedlock; and while they battle *à l'outrance* with every innovation, lock the wheels of human advancement, turning a deaf ear to the thrilling cry:

> Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

If Carlyle be correct in his declaration that "Truly a thinking man is the worst enemy the prince of darkness can have, and every time such a one announces himself there runs a shudder through the nether empire, where new emissaries are trained with new tactics, to hoodwink and handcuff him," who can doubt that the long dynasty of Eblis will instantly terminate, when every pulpit in Christendom, from the frozen shores of Spitzbergen to the green dells of Owhyhee, from shining spires of Europe to the rocky battlements that front the Pacific, shall be filled with meek and holy men of ripe scholarship and resistless eloquence, whose scientific erudition keeps pace

with their evangelical piety, and whose irreproachable lives attest that their hearts are indeed hallowed temples of that loving charity "that suffereth long, and is kind; that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; thinketh no evil; beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things?"

While Christ walked to and fro among the palms and poppies of Palestine, glorifying anew an accursed and degraded human nature, unlettered fishermen, who mended their nets and trimmed their sails along the blue waves of Galilee, were fit instruments, in his guiding hands, for the dissemination of his Gospel; but when the days of the Incarnation ended, and Jesus returned to the Father, all the learning and the mighty genius of Saul of Tarsus were required to confront and refute the scoffing sophists who, replete with philhellenic lore, and within sight of the marvellous triglyphs and metopes of the Parthenon, gathered on Mars Hill to defend their marble altars to the Unknown God.

BERYL'S DEFENCE

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. . . As he ushered her into the court-room, Judge Dent met her, took her hand, and led her to the seat where Dyce and Sister Serena awaited her return:

"My poor child, be courageous now; and remember that you have some friends here, who are praying God to help and deliver you."

"Did He deliver His own Son from the pangs of death? Pray that I may be patient to endure."

One swift glance showed her that Mr. Dunbar, forsaking his former place beside the district attorney, was sitting very near, just in front of her. The jurymen filed slowly into their accustomed seats, and the judge, who had been resting his head on his hand, straightened himself, and put aside a book. There was an ominous hush pervading the dense crowd, and in that moment of silent expectancy, Beryl shut her eyes and communed with her God. Some mystical exaltation of soul removed her from the realm of nervous dread; and a peace, that this world neither gives nor takes away, settled

upon her. Sister Serena untied and took off the crape veil and bonnet, and as she resumed her seat, Judge Parkman turned to the prisoner:

"In assuming the responsibility of your own defence you have adopted a line of policy which, however satisfactory to yourself, must, in the opinion of the public, have a tendency to invest your cause with peculiar peril; therefore I impress upon you the fact, that while the law holds you innocent, until twelve men agree that the evidence proves you guilty, the time has arrived when your cause depends upon your power to refute the charges, and disprove the alleged facts arrayed against you. The discovery and elucidation of Truth, is the supreme aim of a court of justice, and to its faithful ministers the defence of innocence is even more imperative than the conviction of guilt. The law is a Gibraltar, fortified and armed by the consummate wisdom of successive civilizations, as an impregnable refuge for innocence; and here, within its protecting bulwarks, as in the house of a friend, you are called on to plead your defence. You have heard the charges of the prosecution; listened to the testimony of the witnesses; and having taken your cause into your own hands, you must now stand up and defend it."

She rose and walked a few steps closer to the jury, and for the first time during the trial, looked at them steadily. White as a statue of Purity, she stood for a moment, with her wealth of shining auburn hair coiled low on her shapely head, and waving in soft outlines around her broad, full brow. Unnaturally calm, and wonderfully beautiful in that sublime surrender, which like a halo illumines the myth of Antigone, it was not strange that every heart thrilled, when upon the strained ears of the multitude fell the clear, sweet, indescribably mournful voice:

"When a magnolia blossom or a white camellia just fully open, is snatched by violent hands, bruised, crushed, blackened, scarred by rents, is it worth keeping? No power can undo the ruin, and since all that made it lovely—its stainless purity—is irrevocably destroyed, why preserve it? Such a pitiable wreck you have made of the young life I am bidden to stand up and defend. Have you left me anything to live for? Dragged by constables before prejudiced strangers, accused

of awful crimes, denounced as a female monster, herded with convicts, can you imagine any reason why I should struggle to prolong a disgraced, hopelessly ruined existence? My shrivelled, mutilated life is in your hands, and if you decide to crush it quickly, you will save me much suffering; as when having, perhaps unintentionally, mangled some harmless insect, you mercifully turn back, grind it under your heel, and end its torture. My life is too wretched now to induce me to defend it, but there is something I hold far dearer, my reputation as an honorable Christian woman; something I deem most sacred of all—the unsullied purity of the name my father and mother bore. Because I am innocent of every charge made against me, I owe it to my dead, to lift their honored name out of the mire. I have pondered the testimony; and the awful mass of circumstances that have combined to accuse me, seems indeed so overwhelming, that as each witness came forward, I have asked myself, am I the victim of some baleful destiny, placed in the grooves of destroying fate—foreordained from the foundations of the world to bear the burden of another's guilt? You have been told that I killed General Darrington, and stole his money and jewels, and destroyed his will, in order to possess his estate. Trustworthy witnesses have sworn to facts, which I cannot deny, and you believe these facts; and yet, while the snare tightens around my feet, and I believe you intend to condemn me, I stand here, and look you in the face—as one day we thirteen will surely stand at the final judgment—and in the name of the God I love, and fear, and trust, I call you each to witness, that I am innocent of every charge in the indictment. My hands are as unstained, my soul is as unsullied by theft or bloodshed, as your sinless babes cooing in their cradles.

"If you can clear your minds of the foul tenants thrust into them, try for a little while to forget all the monstrous crimes you have heard ascribed to me, and as you love your mothers, wives, daughters, go back with me, leaving prejudice behind, and listen dispassionately to my most melancholy story. The river of death rolls so close to my weary feet, that I speak as one on the brink of eternity; and as I hope to meet my God in peace, I shall tell you the truth. Sometimes it almost shakes our faith in God's justice, when we suffer

terrible consequences, solely because we did our duty; and it seems to me bitterly hard, inscrutable, that all my misfortunes should have come upon me thick and fast, simply because I obeyed my mother. You, fathers, say to your children, 'Do this for my sake,' and lovingly they spring to accomplish your wishes; and when they are devoured by agony, and smothered by disgrace, can you sufficiently pity them, blind artificers of their own ruin?

"Four months ago I was a very poor girl, but proud and happy, because by my own work I could support my mother and myself. Her health failed rapidly, and life hung upon an operation and certain careful subsequent treatment, which it required one hundred dollars to secure. I was competing for a prize that would lift us above want, but time pressed; the doctor urged prompt action and my mother desired me to come South, see her father, deliver a letter and beg assistance. As long as possible, I resisted her entreaties, because I shrank from the degradation of coming as a beggar to the man who, I knew, had disinherited and disowned his daughter.

"Finally, strangling my rebellious reluctance, I accepted the bitter task. My mother kissed me good-bye, laid her hands on my head and blessed me for acceding to her wishes; and so—following the finger of Duty—I came here to be trampled, mangled, destroyed. When I arrived, I found I could catch a train going north at 7:15, and I bought a return ticket, and told the agent I intended to take that train. I walked to 'Elm Bluff,' and after waiting a few moments was admitted to General Darrington's presence. The letter which I delivered was an appeal for one hundred dollars, and it was received with an outburst of wrath, a flood of fierce and bitter denunciation of my parents. The interview was indescribably painful, but toward its close, General Darrington relented. He opened his safe or vault, and took out a square tin box. Placing it on the table, he removed some papers, and counted down into my hand, five gold coins—twenty dollars each. When I turned to leave him, he called me back, gave me the morocco case, and stated that the sapphires were very costly, and could be sold for a large amount. He added, with great bitterness, that he gave them, simply because they were painful souvenirs of a past, which he was trying to forget; and that

he had intended them as a bridal gift to his son Prince's wife; but as they had been bought by my mother's mother as a present for her only child, he would send them to their original destination, for the sake of his first wife, Helena.

"I left the room by the veranda door, because he bade me do so, to avoid what he termed 'the prying of servants.' I broke some clusters of chrysanthemums blooming in the rose garden, to carry to my mother, and then I hurried away. If the wages of disobedience be death, then fate reversed the mandate, and obedience exacts my life as a forfeit. Think of it: I had ample time to reach the station before seven o'clock, and if I had gone straight on, all would have been well. I should have taken the 7.15 train, and left forever this horrible place. If I had not loitered, I should have seen once more my mother's face, have escaped shame, despair, ruin—oh! the blessedness of what 'might have been!'

"Listen, my twelve judges, and pity the child who obeyed at all hazards. Poor though I was, I bought a small bouquet for my sick mother the day that I left her, and the last thing she did was to arrange the flowers, tie them with a wisp of faded blue ribbon, and putting them in my hand, she desired me to be sure to stop at the cemetery, find her mother's grave in the Darrington lot, and lay the bunch of blossoms for her upon her mother's monument. Mother's last words were: 'Don't forget to kneel down and pray for me, at mother's grave.' "

The voice so clear, so steady hitherto, quivered, ceased; and the heavy lashes drooped to hide the tears that gathered; but it was only for a few seconds, and she resumed in the same cold, distinct tone:

"So I went on, and fate tied the last millstone around my neck. After some search I found the place, and left the bunch of flowers with a few of the chrysanthemums; then I hastened toward town, and reached the station too late; the 7:15 train had gone. Too late!—only a half hour lost, but it carried down everything that this world held for me. I used to wonder and puzzle over that passage in the Bible, 'The stars in their courses fought against Sisera!' I have solved that mystery, for the 'stars in their courses' have fought against me; heaven, earth, man, time, circumstances, coincidences, all spun

the web that snared my innocent feet. When I paid for the telegram to relieve my mother's suspense, I had not sufficient money (without using the gold) to enable me to incur hotel bills; and I asked permission to remain in the waiting room until the next train, which was due at 3.05. The room was so close and warm I walked out, and the fresh air tempted me to remain. The moon was up, full and bright, and knowing no other street, I unconsciously followed the one I had taken in the afternoon. Very soon I reached the point near the old church where the road crosses, and I turned into it, thinking that I would enjoy one more breath of the pine forest, which was so new to me. It was so oppressively hot I sat down on the pine straw, and fanned myself with my hat. How long I remained there, I know not, for I fell asleep; and when I awoke, Mr. Dunbar rode up and asked if I had lost my way. I answered that I had not, and as soon as he galloped on, I walked back as rapidly as possible, somewhat frightened at the loneliness of my position. Already clouds were gathering, and I had been in the waiting-room, I think about an hour, when the storm broke in its fury. I had seen the telegraph operator sitting in his office, but he seemed asleep, with his head resting on the table; and during the storm I sat on the floor, in one corner of the waiting-room, and laid my head on a chair. At last, when the tempest ended, I went to sleep. During that sleep, I dreamed of my old home in Italy, of some of my dead, of my father—of gathering grapes with one I dearly loved—and suddenly some noise made me spring to my feet. I heard voices talking, and in my feverish, dreamy state, there seemed a resemblance to one I knew. Only half awake, I ran out on the pavement. Whether I dreamed the whole, I cannot tell; but the conversation seemed strangely distinct; and I can never forget the words, be they real, or imaginary:

" 'There ain't no train till daylight, 'cepting it be the through freight.'

"Then a different voice asked: 'When is that due?'

" 'Pretty soon I reckon, it's mighty nigh time now, but it don't stop here; it goes on to the water tank, where it blows for the bridge.'

" 'How far is the bridge?'

" 'Only a short piece down the track, after you pass the tank.'

"When I reached the street, I saw no one but the figure of an old man, I think a negro, who was walking away. He limped and carried a bundle on the end of a stick thrown over his shoulder. I was so startled and impressed by the fancied sound of a voice once familiar to me, that I walked on down the track, but could see no one. Soon the 'freight' came along; I stood aside until it passed, then returned to the station, and found the agent standing in the door. When he questioned me about my movements, I deemed him impertinent; but having nothing to conceal, stated the facts I have just recapitulated. You have been told that I intentionally missed the train; that when seen at 10 p.m. in the pine woods, I was stealing back to my mother's old home; that I entered at midnight the bedroom where her father slept, stupefied him with chloroform, broke open his vault, robbed it of money, jewels and will; and that when General Darrington awoke and attempted to rescue his property, I deliberately killed him. You are asked to believe that I am 'the incarnate fiend' who planned and committed that horrible crime, and, alas for me! every circumstance seems like a bloodhound to bay me. My handkerchief was found, tainted with chloroform. It was my handkerchief; but how it came there, on General Darrington's head, only God witnessed. I saw among the papers taken from the tin box and laid on the table, a large envelope marked in red ink, 'Last Will and Testament of Robert Luke Darrington'; but I never saw it afterward. I was never in that room but once; and the last and only time I ever saw General Darrington was when I passed out of the glass door, and left him standing in the middle of the room, with the tin box in his hand.

"I can call no witnesses; for it is one of the terrible fatalities of my situation that I stand alone, with none to corroborate my assertions. Strange, inexplicable coincidences drag me down; not the malice of men, but the throttling grasp of circumstances. I am the victim of some diabolical fate, which only innocent blood will appease; but though I am slaughtered for crimes I did not commit, I know, oh! I know, that *behind fate, stands God!*—the just and eternal God, whom I trust,

even in this my hour of extremest peril. Alone in the world, orphaned, reviled, wrecked for all time, without a ray of hope, I, Beryl Brentano, deny every accusation brought against me in this cruel arraignment; and I call my only witness, the righteous God above us, to hear my solemn asseveration: I am innocent of this crime; and when you judicially murder me in the name of Justice, your hands will be dyed in blood that an avenging God will one day require of you. Appearances, circumstances, coincidences of time and place, each, all, conspire to hunt me into a convict's grave; but remember, my twelve judges, remember that a hopeless, forsaken, broken-hearted woman, expecting to die at your hands, stood before you, and pleaded first and last—Not Guilty! Not Guilty!—"

A moment she paused, then raised her arms toward heaven and added, with a sudden exultant ring in her thrilling voice, and a strange rapt splendor in her uplifted eyes:

"Innocent! Innocent! Thou God knowest! Innocent of this sin, as the angels that see Thy face."

ROBERT BURNS WILSON

[1850—1916]

IDA WITHERS HARRISON

ROBERT BURNS WILSON was born away from home. He is a Virginian, born in Pennsylvania; but as all his life, except the past six years, has been passed in Virginia and Kentucky, he can certainly be classed among Southern writers. His paternal grandfather, Robert Wilson, came from the north of Ireland and made his home in Washington County, Pennsylvania, and it was there our author first saw the light. His father, an architect and builder, took a Virginia bride, and made his home there after his marriage. His maternal grandmother, Lucy Alice Nelson, of Hanover County, Virginia, married a MacLean, of the old Scotch family of that name. His mother, Elizabeth Anne MacLean, died when he was barely ten years old; the following dedication in his first volume of poetry shows his deep sense of debt and devotion to her:

"TO ELIZABETH, MY MOTHER."

"The green Virginian hills were blithe in May,
And we were plucking violets, thou and I.
A transient gladness flooded earth and sky;
Thy fading strength seemed to return that day,
And I was mad with hope that God would stay
Death's pale approach—Oh! all hath long passed by!
Long years! Long years! and now, I well know why
Thine eyes, quick filled with tears, were turned away.

First loved—first lost, my mother!—Time must still
Leave my soul's debt uncancelled. All that's best,
In me, and in my art, is thine—Meseems,
Even now, we walk afield. Through good and ill
My sorrowing heart forgets not, and in dreams,
I see thee, in the sun lands of the blest."

He writes of his childhood's home in Virginia: "My first recollection of life is of an old orchard in full bloom, with the blossoms falling on the dark, newly ploughed ground. The ploughing was going on, and the man allowed me to ride on the tram of the plough,

sitting between the handles. I remember the blackbirds following in the furrows, feeding on the worms." This first consciousness of life was a fitting beginning for a poet—spring, and birds, and apple-blossoms.

He also writes: "I seem to have been born with a pencil in my hand—the fated symbol of my life!—For my whole life has been bound up with it. I have lived always, it seems to me, by drawing, and painting, and writing. This bent I inherited largely from my mother, who painted flowers beautifully. I suppose I wrote in my youth some ten thousand poems more or less, which were laid away somewhere on the planet, but were certainly never published."

He moved to Kentucky when a young man, and lived in Frankfort, the capital, until he went to New York City, about six years ago. There could have been no happier environment for so loving a student of nature as Mr. Wilson than this quaint old town, surrounded by hills, and cleft in twain by the beautiful Kentucky River. His appreciation of its charm is shown in his sonnet, "Away from my Loved Hills," written when he left Frankfort for New York. He was married in 1901 to Anne Hendrick, daughter of William Jackson Hendrick, Attorney-general of Kentucky. His only child, Elizabeth, was born in Frankfort, and is now seven years old.

Robert Burns Wilson is painter as well as poet. It is strange that one so rarely sees the union of these closely allied arts in a single person. It was found in Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and it is hard to say in which calling he excelled. Sidney Lanier was poet and musician, and we cannot but think his exquisite ear for harmonies of sound added new depth and richness to his poetry. So, Mr. Wilson's work in one line of art has not detracted from his whole-hearted pursuit of the other.

He is his own master in painting, and follows his own ideals. He says: "Painting, to me, is not an imitation merely, but an interpretation of Nature. There is, in fact, but one art—the interpreting of nature; music, poetry, painting, sculpture and architecture are forms of expression of the same art. To me, every landscape has its mood and its soul. While one should never fail to know, and to present the actual, yet this intangible soul is what the artist should strive for. I seek to catch the passing and illusive things in nature, which do not 'sit' for their pictures—the drift of clouds, the transient effect of light and shadow, early morning and twilight, which vanish while you look. These things must be recalled and re-developed by the imagination, and painted from memory."

With such ideals in art, reënforced by his mastery of line, and color, and grouping, it is not strange that his landscapes have an

original charm; they possess in a high degree that difficult thing we call atmosphere, and in addition a soul and a sentiment that make them painted poesy. The limits of this sketch permit but brief mention of Mr. Wilson as a painter. He has painted many pictures, portraits as well as landscapes. His work has received recognition from various societies. Since he has been in New York, his pictures have been shown at the annual exhibitions of the American Water-color Society, and the Water-color Society of New York. Some of his subjects show the poet as well as the painter; for instance: "The Elegy Plowman," illustrating lines from Gray's "Elegy," "The Quiet Fields," "The Marsh," "The Land of the Sky," "The Dreaming Trees," "Omar's Rose," illustrating lines from Omar Kháyyam.

Mr. Wilson believes that the two arts, poetry and painting, are mutually helpful. He writes that he is painting a picture, "The Cedars of Culmer's Hill," and as he worked the deep meaning of it came to him as a poem on which he has also begun work.

He says of this relation of the two arts: "A poem may so paint a picture that one may receive the impress of color and form, of mood and of feeling. So, also, a painting may be so much a poem, that one can catch the music and the thought and seem to hear the numbers as they speak."

No careful reader of Mr. Wilson's poems can fail to find this pictorial quality in his verse. In one of his most beautiful pieces, "When Evening Cometh On," the first five stanzas are as perfect pictures, as if they had been drawn with pencil and brush.

While Mr. Wilson had been writing verses ever since he could remember, it was not until some time in the 'seventies of the last century that he began to publish them in various papers and periodicals. His first appearance in the great magazines was "The Death of Winter" in *Harper's Magazine,* soon followed by "When Evening Cometh On," "The Song of the Wind," and many others. His first poem in the *Century Magazine* was "Keats"; then appeared "Sonnets of the Sun," "Would We Return," "I Shall Find Rest," and "The Angel of Sleep." At the time of the Spanish-American War he wrote many stirring martial poems. His "Remember the Maine" was given a full front page in the New York *Herald.* "Such is the Death the Soldier Dies" was published in the *Atlantic Monthly,* and many of the great dailies gladly published his patriotic verse.

Among his best poems might be mentioned: "The Shadows of the Trees," "Lines to a Child," "A Walk With a Child," "Sonnets of Sunshine and Rain," "Sonnets of Similitude," "Sonnets on the Winter Hill," "The Angel of Sleep," "When Evening Cometh On,"

"Reed Call for April," "My Lady Sleeps," "The Song Soul," "The Passing of March," "Dust and Ashes," "In Memoriam."

Mr. Wilson uses the lighter lyrical measures with equal grace and facility; his "Reed Call for April" is an example of this. He has the true artist's passion for perfection in form and expression, and is his own sternest critic. He is full of generous enthusiasm for goodness and greatness in others, and is always willing to lend his aid on commemoration occasions. He has written noble odes to Robert E. Lee, to Abraham Lincoln, and to Edgar Allan Poe. His last tribute to the latter was at the Poe Centennial, at the University of Virginia, and for this he received one of the highly prized Poe Centenary Medals.

Like Wordsworth, the whole of animal life is dear to him. He knows all the birds, and writes of them with intimate friendship and sympathy. How happy is this brief description:

> "The oriole
> Like some enchanted soul,
> Amidst the emerald leafage went and came,
> A voiceful fire, a song clad in bright flame."

But his love is not only for the tuneful and lovely oriole, and red-bird, and mocking-bird, he has tender thought for the homely and unlovely in animal life.

One evening at Ashland, the home of Henry Clay, the conversation turned on the turkey as a characteristic American bird, and some one remarked that no poetry ever had been or could be written on a turkey. The next morning Mr. Wilson handed to the mistress of the house his beautiful sonnet, "Evening at Ashland," where the sestet begins:

> "Across the lawn, the turkey and her brood,
> A straggling group, wend to some restful spot
> Where no unfriendly footstep may intrude."

But while Mr. Wilson sees beauty and meaning in many things, yet he is primarily and preëminently the poet and interpreter of nature; what he has said of the interpretation of nature in painting is true of his poetry also—he describes nature so as to give us its mood and its soul. He finds beauty in every season, not only the joy and loveliness of spring and summer, but the "gray, quiet days of winter," and the "Tyrian-tinted woodlands" of autumn. But while the natural note of sadness predominates in these descriptions of nature's death, yet the note of cheer goes with it. "It is in winter that

we dream of spring," and "The death of hope must be the new hope's birth," are characteristic lines of his.

A dreamer—yes! One given to the whole-hearted pursuit of beautiful ideas, and therefore but little fitted for life's practical struggles. But, because he is a dreamer, therefore is he all the more a poet and painter; surely we do not claim too much when we count him one of the rare poets of our day—a brother spirit to Sidney Lanier, and deserving to take high place among the poets of the South.

Ida Withers Harrison.

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UNCERTAINTY

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The soul puts forth some venture—then we say,
I know full well I surely shall succeed,
And yet we know, we know not—we ourselves,
Make of ourselves false prophets to our souls,
And fain would we believe that we are true;
Yet do we love to toss the ball of chance,
And in the relish of uncertainty,
We find a spring for action which were lost,
Could we foresee the struggle to the end.
The riddle, guessed, awakens thought no more,
Nor would this life have value in our eyes
Could we outrun the turning of its leaves
And read, to-day, to-morrow's hidden page.

And so its sadness, its uncertainty,
Becomes its joy, the spring of secret hope,
That what is dark may turn to brightness yet,
That what is good, will stay; and so we live.
I would not know the end lest I should fall
Despairing in the field—where, knowing not,
How valueless should seem the tinsel crown—
My arm might win some conquest that should be
A joy to others, though I knew it not;
Some needed help, which, else, I should forego.

THE SUMMER RAIN

From 'Life and Love.'

Sweet, blessed summer rain—ah me!
  The drifting cloud-land spills
God's mercy on the dotted lea,
  And on the tented hills;

Yet is there more than shrouded sky,
  And more than falling rain,
Or swift-borne souls of flowers that fly
  Breeze-lifted from the plain.

Strange joy comes with the freshening gust
  The whitening of the leaves,
The smell of sprinkled summer dust,
  The dripping of the eaves;

The soul stirs with the melting clod,
  The drenched field's silent mirth:—
Who does not feel his heart help God
  To bless the thirsting earth?

Oh, rain—oh, blessed summer rain!—
  Not on the fields, alone,
Nor woodlands, fall, nor flowery plain,
  But on the heart of stone!

SUNRISE AND SUNSET

From 'Life and Love.'

SUNRISE

Flame-hearted lover of the Earth—great Sun!
Rise from thy purple couch; stretch forth thine arms
Through morning's parted curtain; let the charms
Of waiting love—which it were death to shun—
Persuade thy clasp. Now hath the Earth begun
To loose her robes of mist; with mock alarms
She yields her beauty, which love's longing warms,
Forestalling the embrace thy kiss hath won.

Arise, great god of light and life, arise,
Enfold the fond Earth in the deathless glowing
Of thy fierce love; bend from the shimmering skies
Which burn before thee in thine onward going.
No cheer have we, and not of thy bestowing;
Thou art the joy of all hope-lifted eyes.

SUNSET

Within thy burning palace in the West
Thou art awhile withdrawn. Yet doth thy face
Look from the closing portal for a space
Back to the Earth, which thy dear love hath blessed;
While she with tears and soft sighs half-repressed
Beholds thee sinking in thy resting-place,
As with up-gathered folds of dewy lace
She hugs remembrance to her yearning breast.

Thy glory darkens, and the careful Night
Hangs out the moon's pale lamp while yet the flush
On Evening's face—with thy departing light—
Turns from rose-pink to crimson, till the blush
Dies with the coming stars, and slumber's hush
Wraps thy warm bride, who waits thy waking might.

THE SOUL

From 'Life and Love.'

Never the soul is seen on earth,
Nor known, nor its destiny—never!—
Nor the place, nor the cause, nor the time of its birth,
Nor its songs, nor its anguish, its sins, nor its worth,
Nor its sorrowing long endeavor;
Unheard when it cries,
Unseen when it flies,
The soul is alone forever.

WOULD WE RETURN?

From 'Life and Love.'

Would we return
If once the gates which close upon the past
Were opened wide for us, and if the dear
Remembered pathway stretched before us, clear,
To lead us back to youth's lost land at last;
Whereon life's April shadows lightly cast,
Recalled the old sweet days of childish fear
With all their faded hopes and brought anear
The far-off streams in which our skies were glassed;
Did these lost dreams which wake the soul's sad yearning
But live once more and wait for our returning,
Would we return?

Would we return
If love's enchantment held the heart no more
And we had come to count the wild sweet pain,
The fond distress, the lavish tears—but vain;
Had cooled the heart's hot wounds amidst the roar
Of mountain gales, or, on some alien shore
Worn out the soul's long anguish, and had slain
The dragon of despair—if then the train
Of vanished years came back, and, as of yore,
The same voice called, and, with soft eyes beguiling
Our lost love beckoned, through time's gray veil smiling,
Would we return?

Would we return
Once we had crossed to death's unlovely land
And trod the bloomless ways among the dead,
Lone and unhappy; after years had fled
With twilight wings along that glimmering strand,
If then—an angel came with outstretched hand
To lead us back, and we recalled in dread
How soon the tears that once for us are shed
May flow for others—how, like words in sand,
Our memory fades away—how oft our waking
Might vex the living with the dead heart's breaking,
Would we return—
Would we return?

MY LOVE GOETH FORTH

From 'Life and Love.'

Soft is the sky, and the joy of birds
Breaks from the copse on the budding brae,
And the air hath the dream of the peaceful herds
That graze in the fields to-day.
And the brook hath a turn in its wavering strain
That steals to my heart like a passionate thought,
The phantoms of evil assail me in vain
And I set the world's wisdom at naught.
For my Love goeth forth and her robes are white,
White like the clouds at the break of the dawn,
Fair—fair—and a madness doth burn in my sight,
Lest the vision should be withdrawn:
My Love goeth forth and the lingering air
Lifteth up the soft tresses that shadow her eyes,
'Tis an angel—I say—hath been drawn by my prayer
To come down from that land in the skies.

What envious hand doth lay
The keen blade to the grasses?
What blight hath turned to gray
The flowering woodland passes?

Dull is the sky, the mingling joy of birds
Sounds from the dell, but music's balm hath fled.
I hear the lowing of returning herds,
But hope and love are dead.
The brook's soft voice doth murmur at my feet
Like some lost voice that calleth from afar
The withered leaves sail like a mournful fleet,
Which cometh back from war.

For my Love goeth forth and her robe is white,
White, like the snow in the cleft of the hill,
My Love goeth forth with the King in his might
And her hands are crossed and still,
My Love goeth forth and my wild despair
Can not lift the soft lashes which shadow her eyes,
'Tis an angel—I say—that in spite of my care
Goeth back to that land in the skies.

THAT MUSIC

From 'Life and Love.'

(TO MISS C. D.)

It fell down through the still, enchanted air
Like rain-drops trickling down through summer leaves
In some shade-saddened, silent forest, where
The spirit of fantastic beauty weaves
The dear, dead dreams of love and past despair
That have made wreck of men and maidens fair
In days that are gone by:
And the gladness,
So like sadness,
Moved my soul to minstrel madness:
Laughing, sighing, wailing, crying,
All the weeping world seemed dying,
Dying; and well pleased to die.

I SHALL FIND REST

From 'Life and Love.'

"A little further on—
There will be time—I shall find rest anon":
Thus do we say, when eager youth invites
Young Hope to try her wings in wanton flights,
And nimble Fancy builds the soul a nest
On some far crag:—But soon youth's flame is gone,
Burned lightly out, while we repeat the jest,
With smiling confidence—"I shall find rest,
A little further on."

"A little further on
I shall find rest"—half-fiercely, we avow,
When noon beats on the dusty field, and Care
Threats to unjoint our armor, and the glare
Throbs with the pulse of battle, while life's best
Flies with the flitting stars—the frenzied brow
Pains for the laurel, more than for the breast
Where love, soft-nestling, waits. Not now! not now!
With feverish breath we cry—"I shall find rest
A little further on."

"A little further on
I shall find rest"—half-sad, at last, we say.
When sorrow's settling cloud blurs out the gleam
Of Glory's torch, and, to a vanished dream
Love's palace hath been turned; then, all depressed,
Despairing, sick at heart, we may not stay
Our weary feet—so lonely then doth seem
This shadow-haunted world—we, so unblest,
Weep not, to see the grave, which waits its guest;
And, feeling round our feet, the cool sweet clay,
We speak the fading world, farewell, and say,
"Not on this side, alas!—I shall find rest,
A little further on."

THE WINTER NIGHT

From 'Life and Love.'

Now, bitter cold, the thin and vagrant air
Steals from the frozen shadows of the trees;
Dead are the hills that were so green and fair,
Hushed are the streams, and, joyless as the seas
Far-stretched beneath the cheerless polar sky,
The sad, snow-shrouded fields, in solemn silence lie.

A PRAYER

From 'Life and Love.'

To those on whom Thy hand hath laid the weight
Of song's sad gift—be merciful, O God!
Ah! theirs it is to count the wistful hours
Which fill the gaping void of lonely night:
Waking while others sleep, uncomforted
By loving voice or outstretched friendly hand;
Listening the swell of life's unwearied tide
Surge through the anxious chambers of the heart;
Eyeing the painful dark, whose yielding folds
Half hide the forms that airily go by
Upon their unknown noiseless pilgrimage;
By strange care haunted, lest some vision pass,
All unregarded, to return no more;
Hearking the silence, lest some message fall
In vain, unheard, on slumber's heedless ear;
Wakeful and watchful, toiling, not for gold—
But for the harvest of the spirit's field,
Which waves unseen by all eyes save their own.
Such fate is theirs, on whom thy hand hath laid
Life's sweetest, saddest burden—song's dear gift.

SONNETS OF MAD WINDS AND SUNSHINE

From 'The Shadows of the Trees.' Copyright, 1898, by R. H. Russell, and used here by permission of the author and the publisher.

March-lions, ramping, with snow-brindled manes,
Leap, with the storm, along the airy floors
Whereon the mad winds roll, and with loud roars,
Bound, with soft-padded feet across the plains,
Sere from the frost, and beaten by the rains,
Denting the tufted grasses by the shores
Of shuddering, shallow pools, which dot the moors,
Where from, in driven loops, like hurtling chains,
Scared birds, swift-winged, out-fly the speeding gale.
The battling clouds above the woodlands gray,
Flaunting dim banners, pass in hurried flight,
Like some tumultuous dream. A mighty wail
Comes from the writhing trees, and far away,
The billowy landscape meets the coming night.

And when night comes, behold! the winds are still—
Like floating mountains the great clouds divide
And, in the space, with one star at her side
Swings the bright-mantled moon; the dripping hill
Looms in dark silence, and the little rill—
Pleased with its own soft music—threads the wide,
Faint-glimmering land, where broad cloud-shadows glide,
Changing the features of the fields at will.
They may be bare, the fields, or matted deep
With tawny grasses, brown with weeds, or green
With winter wheat, or lands whereon they fling
The weathering hemp, or maize-camps, fast asleep—
All now are blent in one fantastic scene,
Made for the moonlight's noiseless revelling.

The moonlight's noiseless revel—does she know,
Yon Princess of the ever-changing sky,
Floating serene, amidst the clouds on high,
That, where the woven shadows come and go,
Among the lacing twigs, and on the flow
Of chilly streams, that sing the slow night by,
There is uplifted many a tearful eye?

Pale blooms, close-nestling in the dabbled snow,
Sweet woodland spirits, tremulous and frail,
Clad in soft garb—in timid loveliness
Through dead leaves peeping by the rugged rocks;
Ill can they bear the unfriendly time, the shocks
And buffets of the storms, the ruthless hail,
And whirling snows, and drenching, numberless.

The whirling snows! With morning comes the sun;
Spangling the earth and air with glinting spears.
From emerald knolls the white veil disappears.
And, merrily, the snow-fed rillets run
Their sparkling, transient courses. One by one,
The forest streams grow loud with song that cheers
The glistening vales, the preening field-lark hears,
And pipes for joy of days not yet begun.
Uncertain are the skies. Precarious mirth
Rings in the drying thickets; on the peach,
Whose pink buds bloomed amidst the falling snows
The robin tries his note; the passing crows
Call down through films up-floating from the earth,
Towards the blue which they will never reach.

Towards the flashing blue—the crystalline,
Unfathomable sea of dazzling light,
Where rides the sun; soon are they vanquished quite
And only winds, low breathing, intervene
'Twixt the miraculous heavens and the scene
Of earth's enchantments. Every moment's flight
Brings the immortal wonder of life's might—
Within the hour the banks are tinged with green.
As Love comes, came the change—a quickening flame
Stole through the woodland—down yon slope of gray—
Among the russet leaves, and, following, came—
Though all was silent there but yesterday—
Soft-echoing on the air, a warbling clear—
The blue-bird's voice!—The Spring! The Spring is here!

IN MEMORIAM

From 'The Shadows of the Trees.'

'Tis morning, and the gateway of the sun
  Swings open; and across the summer land
  Comes the resplendent Day. On every hand
The bright, fleet-footed beams, in gladness, run
Along the late-reaped fields, and one by one,
  The vales, the dewy slopes, the trees that stand
  Upon the hills, by languid breezes fanned,
Take on the glory of new life begun.
But she that should behold it—she is still.
  Wrapped in the rayless shadow, mute she lies.
She heeds no more the songs upon the hill;
  She wakes not to the wonder in the skies.
She, that was fair as is the summer's day;
Even with the summer she hath passed away.

The flower falls with the grain, and in the sheaf
  The opening rose is gathered; she that stood
  Like some young tree amidst the summer wood,
Clad in fresh bloom, hath found a day as brief;
No more she knoweth, now, of joy or grief;
  Alike to her, the evil and the good.
  So sleeps she, in immortal maidenhood—
That she, indeed, is dead, is past belief.
Come, O ye loving winds of heaven, and bring
  Across the spaces, perilous and wide,
  Some tidings from the spirits that abide
Beyond our love and our remembering!
  In tearful hope we bide, ere yet shall fall
  The voiceless shadow which awaits us all.

'Tis evening; and the great sun disappears
  Beyond the Benson Hills. Alone she sleeps,
  While twilight gathers on the tangled steeps.
Her bed is heaped with roses, wet with tears,
And over her a sheltering tree up-rears.
  Far in the vale the river slowly creeps,
  And soft winds whisper from the heavenly deeps,
"With Him one day is as a thousand years."

The silence deepens on the sacred hill;
As in a dream, the noiseless branches sway;
The world, and all it holds of good and ill,
Grows less and less, and strangely fades away;
While from the pale stars comes the whispering still,
"A thousand years, with Him, is as one day."

SONNETS OF SIMILITUDE

From 'The Shadows of the Trees.'

Life is a rich-robed angel, winged with light,
Whose will is still to leave us. No estate—
Gold-crowned, or starred with jewels—may bid her wait,
Nor fix a charmed delay upon her flight.
Life is a rainbow circle, through whose bright
And changing hues—blown by the breath of fate—
The myriad motes pass, quickly; soon or late,
The magic round, itself, will vanish quite.

Life is a voice, low-toned and sweet, that calls
Amidst the immortal solitudes, and they
That start, as from a dream, scarce can they say
I come—I come! when lo! the silence falls.
Life is a gift which no soul may refuse;
A priceless gift—a pearl—which whoso wears must lose.

Life is a darkness. They that walk therein
Set foot, each instant, on an unknown ground.
Life is a song, for which was never found
The fitting music; few are they that win
Even one true note, amidst the jangling din
Of nameless chords in which that strain is drowned.
Life is a wordless riddle, and so profound
That wisest guessers end where they begin.

Life is a tree, whose countless leaves, diverse,
Flaunt in the sun of hope through one brief day;
Whose blooms seem half-divine, despite the curse
Beneath whose touch they fail and fade away.
Life is a woven mantle, soft and fair,
Which we put on with tears and put off in despair.

WOODROW WILSON

[1856—1924]

STOCKTON AXSON

WOODROW WILSON was born in Staunton, Virginia, December 28, 1856. His father was the Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, one of the stalwart men of the Southern Presbyterian Church. His mother, born Jessie Woodrow, was of Scotch-Irish blood, her forebears having been notable figures in the Scottish Church; one of them, because of his theological staunchness, incurred the liberal satire of Robert Burns, and another wrote the 'History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland from the Restoration to the Revolution.' The Wilsons and the Woodrows were men of convictions, habits of study, and firm temper, qualities inherited by the man in whom the names are combined.

Woodrow Wilson had his preparatory education from private schools and private tutors in Augusta, Georgia; Columbia, South Carolina; and Wilmington, North Carolina, and was afterward a student in four colleges: Davidson, Princeton, the University of Virginia, and Johns Hopkins University. He studied under many masters, but none so strongly influenced his intellectual development as his father.

Dr. Joseph Wilson was a man of unusual force in speech and action, impatient of dulness, more impatient of loose thinking and careless speaking. He was accustomed to say that men who were slovenly in conversation could not expect to be impressive in public speech. His own private talk showed that he practised his theory. Without pedantry or self-consciousness, he spoke in words of weight which measured thoughts of value. Even his badinage was memorable. His conversation was never bookish but always revealed the man trained to think and to speak.

The point is dwelt upon because it was the discipline this man gave his son, added to the son's native capacity, that assisted that distinction in thought and speech which all persons of discrimination remark in Woodrow Wilson's utterances, public or private. It is frequently said, "There is no use in trying to argue with Woodrow Wilson—he defeats all opponents." Every man likes to do what he does well, and Woodrow Wilson may sometimes, like Dr. Johnson, "talk for victory"; but, being a busier man than Dr. Johnson, he usually talks in order to dispose of business. By supplementing

his early training with the study of law, he has learned how to go to the core of a question, strip it of all remote relationships, and express his conclusions clearly and convincingly. In his earlier writings he cultivated literary style, but in later years he has written and spoken with little premeditation of phraseology. His vocabulary is large and under command, and his sense of word-values is unerring. Art has become unconscious, and he blends matter and manner as they must be blended for all finest effects in spoken or written discourse. One is occasionally struck by an unusual word, but close attention shows that Woodrow Wilson is not a word-monger but a word-master.

He passed through the freshman class in Davidson College and then went to Princeton for four years, being graduated with the class of 1879. The move was fortunate, for it gave him at an impressionable age an opportunity to understand the Northern, as well as the Southern, point of view, and prepared the way for the breadth of sympathy that has been so marked in his historical writings. Books, archives, and documents gave him his material, but first-hand understanding of both sections enabled him to write the history of the great conflict between the States in such a manner that his books have practically never been charged with sectionalism from either side. He was among the earlier young Southern men to see clearly that the South was in fact as in name a part of the Union, that the glory of its history never was to be forgotten, its secession never to be apologized for, that its great tragedy was sweetened by valor and patience, but that unless the tragedy was to be futilely prolonged the South must throw in its lot heartily with the Union. Five or six years after graduation he wrote in his first book: "Whether these sections [the East, the South, and the West] are to be harmonious or dissentient depends almost entirely upon the methods and policy of the federal government. If that government be not careful to keep within its own proper sphere, and prudent to square its policy by rules of national welfare, sectional lines must and will be known; citizens of one part of the country may look with jealousy and even with hatred upon their fellow citizens of another part; and faction must tear and dissension distract a country which Providence would bless, but which man may curse."

It was thus that the young political philosopher, born and bred in the South and educated in the North, saw that the prosperity of each section lies in the integrity of the whole.

It was, however, with no premeditation of being a historian that he went North. He remained Southern by instinct, and intended to merge his fortunes with those of the South. With this intent he studied law for a little less than two years (1879-1880) at the

University of Virginia, and then practised law in Atlanta, Georgia; but after about two years he found that practical law did not satisfy his intellectual hunger. What most lawyers take for granted were the things he most wished to know, not merely what the law is, but how it came to be what it is, its origins and history. In brief, it was the philosophy of law and politics that attracted him. So in 1883 he resolved to go to Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, then entering upon its most brilliant period, the objective of young men from all over the country, avid for knowledge and the careers to which knowledge would lead. While Fellow in History at Johns Hopkins he wrote and published (1885) his first book, 'Congressional Government: A Study in American Politics.' This book drew a contrast between the theory of the Constitution and political practice under the Constitution, showed that instead of the "checks and balances" of the earlier theory there had been "a constant growth of legislative and administrative practice and a steady accretion of precedent in the management of federal affairs," and that "the center and source of all motive and of all regulative power is Congress"; pointed out the waste that results from a lack of coördination between the branches of the federal government, and a lack of Cabinet responsibility. "As at present constituted, the federal government lacks strength because its powers are divided, lacks promptness because its authorities are multiplied, lacks wieldiness because its processes are roundabout, lacks efficiency because its responsibility is indistinct and its action without competent direction." In his latest book, 'Constitutional Government in the United States' (1908), he shows how authority and responsibility have tended to center in the Executive.

On June 24, 1885, he married Ellen Louise Axson of Savannah, Georgia. How much his success has been forwarded by her sympathy and wisdom is not yet matter for public record. Three daughters were born to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

In 1885, Mr. Wilson began his profession of teaching as a member of the small but able faculty of Bryn Mawr College. After three years there as professor of history and political economy, he accepted a similar professorship in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. He remained there two years, and in 1890 was called to his *alma mater,* Princeton, as professor of jurisprudence and political economy. His title was changed to professor of jurisprudence in 1895, and again in 1897 to professor of jurisprudence and politics. In 1902 he was elected President of Princeton University. His academic titles, in course and honorary, have been numerous. A year after leaving Johns Hopkins (1886) he took his Ph.D. degree on examination, submitting as his thesis "Con-

gressional Government." He has received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Wake Forest, Tulane, Johns Hopkins, Rutgers, University of Pennsylvania, Brown, and Harvard, and the honorary degree of Litt.D. from Yale.

When Dr. Wilson came to the presidency of Princeton he was known throughout the country as an author and public speaker, but he was untested as an executive officer. Men "thought him fit to govern." It remained to be seen whether or not the rest of the proverb would apply, "if only he had never tried to govern." The years have proved him. In his presidential office he has carried out the idea of leadership which he pronounced in his first book, and has held ever since, in office and out of office. A leader is responsible to his constituency, but so long as he is leader he must lead. Dr. Wilson has little pleasure in the ornamental aspect of office. He is not satisfied to be "Mr. President," and let the machine run itself. He has visions and he has the will power to realize the visions. He will argue with a man who has other views than his, but he will not argue long with a man who has so many views that he cannot see in which direction to move. He never has suffered from the scholar's paralysis of will, and he has no prolonged patience with those who are so afflicted. To get things done, and to get them done after the pattern of the vision, is his practical philosophy. He has been known to quote with approval the motto of Carlyle's 'Latter-Day Pamphlets': "'Then,' said his lordship, 'will God mend all'? 'Nay, by God, Donald, we must help him to mend it,' said the other."

When he came into office he saw that things were to be done, directly for Princeton, indirectly and at large for education in America. The air was noisy with pedagogical theories as to how young people should be taught. To President Wilson the problem seemed not so much pedagogical as human and governmental. It was, in his view, not so important what should be taught as it was that young minds and characters should grow naturally while in close contact with maturer minds. College organizations, no bad things in themselves, and the social life of the college were occupying not only the most part, but also the best part of undergraduate attention. To these things, lectures and examinations were unwelcome interruptions. In the larger colleges, at any rate, the processes of education were growing too impersonal and casual to be effective. So the now famous preceptorial system was proposed and adopted, whereby students and teachers are brought into intimate relationship, not formally as master and pupil, but informally, as friends who sit down to discuss the things of the mind.

He then went further and proposed something which seemed

radical but was in reality a corollary to the preceptorial system, a complete reorganization of the University in such a way as to co-ördinate the intellectual and social life of the place, bringing into communities and daily companionship representatives of all classes and of the faculty. The proposal ran counter to the traditions of Princeton; it violated privilege (for the breaking up of self-elective clubs was necessary to the plan); it sounded a startling note of democracy to a country which was losing some of its old passion for democracy. So there was a conflict, the issue of which is, at this writing, still on the knees of the gods. But, whatever happens, Princeton never will be what it would have been without Woodrow Wilson. It will be something better. Moreover, he has made a lasting impression on American ideas and ideals of education. Men of the present and of the future will reckon with him, even when they do not agree with his views. He has brought to educational problems the mind of a statesman as well as the mind of an educator. At a time when the American college is on trial before the country, indicted for not giving any adequate preparation for the great business of citizenship, this student of affairs and man of action has pointed out broad ways by which the youth of the country may be brought up for the service of the country.

This may indicate the sterner side of Woodrow Wilson's nature, the man of convictions and resolute will. There is a very gentle side of him, known to all who come in close contact with him. Slowly the students are finding this, and to their admiration for him they add affection. They would be dull indeed if they did not catch a glimpse of the inward man in such accents as these—a passage from a recent baccalaureate address, gentle words which are the more impressive from a man whose usual habit of speech is firm and militant.

"To one deep fountain of revelation and renewal few of you, I take it for granted, have had access yet—I mean the fountain of sorrow, a fountain sweet or bitter according as it is drunk in submission or in rebellion, in love or in resentment and deep dismay. I will not tell you of these waters; if you have not tasted them, it would be futile, and some of you will understand without word of mine. I can only beg that when they are put to your lips, as they must be, you will drink of them as those who seek renewal, and know how to make of sadness a mood of enlightenment and of hope."

Of the literary style of this it is hardly necessary to speak. "This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting," or, to speak literally, by nothing but literary gift brought under discipline. Woodrow Wilson was a faithful servant of letters until the presi-

dency of the University so occupied his time as to give him only brief and broken hours for writing.

Since 1885, the date of the production of 'Congressional Government,' he has published the following books: 'The State,' (1869), 'Division and Reunion' (1893), 'An Old Master, and other Political Essays' (1893), 'Mere Literature and other Essays' (1896), 'George Washington' (1896), 'A History of the American People' (five volumes, 1902), 'Constitutional Government in the United States' (1908). Besides these there are many uncollected essays and addresses, published in magazines, reviews, and brochures.

In an essay entitled "The Truth of the Matter" (published in the volume called 'Mere Literature') Woodrow Wilson set forth clearly his conception of the historian's business. For Dry-as-Dust, the mere investigator, he had just that respect which all have for industry as a separate virtue; on the other hand, he calls those historians "shallow fellows" who seek the "dramatic" for its own sake. It is imagination, not that which invents but that which perceives the underlying truth of things, which the historian needs, to kindle his facts into life, to give the picture as a whole, to see the past as one who knew the past.

The value of his historical method and its application must be decided at a later time. But he who reads the histories knows how Dr. Wilson's books "recover a past age; make dead generations live again and breathe their own air." His sympathetic re-creative method is seen in its simplest form in such passages of the life of Washington as describe colonial life in Virginia, or the last days and death of the great general. When the author's father read the quiet words that describe with the calm of suppressed feeling the death of Washington, he said, "Woodrow, I am glad you let George Washington do his own dying."

The deeper-lying effects of this penetrative, imaginative method of dealing with history may be seen in his 'Division and Reunion' and his large 'History of the American People.' In these imagination and reason sit together, sympathy and judgment control each other. In such contrasts as he draws in the larger work between the democracy of Thomas Jefferson and General Jackson we see the shrewd insight into human character, the right estimate of the temper of the people, the delicate separation of supergrowth and tissue—things temporary and things destined to shape the nation. In both works, the story of the war and the events which led to it make a very human story, and an extraordinarily just estimate of men, motives, and principles. In "The Truth of the Matter" he wrote of Macaulay: "We detect the tone of the advocate, and though if we are just we must deem him honest, we cannot deem

him safe." It is not the advocate but the judge who wrote the accounts of the war between the States in the two histories, a dispassionate but not a disinterested judge, one with power to understand those motives of men which create epochs, to understand them as if he had lived with these men of both sides; he sees in them soundness and frailty, faith and unfaith, touches of charlatanry and visions of statesmanship. He judges them not by the standard of the accomplished event, that futile sort of history which makes children and imbeciles of all foregone generations, but judges them in the light of the passions of their day, the obscure light in which all men work before the closed doors of the future, for only afterthought is certain. He writes as one "who understands not only men but institutions, sees clearly how the interpretations of the Constitution diverged under different economic conditions at the South and the North." It is interesting that a man so ardent and so capable of convictions could write so judicially. But the imagination, the sympathy, and the literary quality preserve the human note in all the narrative. 'Division and Reunion' is remarkable in that its compact pages contain so much of facts and dates that it can be used as a reference book, and is yet at the same time a piece of literature. Both the histories were written by a professional historian, a professional student of politics, and a professional man of letters.

Edmund Burke and Walter Bagehot have been his masters, in so far as a man of independent mind can be said to have masters; and it is noteworthy that both wrote of human government in masterful English, and were literary artists as well as political philosophers. Of both these men Woodrow Wilson has published appreciative essays in his volume of essays entitled 'Mere Literature.' This book and 'An Old Master' contain such of Mr. Wilson's essays as have been collected. Most of these essays are on the borderland between politics and literature, but in them there is more of the personal note than would have been allowable in the histories and the works on government.

One of the most notable traits of Woodrow Wilson has been a power to grow and never cease growing. When he was an undergraduate he wrote his father that he had discovered he possessed a mind. From this ingenuous statement to the present hour that mind and its concomitants, character and power, have developed steadily, with the result that he has been prepared for each new responsibility as it arose. All over the country thoughtful men are saying that he must some day be the Democratic nominee for the Presidency of the United States. He never has sought office, and office may never seek him; but it is an interesting evidence of the

impression of power that this man makes, that so many who hear him speak on public affairs should reach the conclusion that this private citizen is, by nature and development, one of the fittest men in the country to fill one of the country's most responsible offices.

In bringing the story of Woodrow Wilson up to 1921, it has been judged best to let the article written in 1907 stand without revision, and merely add a postscript, which like the postscript of a woman's letter, according to the humorists, contains the most important matter. In the fourteen years that have elapsed since the original article was written the world has changed and Woodrow Wilson has been a leading figure in the change.

In 1910 he was elected Governor of New Jersey, in 1912 he was elected President of the United States, was re-elected in 1916, and served to the end of his term, March 4, 1921. At the present writing he is living as a private citizen in Washington with his second wife, who was Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt, the first Mrs. Wilson having died in the White House in August, 1914. He has established with former-Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby, a law partnership, in which he has reserved his freedom to be only as busy as he pleases and, though a semi-invalid, he has found tranquil joy in the privileges of privacy which he has so long coveted and in a domestic happiness upon which no contemporary biography has the right to intrude, for Mrs. Wilson's quiet, noble part in his life, like that of the first Mrs. Wilson, is not yet "biographical material."

An adequate estimate of the public career of Mr. Wilson is manifestly impossible within the compass of this article. Nor is the time yet ripe for it. History will assess him. Books about him are numerous, books by friends and enemies, by the well-informed, the half-informed, and those not informed at all. No other figure of the Great War has been the subject of so much diverse opinion, of so much controversy, of estimates so manifestly incompatible. One thing, however, is clear, that the master passion of the man has been for constructive changes in the state, the nation, and the world, in the interest of what he has sincerely and passionately believed was a better order.

Unfavorable critics call him an "Idealist," meaning a visionary, but even the most prejudiced must see that he has sought to build permanently by building for the future. It is the future that must render the final verdict. We of today who have faith in the Wilson formulæ believe that if there is to be progress and not arrest of civilization, the future will contain much of the spirit of Wilson, whatever be the forms through which that spirit shall be manifested.

By 1910 various forces, including the progressivism of Theodore Roosevelt, had combined to create a crisis in American politics. There was an uneasy suspicion in some quarters and a stout opinion in others that government had slipped from the hands of the people and

into the control of corporate interests operating in close association with the political machines. President Taft's administration had, without shadow of intent on the President's part, lent countenance to the suspicion. Taft's greatest talents were legal rather than administrative, and the conviction was growing that national and state governments were being directed by invisible hands, strong, capable hands, and sufficiently subtle to control the visible government. There was a schism in the Republican party destined to become an open breach in 1912, resulting in the formation of a third party, the Republican-Progressive, with Roosevelt as the nominee, while Taft was the nominee of the conservative wing. There were determined efforts, especially in the west, to reform state governments, to take them away from "machines" and "interests" and restore them to the people. Collateral manifestations of the prevailing temper appeared in various devices for drawing the people into more direct contact with public affairs, such as preferential primaries, the initiative, the referendum and recall, and radically altered election laws.

By 1910 the State of New Jersey, which may fairly be said to have become the stronghold of the great corporations, was ripe for political change. Here also there was schism in the Republican ranks, a rebellion against the old masters and the emergence of a group of progressive Republicans who called themselves "New Idea Republicans." Shrewd Democratic managers within the State read the signs of the times and, though not themselves enamored of reform, they discerned an opportunity for Democratic advantage by making what the military men call a "demonstration" on the side of progressivism. By 1910 Woodrow Wilson had become a national figure, partly through his impressive liberal addresses in various parts of the country, partly through public attention to the Princeton University struggle. In the public mind there was a vague association between the new ideas in politics and Mr. Wilson's battle for certain academic changes in Princeton. Indifferent to the intricacies of the Princeton controversy, people interpreted Wilson's proposals and program as in some way "a fight for democracy." Without reviving an old dispute, it is fair to both sides to say that there was a contest in Princeton between the two types of mind, the conservative and the progressive.

For several years men of a political turn of mind had been taking the measure of Woodrow Wilson as possible timber for high office. Among these were the heads of the old Democratic organization in New Jersey, who finally decided to offer him the nomination for the Governorship in the year 1910, when because of discontents and rifts within the Republican party, such a nomination gave promise of being something more than the usual periodic empty honor. Mr. Wilson, with engaging frankness, explained to the Democratic leaders that he could accept the nomination only with the explicit understanding that he was not contracting obligations to "reward" any individuals for the

nomination, because, as he carefully explained, it was a part of his frequently announced political creed that public affairs would never go well in America until men were in office who were utterly free to serve the public and the public only. This statement was applauded by the leaders. Perhaps, they did not apply it to themselves. At any rate when Governor Wilson began to make the application they professed amazement and grief at his "ingratitude." But Mr. Wilson had plainly stated to them a fundamental tenet of his political faith.

After his nomination he conducted a unique political campaign. While discussing the specific issues of the contest he expounded the fundamental principles of liberty and self-government, analyzed the processes by which self-government had been lost in New Jersey, explained how, in his opinion, it could be restored through responsible leadership and "pitiless publicity," and promised to give their government back to the people of New Jersey if he were elected governor. With sharp satire he exposed the sinister forces which took shelter behind what they called "strict constitutionalism," meaning a governor without power and a legislature doing the biddings of the corporations; the real law-making power of New Jersey the agents of the corporations, many of them not even residents of the State; the legislators "errand-boys" (so he called them); and the governor a non-functioning dignitary, trussed up in doctrines of "checks and balances," who sat passively awaiting the measures which he was expected to rubber-stamp with executive approval. Mr. Wilson declared that that was not his idea of "a constitutional governor," asserted that if he were elected he would regard himself as the agent of the people of New Jersey at large, and would assume active leadership in shaping legislation, bluntly adding, "If you don't want that kind of a governor, don't elect me." His speeches were "something different" in political campaigning, simple in language, profound in thought, humorous, persuasive, frequently homely in illustration, occasionally eloquent. He was elected by an unprecedented majority.

Immediately upon his inauguration he set to work vigorously to get enacted into law the four planks of the short platform on which he had been nominated: an act for regulation of public utilities; a corrupt practices act; a direct primaries act; and an employers' liability act. His intimate association with legislators in shaping this legislation was disconcerting to the old timers, but most effective, and the result was an unusually literal fulfilment of political platform promises with surprising promptness. Later legislation followed under his guidance, all in accord with the "progressive idea," which meant nothing more nor less than that legislation should be in the interest of the many rather than of the few.

The eyes of the country began to turn to New Jersey and its dynamic Governor; in some of the eyes there was apprehension, in others approbation, but whether people liked him or not, here was obviously a force to be reckoned with, and the 1912 period of national

nominating conventions was coming on. The Democratic convention was held in Baltimore, and resolved itself into a struggle between the "Regulars" and the "Progressives," many of whom were young and ardent men getting their first taste of practical politics in their support of a man who to their minds represented political enlightenment. After a prolonged struggle, which at times seemed hopeless for the Wilson elements in the convention, he was nominated. By the revolt of the Progressives in the Republican Convention at Chicago, the third party movement was set afoot and Colonel Roosevelt was nominated. The three-cornered campaign between Taft, Roosevelt, and Wilson resulted in the election of Wilson by an enormous preponderance of States, but not by a popular majority, only a plurality, for Colonel Roosevelt had run strong with the people. Mr. Taft had gone down under the great wave of progressivism that was sweeping the country. Mr. Wilson had to wait until 1916 to win a majority of the popular vote, at which time he was elected over the Republican nominee, Mr. Justice Hughes.

As in New Jersey so on the larger national stage Wilson made himself an actual leader of his party and the dominating influence in the remarkable legislative record which followed, including the establishment of the Federal Reserve system, the Income Tax, the Farm Loan banks, the Federal Trade Commission, the non-partisan Tariff Commission, the Postal Savings Bank, strengthening of the anti-trust laws, the adoption of eight-hour laws, the enactment of child legislation, the creation of Federal Employment bureaus, the adoption of a Corrupt Practices Act, together with many other measures.

An extraordinarily effective period of constructive legislation was interrupted by the supreme issue of world war. It was an example of Mr. Wilson's poise, his ability to divorce personal feeling from his conception of public responsibility, that he refused to let his instinctive sympathies with the Allies color his public attitude at the outset of the war. He stood firm for neutrality, first because he believed that by a neutral position this country could best serve the interests of the world in the great struggle, and, secondly because he was convinced that the American mind at large was not prepared for America's participation in a war which, however extensive, was nevertheless as yet a European war. He knew and respected the American tradition of non-interference in European quarrels, and with his almost uncanny ability to interpret the thought of the country, he knew that the clamor for intervention among certain classes on the Atlantic seaboard was in no sense the voice of the people at large. No one could have been more outraged than he by Germany's flagrant violation of the treaty rights of Belgium, but he knew there was no way by which the United States could stop the invasion. We could not mobilize and transport troops quickly enough to bring Germany to a halt, nor would the great masses of Americans in 1914 have tolerated the thought of doing so if we could. With all this, he saw from the outset that the Great War, if prolonged, would inevitably alter the

theories of foreign relations in the United States, would make it impracticable to maintain a doctrine and practice of isolation, would, whether we liked it or not, draw us into the family of nations. By 1916 he had come to see and to say: "This is the last war of its kind, or of any kind that involves the world, that the United States can keep out of. I say that because I believe that the business of neutrality is over; not because I want it to be over, but I mean this, that the war now has such a scale that the position of neutrals sooner or later becomes intolerable."

He saw, from the outset of the war, that if the world should be saved from a recurrence of the tragedy, there would have to be new ideas and arrangements for world relationships everywhere, that modern conditions of commerce, transportation, and communication had drawn the nations of the earth into a neighborhood, in which all nations are vitally concerned with the extra-territorial acts of each nation, and that it was essential that there should be established a community of nations in which each nation should be held strictly accountable to all the nations for any act or proposed act which was calculated to affect the general peace. As early as August, 1914, he sketched in private conversations the principles subsequently incorporated in the "Fourteen Points" address to Congress on January 8, 1918, and in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

By his gift for clarification and expression he became, in time, the spokesman of the Allies, stripping the issue of all secondary matter and exposing the heart of it, a struggle to the death between two irreconcilable views of the relationships between peoples and governments, the autocratic and the democratic views. Of all his famous phrases, the most famous was that which clarified the issue and was adopted by the whole allied world, that the war was a struggle to "make the world safe for democracy."

If one were looking for a key-word to Mr. Wilson's public character and acts he would probably find it in the word "democracy." Mrs. Humphrey Ward has somewhere written that in later and more sophisticated times it is difficult to understand the full force of meaning which such words as "grace" and "faith" had for our more religious forefathers. So in our sophisticated political modern world, the word "democracy" is used glibly by demagogues without consciousness of much inner meaning, and sometimes used derisively by cynics, but to Woodrow Wilson it has been consistently a word of ever fresh and always mighty import, signifying an unalterable faith and rule of action, implying, among other things, equal opportunity for individuals, social classes, and all nations, including the smallest; intolerance of privilege in any form or mask; the inherent right of any individual or nation to work out his or its own destiny, in so far as his or its aspirations and actions do not conflict with the rights of others; uncompromising antagonism to the hypocrisy which, under the guise of "beneficent" interference, carries predatory purpose. It is on this general principle that he based his much criticized Fabian policy,

or "watchful waiting" policy toward Mexico. He refused to be a party to the exploitation of Mexico by any selfish interests, native or foreign. And he made it one of his objects to convince the republics of Central and South America that the United States would be just in dealing with all foreign powers. In his attitude toward the Panama tolls matter he emphasized a kindred purpose, to put international dealing on a basis of strictest probity and respect for contracts, whether these were or were not advantageous to the United States.

Even if space permitted it is too soon as yet to write the stirring history of America's participation in the Great War, in which Mr. Wilson was, of course, the leading figure; or the history of the Paris Conference, its perplexities and accomplishments; or the history of the struggle in the United States Senate over ratification of the treaty and the covenant; or the popular reaction against Mr. Wilson and the ideals under which the war had been waged, culminating in the unprecedented Republican victory of November, 1920. Men cannot yet write of these things without passion, and passion usually leads to worthless writing.

Wilson's "progressivism," philosophically considered, has been, not the radical's itch for strange and untried experimentation, but a clear perception that things left to themselves tend to deteriorate. He has frequently read aloud to friends Gilbert K. Chesterton's parable of the White Post, wherein Chesterton says that the fatal defect in the conservative philosophy of "letting things be as they are" is that things do not stay as they are, but are constantly changing for the worse; Chesterton employs the illustration of the white post, which when "let alone" becomes a black post; the only way to keep it white is continually to repaint it, "to change a new black post into the old white post." This is the paradox of "progressivism," by continual change of method to retain the substance of things old and beloved. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Woodrow Wilson died February 3, 1924.

Stockton Axson

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THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER

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'T is a pity to see how even the greatest minds will often lack the broad and catholic vision with which the just historian must look upon men and affairs. There is Carlyle, with his shrewd and seeing eye, his unmatched capacity to assess strong men and set the scenery for tragedy or intrigue, his breathless ardor for great events, his amazing flashes of insight, and his unlooked-for steady light of occasional narrative. The whole matter of what he writes is too dramatic. Surely history was not all enacted so hotly, or with so passionate a rush of men upon the stage. Its quiet scenes must have been longer, not mere pauses and interludes while the tragic parts were being made up. There is not often ordinary sunlight upon the page. The lights burn now wan, now lurid. Men are seen disquieted and turbulent, and may be heard in husky cries or rude, untimely jests. We do not recognize our own world, but seem to see another such as ours might become if peopled by like uneasy Titans. Incomparable to tell of days of storm and revolution, speaking like an oracle and familiar of destiny and fate, searching the hearts of statesmen and conquerors with an easy insight in every day of action, this peasant seer cannot give us the note of piping times of peace, or catch the tone of slow industry; watches ships come and go at the docks, hears freight-vans thunder along the iron highways of the modern world, and loaded trucks lumber heavily through the crowded city streets, with a hot disdain of commerce, prices current, the haggling of the market, the smug ease of material comfort bred in a trading age. There is here no broad and

catholic vision, no wise tolerance, no various power to know, to sympathize, to interpret. The great seeing imagination of the man lacks that pure radiance in which things are seen steadily and seen whole.

It is not easy, to say truth, to find actual examples when you are constructing the ideal historian, the man with the vision and the faculty divine to see affairs justly and tell of them completely. If you are not satisfied with this passionate and intolerant seer of Chelsea, whom will you choose? Shall it be Gibbon, whom all praise, but so few read? He, at any rate, is passionless, it would appear. But who could write epochal history with passion? All hot humors of the mind must, assuredly, cool when spread at large upon so vast a surface. One must feel like a sort of minor providence in traversing that great tract of world history, and catch in spite of one's self the gait and manner of a god. This stately procession of generations moves on remote from the ordinary levels of our human sympathy. 'T is a wide view of nations and peoples and dynasties, and a world shaken by the travail of new births. There is here no scale by which to measure the historian of the sort we must look to see handle the ordinary matter of national history. The 'Decline and Fall' stands impersonal, like a monument. We shall reverence it, but we shall not imitate it.

If we look away from Gibbon, exclude Carlyle, and question Macaulay; if we put the investigators on one side as not yet historians, and the deliberately picturesque and entertaining *raconteurs* as not yet investigators, we naturally turn, I suppose, to such a man as John Richard Green, at once the patient scholar—who shall adequately say how nobly patient? —and the rare artist, working so like a master in the difficult stuffs of a long national history. The very life of the man is as beautiful as the moving sentences he wrote with so subtle a music in the cadence. We know whence the fine moral elevation of tone came that sounds through all the text of his great narrative. True, not everybody is satisfied with our *doctor angelicus*. Some doubt he is too ornate. Others are troubled that he should sometimes be inaccurate. Some are willing to use his history as a manual; while others cannot deem him satisfactory for didactic uses, hesitate how they shall

characterize him, and quit the matter vaguely with saying that what he wrote is "at any rate literature." Can there be something lacking in Green, too, notwithstanding he was impartial, and looked with purged and open eyes upon the whole unbroken life of his people—notwithstanding he saw the truth and had the art and mastery to make others see it as he did, in all its breadth and multiplicity?

Perhaps even this great master of narrative lacks variety —as who does not? His method, whatever the topic, is ever the same. His sentences, his paragraphs, his chapters are pitched one and all in the same key. It is a very fine and moving key. Many an elevated strain and rich harmony commend it alike to the ear and to the imagination. It is employed with an easy mastery, and is made to serve to admiration a wide range of themes. But it is always the same key, and some themes it will not serve. An infinite variety plays through all history. Every scene has its own air and singularity. Incidents cannot all be rightly set in the narrative if all be set alike. As the scene shifts, the tone of the narrative must change; the narrator's choice of incident and his choice of words; the speed and method of his sentence, his own thought, even, and point of view. Surely his battle pages must resound with the tramp of armies and the fearful din and rush of war. In peace he must catch by turns the hum of industry, the bustle of the street, the calm of the country-side, the tone of parliamentary debate, the fancy, the ardor, the argument of poets and seers and quiet students. Snatches of song run along with sober purpose and strenuous endeavor through every nation's story. Coarse men and refined, mobs and ordered assemblies, science and mad impulse, storm and calm, are all alike ingredients of the various life. It is not all epic. There is rough comedy and brutal violence. The drama can scarce be given any strict, unbroken harmony of incident, any close logical sequence of act or nice unity of scene. To pitch it all in one key, therefore, is to mistake the significance of the infinite play of varied circumstance that makes up the yearly movement of a people's life.

It would be less than just to say that Green's pages do not reveal the variety of English life the centuries through. It is his glory, indeed, as all the world knows, to have broadened

and diversified the whole scale of English history. Nowhere else within the compass of a single book can one find so many sides of the great English story displayed with so deep and just an appreciation of them all, or of the part of each in making up the whole. Green is the one man among English historians who has restored the great fabric of the nation's history where its architecture was obscure, and its details were likely to be lost or forgotten. Once more, because of him, the vast Gothic structure stands complete, its majesty and firm grace enhanced at every point by the fine tracery of its restored details.

Where so much is done, it is no doubt unreasonable to ask for more. But the very architectural symmetry of this great book imposes a limitation upon it. It is full of a certain sort of variety; but it is only the variety of a great plan's detail, not the variety of English life. The noble structure obeys its own laws rather than the laws of a people's fortunes. It is a monument conceived and reared by a consummate artist, and it wears upon its every line some part of the image it was meant to bear, of a great, complex, aspiring national existence. But, though it symbolizes, it does not contain that life. It has none of the irregularity of the actual experiences of men and communities. It explains, but it does not contain, their variety. The history of every nation has certainly a plan which the historian must see and reproduce; but he must reconstruct the people's life, not merely expound it. The scope of his method must be as great as the variety of his subject; it must change with each change of mood, respond to each varying impulse in the great process of events. No rigor of a stately style must be suffered to exclude the lively touches of humor or the rude sallies of strength that mark it everywhere. The plan of the telling must answer to the plan of the fact—must be as elastic as the topics are mobile. The matter should rule the plan, not the plan the matter.

The ideal is infinitely difficult, if, indeed, it be possible to any man not Shakespearean; but the difficulty of attaining it is often unnecessarily enhanced. Ordinarily the historian's preparation for his task is such as to make it unlikely he will perform it naturally. He goes first, with infinite and admirable labor, through all the labyrinth of document and de-

tail that lies up and down his subject; collects masses of matter great and small, for substance, verification, illustration; piles his notes volumes high; reads far and wide upon the tracks of his matter, and makes page upon page of references; and then, thoroughly stuffed and sophisticated, turns back and begins his narrative. 'T is impossible then that he should begin naturally. He sees the end from the beginning, and all the intermediate way from beginning to end; he has made up his mind about too many things; uses his details with a too free and familiar mastery, not like one who tells a story so much as like one who dissects a cadaver. Having swept his details together beforehand, like so much scientific material, he discourses upon them like a demonstrator—thinks too little in subjection to them. They no longer make a fresh impression upon him. They are his tools, not his objects of vision.

It is not by such a process that a narrative is made vital and true. It does not do to lose the point of view of the first listener to the tale, or to rearrange the matter too much out of the order of nature. You must instruct your reader as the events themselves would have instructed him, had he been able to note them as they passed. The historian must not lose his own fresh view of the scene as it passed and changed more and more from year to year and from age to age. He must keep with the generation of which he writes, not be too quick to be wiser than they were or look back upon them in his narrative with head over shoulder. He must write of them always in the atmosphere they themselves breathed, not hastening to judge them, but striving only to realize them at every turn of the story, to make their thoughts his own, and call their lives back again, rebuilding the very stage upon which they played their parts. Bring the end of your story to mind while you set about telling its beginning, and it seems to have no parts; beginning, middle, end, are all as one—are merely like parts of a pattern which you see as a single thing stamped upon the stuff under your hand.

Try the method with the history of our own land and people. How will you begin? Will you start with a modern map and a careful topographical description of the continent? And then, having made your nineteenth-century framework

for the narrative, will you ask your reader to turn back and see the seventeenth century, and those lonely ships coming in at the capes of the Chesapeake? He will never see them so long as you compel him to stand here at the end of the nineteenth century and look at them as if through a long retrospect. The attention both of the narrator and of the reader, if history is to be seen aright, must look forward, not backward. It must see with a contemporaneous eye. Let the historian, if he be wise, know no more of the history as he writes than might have been known in the age and day of which he is writing. A trifle too much knowledge will undo him. It will break the spell for his imagination. It will spoil the magic by which he may raise again the image of days that are gone. He must of course know the large lines of his story; it must lie as a whole in his mind. His very art demands that, in order that he may know and keep its proportions. But the details, the passing incidents of day and year, must come fresh into his mind, unreasoned upon as yet, untouched by theory, with their first look upon them. It is here that original documents and fresh research will serve him. He must look far and wide upon every detail of the time, see it at first hand, and paint as he looks; selecting, as the artist must, but selecting while the vision is fresh, and not from old sketches laid away in his notes—selecting from the life itself.

Let him remember that his task is radically different from the task of the investigator. The investigator must display his materials, but the historian must convey his impressions. He must stand in the presence of life, and reproduce it in his narrative; must recover a past age; make dead generations live again and breathe their own air; show them native and at home upon his page. To do this, his own impressions must be as fresh as those of an unlearned reader, his own curiosity as keen and young at every stage. It may easily be so as his reading thickens, and the atmosphere of the age comes stealthily into his thought, if only he take care to push forward the actual writing of his narrative at an equal pace with his reading, painting thus always direct from the image itself. His knowledge of the great outlines and bulks of the picture will be his sufficient guide and restraint the while, will give proportion to the individual strokes of his work. But it will not

check his zest, or sophisticate his fresh recovery of the life that is in the crowding colors of the canvas.

A nineteenth-century plan laid like a standard and measure upon a seventeenth-century narrative will infallibly twist it and make it false. Lay a modern map before the first settlers at Jamestown and Plymouth, and then bid them discover and occupy the continent. With how superior a nineteenth-century wonder and pity will you see them grope, and stumble, and falter! How like children they will seem to you, and how simple their age, and ignorant! As stalwart men as you they were in fact; mayhap wiser and braver too; as fit to occupy a continent as you are to draw it upon paper. If you would know them, go back to their age; breed yourself a pioneer and woodsman; look to find the South Sea up the nearest northwest branch of the spreading river at your feet; discover and occupy the wilderness with them; dream what may be beyond the near hills, and long all day to see a sail upon the silent sea; go back to them and see them in their habit as they lived.

The picturesque writers of history have all along been right in theory; they have been wrong only in practice. It *is* a picture of the past we want—its express image and feature; but we want the true picture and not simply the theatrical matter—the manner of Rembrandt rather than of Rubens. All life may be pictured, but not all of life is picturesque. No great, no true historian would put false or adventitious colors into his narrative, or let a glamour rest where in fact it never was. The writers who select an incident merely because it is striking or dramatic are shallow fellows. They see only with the eye's retina, not with that deep vision whose images lie where thought and reason sit. The real drama of life is disclosed only with the whole picture; and that only the deep and fervid student will see, whose mind goes daily fresh to the details, whose narrative runs always in the authentic colors of nature, whose art it is to see, and to paint what he sees.

It is thus and only thus we shall have the truth of the matter: by art—by the most difficult of all arts; by fresh study and first-hand vision; at the mouths of men who stand in the midst of old letters and dusty documents and neglected records, not like antiquarians, but like those who see a distant

country and a far-away people before their very eyes, as real, as full of life and hope and incident, as the day in which they themselves live. Let us have done with humbug and come to plain speech. The historian needs an imagination quite as much as he needs scholarship, and consummate literary art as much as candor and common honesty. Histories are written in order that the bulk of men may read and realize; and it is as bad to bungle the telling of the story as to lie, as fatal to lack a vocabulary as to lack knowledge. In no case can you do more then convey an impression, so various and complex is the matter. If you convey a false impression, what difference does it make how you convey it? In the whole process there is a nice adjustment of means to ends which only the artist can manage. There is an art of lying; there is equally an art—an infinitely more difficult art—of telling the truth.

THE SPIRIT OF LEARNING

Phi Beta Kappa Address delivered at Harvard University, July 1, 1909.

I SAID just now that I sympathized with men who said that what they wanted for their sons in college was not what they got in the classroom so much as what they got from the life and associations of the place; but I agree with them only if what is to be got in the classroom is nothing more than items of knowledge likely to be quickly lost hold of. I agree with them; but I see clearly what they are blindly feeling after. They should desire chiefly what their sons are to get out of the life and associations of the place; but that life and those associations should be freighted with things they do not now contain. The processes of life, the contagions of association, are the only things that have ever got any real or permanent hold on men's minds. These are the conducting media for every effect we seek to work on the human spirit. The undergraduate should have scholars for teachers. They should hold his attention steadily upon great tested bodies of knowledge and should insist that he make himself acquainted with them, if only for the nonce. But they will give him nothing he is likely to carry with him through life if they stop with formal instruction, however thorough or exacting they may

make it. Their permanent effects will be wrought upon his spirit. Their teaching will follow him through life only if they reveal to him the meaning, the significance, the essential validity of what they are about, the motives which prompt it, the processes which verify it. They will rule him, not by what they know and inform him of, but by the spirit of the things they expound. And that spirit they cannot convey in any formal manner. They can convey it only atmospherically, by making their ideals tell in some way upon the whole spirit of the place.

How shall their pupils carry their spirit away with them, or the spirit of the things they teach, if beyond the door of the classroom the atmosphere will not contain it? College is a place of initiation. Its effects are atmospheric. They are wrought by impression, by association, by emulation. The voices which do not penetrate beyond the doors of the classroom are lost, are ineffectual, are void of consequence and power. No thought will obtain or live there for the transmission of which the prevailing atmosphere is a non-conducting medium. If young gentlemen get from their years at college only manliness, *esprit de corps,* a release of their social gifts, a training in give and take, a catholic taste in men, and the standards of true sportsmen, they have gained much, but they have not gained what a college should give them. It should give them insight into the things of the mind and of the spirit, a sense of having lived and formed their friendships amidst the gardens of the mind where grows the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, a consciousness of having taken on them the vows of true enlightenment and of having undergone the discipline, never to be shaken off, of those who seek wisdom in candour, with faithful labour and travail of spirit.

These things they cannot get from the classroom unless the spirit of the classroom is the spirit of the place as well and of its life; and that will never be until the teacher comes out of the classroom and makes himself a part of that life. Contact, companionship, familiar intercourse is the law of life for the mind. The companionships of undergraduates will never breed the spirit of learning. The circle must be widened. It must include the older men, the teachers, the men for whom life has grown more serious and to whom it has revealed more

of its meanings. So long as instruction and life do not merge in our colleges, so long as what the undergraduates do and what they are taught occupy two separate, air-tight compartments in their consciousness, so long will the college be ineffectual.

Looked at from the point of view at which I stand in all that I have been saying, some of the proposals made in our day for the improvement of the college seem very strangely conceived. It has been proposed, for example, to shorten the period of general study in college to (say) two years, and let the student who has gone the distance our present sophomores have gone enter at once upon his professional studies or receive his certificate of graduation. I take it for granted that those who have formulated this proposal never really knew a sophomore in the flesh. They say, simply, that the studies of our present sophomores are as advanced as the studies of seniors were in the great days of our grandfathers and that most of our present sophomores are as old as our grandfathers were when they graduated from the pristine college we so often boast of; and I dare say that is all true enough. But what they do not know is, that our sophomore is at the age of twenty no more mature than the sophomore of that previous generation was at the age of seventeen or eighteen. The sap of manhood is rising in him but it has not yet reached his head. It is not what a man is studying that makes him a sophomore or a senior; it is the stage the college process has reached in him. A college, the American college, is not a body of studies: it is a process of development. It takes, if our observation can be trusted, at least four years for the completion of that process, and all four of those years must be college years. They cannot be school years; they cannot be combined with school years. The school process is an entirely different one. The college is a process of slow evolution from the school-boy and the school-boy's mental attitude into the man and his entirely altered view of the world. It can be accomplished only in the college environment. The environment is of the essence of the whole effect.

If you wish to create a college, therefore, and are wise, you will seek to create a life. We have allowed ourselves to grow very anxious and to feel very helpless about college

athletics. They play too large a part in the life of the undergraduate, we say; and no doubt they do. There are many other things which play too large a part in that life, to the exclusion of intellectual interests and the dissipation of much excellent energy: amusements of all kinds, social preoccupations of the most absorbing sort, a multitude of activities which have nothing whatever to do with the discipline and enlightenment of the mind. But that is because they are left a free field. Life, at college, is one thing, the work of the college another, entirely separate and distinct. The life is the field that is left free for athletics not only but also for every other amusement and diversion. Studies are no part of that life, and there is no competition. Study is the work which interrupts the life, introduces an embarrassing and inconsistent element into it. The Faculty has no part in the life; it organizes the interruption, the interference.

This is not to say that there are not a great many undergraduates seriously interested in study, or that it is impossible or even difficult to make the majority of them, the large majority, pass the tests of the examinations. It is only saying that the studies do not spring out of the life of the place and are hindered by it, must resist its influence if they would flourish. I have no jealousy of athletics; they have put wholesome spirit into both the physical and the mental life of our undergraduates. There are fewer morbid boys in the new college which we know than there were in the old college which our fathers knew; and fewer prigs, too, no doubt. Athletics are indispensable to the normal life of young men, and are in themselves wholesome and delightful, besides. In another atmosphere, the atmosphere of learning, they could be easily subordinated and assimilated. The reason they cannot be now is that there is nothing to assimilate them, nothing by which they can be digested. They make their own atmosphere unmolested. There is no direct competition.

The same thing may be said, for it is true, of all the other amusements and all the social activities of the little college world. Their name is legion; they are very interesting; most of them are in themselves quite innocent and legitimate; many of them are thoroughly worth while. They now engross the attention and absorb the energies of most of the finest, most

spirited, most gifted youngsters in the undergraduate body, men fit to be scholars and masters in many fields, and for whom these small things are too trivial a preparation. They would not do so if other things which would be certain to grip these very men were in competition with them, were known and spoken of and pervasive in the life of the college outside the classroom; but they are not. The field is clear for all these little activities, as it is clear for athletics. Athletics have no serious competitor except these amusements and petty engrossments: they have no serious competitor except athletics. The scholar is not in the game. He keeps modestly to his classroom and his study and must be looked up and asked questions if you would know what he is thinking about. His influence can be set going only by the deliberate effort of the undergraduate himself who looks him up and stirs him. He deplores athletics and all the other absorbing, non-academic pursuits which he sees drawing the attention of his pupils off from study and serious preparation for life, but he will not enter into competition with them. He has never dreamed of such a thing; and, to tell the truth, the life of the place is organized in such a way as to make it hardly possible for him to do so. He is therefore withdrawn and ineffectual.

It is the duty of university authorities to make of the college a society, of which the teacher will be as much, and as naturally, a member as the undergraduates. When that is done these other things will fall into their natural places, their natural relations. Young men are capable of great enthusiasms for older men whom they have learned to know in some human, unartificial way, whose quality they have tasted in unconstrained conversation, the energy and beauty of whose characters and aims they have learned to appreciate by personal contact; and such enthusiasms are often among the strongest and most lasting influences of their lives. You will not gain the affection of your pupil by anything you do for him, impersonally, in the classroom. You may gain his admiration and vague appreciation, but he will tie to you only for what you have shown him personally or given him in intimate and friendly service.

Certain I am that it is impossible to rid our colleges of these things that compete with study and drive out the spirit

of learning by the simple device of legislation, in which, as Americans, we have so childish a confidence; or, at least, that, if we did succeed in driving them out, did set our house in order and sweep and garnish it, other equally distracting occupants would crowd in to take their places. For the house would be empty. There must be life as well as study. The question is, not of what are we to empty it, but with what must we fill it? We must fill it with the things of the mind and of the spirit; and that we can do by introducing into it men for whom these things are supremely interesting, the main objects of life and endeavour, teachers who will not seem pedagogues but friends, and who can by the gentle infection of friendliness make thought a general contagion. Do that; create the atmosphere and the contacts of a society made up of men young and old, mature and adolescent, serious and gay, and you will create an emulation, a saturation, a vital union of parts in a common life, in which all questions of subordination and proportion will solve themselves. So soon as the things which now dissipate and distract and dissolve our college life *feel* the things which should coordinate and regulate and inspire it in direct contact with them, *feel* their ardour and their competition, they will fall into their proper places, will become pleasures and cease to be occupations, will delight our undergraduate days but not monopolize them. They are exaggerated now because they are separated and do not exchange impulses with those greater things of whose presence they are sometimes hardly conscious.

No doubt there are many ways in which this vital association may be effected, but all wise and successful ways will have this in common, that they will abate nothing of the freedom and self-government which have so quickened and purified our colleges in these recent days of change, will have no touch of school surveillance in them. You cannot force companionships upon undergraduates, if you treat them like men. You can only create the conditions, set up the organization, which will make them natural. The scholar should not need a statute behind him. The spirit of learning should not covet the support of the spirit and organization of the nursery. It will prevail of its own grace and power if you will but give it a chance, a conducting medium, an air in which it can

move and breathe freely without effort or self-consciousness. If it cannot, I, for one, am unwilling to lend it artificial assistance. It must take its chances in the competition and win on its merits, under the ordinary rules of the game of life, where the most interesting man attracts attention, the strongest personality rules, the best organized force predominates, the most admirable thing wins allegiance. We are not seeking to force a marriage between knowledge and pleasure; we are simply trying to throw them a great deal together in the confidence that they will fall in love with one another. We are seeking to expose the undergraduate when he is most susceptible to the best and most stimulating influences of the university in the hope and belief that no sensible fellow fit for a career can resist the infection.

My plea, then, is this: that we now deliberately set ourselves to make a home for the spirit of learning: that we reorganize our colleges on the lines of this simple conception, that a college is not only a body of studies but a mode of association; that its courses are only its formal side, its contacts and contagions its realities. It must become a community of scholars and pupils—a free community but a very real one, in which democracy may work its reasonable triumphs of accommodation, its vital processes of union. I am not suggesting that young men be dragooned into becoming scholars or tempted to become pedants, or have any artificial compulsion whatever put upon them, but only that they be introduced into the high society of university ideals, be exposed to the hazards of stimulating friendships, be introduced into the easy comradeships of the republic of letters. By this means the classroom itself might some day come to seem a part of life.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Address delivered September 4, 1916, on the occasion of the acceptance by the War Department of a deed of gift to the nation by the Lincoln Farm Association of the Lincoln birthplace farm at Hodgenville, Kentucky.

No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it

suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government. How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free polity? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many an horizon which those about him dreamed not of,—that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the

ready ease of one to the manner born,—or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy, that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amidst which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise than our own Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded. Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of counsel and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all-pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of that great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaffectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here. Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man,—I would rather say of a spirit,—like Lincoln the question *where* he was is of little significance, that it is always *what* he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination. It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world,—a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an

indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation. The test of very American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example. And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome,—after we have recognized them.

I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of nearby friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived;" but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in

spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of its own silently assembling and deploying thoughts.

I have come here today, not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln; he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must constantly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST GERMANY

Address delivered April 2, 1917, at a joint session of the two houses of Congress

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONGRESS:

I have called the Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious, choices of policy to be made, and made immediately, which it was neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility of making.

On the third of February last I officially laid before you the extraordinary announcement of the Imperial German Government that on and after the first day of February it was its purpose to put aside all restraints of law or of humanity and use its submarines to sink every vessel that sought to approach either the ports of Great Britain and Ireland or the western coasts of Europe or any of the ports controlled by the enemies of Germany within the Mediterranean. That had seemed to be the object of the German submarine warfare earlier in the war, but since April of last year the Imperial Government had somewhat restrained the commanders of its undersea craft in conformity with its promise then given to us that passenger boats should not be sunk and that due warning would be given to all other vessels which its submarines might seek to destroy, when no resistance was offered or escape attempted, and care taken that their crews were given at least a fair chance to save their lives in their open boats. The precautions taken were meagre and haphazard enough, as was proved in distressing instance after instance in the progress of the cruel and unmanly business, but a certain degree of restraint was observed. The new policy has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand, have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals along with those of belligerents.

Even hospital ships and ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, though the latter were provided with safe conduct through the proscribed areas by the German Government itself and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identity, have been sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or of principle.

I was for a little while unable to believe that such things would in fact be done by any government that had hitherto subscribed to the humane practices of civilized nations. International law had its origin in the attempt to set up some law which would be respected and observed upon the seas, where no nation had right of dominion and where lay the free highways of the world. By painful stage after stage has that law been built up, with meagre enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view, at least, of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded. This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside under the plea of retaliation and necessity because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except these which it is impossible to employ as it is employing them without throwing to the winds all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world. I am not now thinking of the loss of property involved, immense and serious as that is, but only of the wanton and wholesale destruction of the lives of non-combatants, men, women, and children, engaged in pursuits which have always, even in the darkest periods of modern history, been deemed innocent and legitimate. Property can be paid for; the lives of peaceful and innocent people cannot be. The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind.

It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrim-

ination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation. We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion.

When I addressed the Congress on the twenty-sixth of February last I thought that it would suffice to assert our neutral rights with arms, our right to use the seas against unlawful interference, our right to keep our people safe against unlawful violence. But armed neutrality, it now appears, is impracticable. Because submarines are in effect outlaws when used as the German submarines have been used against merchant shipping, it is impossible to defend ships against their attacks as the law of nations has assumed that merchantmen would defend themselves against privateers or cruisers, visible craft giving chase upon the open sea. It is common prudence in such circumstances, grim necessity indeed, to endeavor to destroy them before they have shown their own intention. They must be dealt with upon sight, if dealt with at all. The German Government denies the right of neutrals to use arms at all within the areas of the sea which it has proscribed, even in the defense of rights which no modern publicist has ever before questioned their right to defend. The intimation is conveyed that the armed guards which we have placed on our merchant ships will be treated as beyond the pale of law and subject to be dealt with as pirates would be. Armed neutrality is ineffectual enough at best; in such circumstances and in the face of such pretensions it is worse than ineffectual: it is likely only to produce what it was meant to prevent; it is practically certain to draw us into the war without either the rights or the effectiveness of belligerents. There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making: we will not choose the path of submis-

sion and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are no common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life.

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it; and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war.

What this will involve is clear. It will involve the utmost practicable co-operation in counsel and action with the governments now at war with Germany, and, as incident to that, the extension to those governments of the most liberal financial credits, in order that our resources may so far as possible be added to theirs. It will involve the organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country to supply the materials of war and serve the incidental needs of the nation in the most abundant and yet the most economical and efficient way possible. It will involve the immediate full equipment of the navy in all respects but particularly in supplying it with the best means of dealing with the enemy's submarines. It will involve the immediate addition to the armed forces of the United States already provided for by law in case of war at least five hundred thousand men, who should, in my opinion, be chosen upon the principle of universal liability to service, and also the authorization of subsequent additional increments of equal force so soon as they may be needed and can be handled in training. It will involve also, of course, the granting of adequate credits to the Gov-

ernment, sustained, I hope, so far as they can equitably be sustained by the present generation, by well conceived taxation.

I say sustained so far as may be equitable by taxation because it seems to me that it would be most unwise to base the credits which will now be necessary entirely on money borrowed. It is our duty, I most respectfully urge, to protect our people so far as we may against the very serious hardships and evils which would be likely to arise out of the inflation which would be produced by vast loans.

In carrying out the measures by which these things are to be accomplished we should keep constantly in mind the wisdom of interfering as little as possible in our own preparation and in the equipment of our own military forces with the duty—for it will be a very practical duty,—of supplying the nations already at war with Germany with the materials which they can obtain only from us or by our assistance. They are in the field and we should help them in every way to be effective there.

I shall take the liberty of suggesting, through the several executive departments of the Government, for the consideration of your committees, measures for the accomplishment of the several objects I have mentioned. I hope that it will be your pleasure to deal with them as having been framed after very careful thought by the branch of the Government upon which the responsibility of conducting the war and safeguarding the nation will most directly fall.

While we do these things, these deeply momentous things, let us be very clear, and make very clear to all the world what our motives and our objects are. My own thought has not been driven from its habitual and normal course by the unhappy events of the last two months, and I do not believe that the thought of the nation has been altered or clouded by them. I have exactly the same things in mind now that I had in mind when I addressed the Senate on the twenty-second of January last; the same that I had in mind when I addressed the Congress on the third of February and on the

twenty-sixth of February. Our object now, as then, is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power and to set up amongst the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth ensure the observance of those principles. Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic governments backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances. We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states.

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling towards them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools. Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor states with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked out only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions. Cunningly contrived plans of deception or aggression, carried, it may be, from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged

class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the nation's affairs.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.

Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia? Russia was known by those who knew it best to have been always in fact democratic at heart, in all the vital habits of her thought, in all the intimate relationships of her people that spoke their natural instinct, their habitual attitude towards life. The autocracy that crowned the summit of her political structure, long as it had stood and terrible as was the reality of its power, was not in fact Russian in origin, character, or purpose; and now it has been shaken off and the great, generous Russian people have been added in all their naive majesty and might to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice, and for peace. Here is a fit partner for a League of Honor.

One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities and even our offices of government with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national unity of counsel, our peace within and without, our industries and our commerce. Indeed it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began:

and it is unhappily not a matter of conjecture but a fact proved in our courts of justice that the intrigues which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and even under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government accredited to the Government of the United States. Even in checking these things and trying to extirpate them we have sought to put the most generous interpretation possible upon them because we knew that their source lay, not in any hostile feeling or purpose of the German people towards us (who were, no doubt as ignorant of them as we ourselves were), but only in the selfish designs of a Government that did what it pleased and told its people nothing. But they have played their part in serving to convince us at last that that Government entertains no real friendship for us and means to act against our peace and security at its convenience. That it means to stir up enemies against us at our very doors the intercepted note to the German Minister at Mexico City is eloquent evidence.

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the world. We are now about to accept gauge of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included: for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foun-

dations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

I have said nothing of the governments allied with the Imperial Government of Germany because they have not made war upon us or challenged us to defend our right and our honor. The Austro-Hungarian Government has, indeed, avowed its unqualified endorsement and acceptance of the reckless and lawless submarine warfare adopted now without disguise by the Imperial German Government, and it has therefore not been possible for this Government to receive Count Tarnowski, the Ambassador recently accredited to this Government by the Imperial and Royal Government of Austria-Hungary; but that Government has not actually engaged in warfare against citizens of the United States on the seas, and I take the liberty, for the present at least, of postponing a discussion of our relations with the authorities at Vienna. We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it because there are no other means of defending our rights.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not in enmity toward a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right

and is running amuck. We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early re-establishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us,—however hard it may be for them, for the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts. We have borne with their present government through all these bitter months because of that friendship,—exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible. We shall, happily, still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions towards the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live amongst us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it towards all who are in fact loyal to their neighbors and to the Government in the hour of test. They are, most of them, as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose. If there should be disloyalty, it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but, if it lifts its head at all, it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, Gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts,—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes,

everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

THE FOURTEEN POINTS

Extract from address delivered January 8, 1918, at a joint session of the two houses of Congress.

We entered this war because violations of right had occurred which touched us to the quick and made the life of our own people impossible unless they were corrected and the world secured once for all against their recurrence. What we demand in this war, therefore, is nothing peculiar to ourselves. It is that the world be made fit and safe to live in; and particularly that it be made safe for every peace-loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by the other peoples of the world as against force and selfish aggression. All the peoples of the world are in effect partners in this interest, and for our own part we see very clearly that unless justice be done to others it will not be done to us. The programme of the world's peace, therefore, is our programme; and that programme, the only possible programme, as we see it, is this:

I. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

II. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

III. The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions

among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

IV. Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

V. A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined.

VI. The evacuation of all Russian territory and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest co-operation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy and assure her of a sincere welcome into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing; and, more than a welcome, assistance also of every kind that she may need and may herself desire. The treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehension of her needs as distinguished from their own interests, and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy.

VII. Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored, without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all other free nations. No other single act will serve as this will serve to restore confidence among the nations in the laws which they have themselves set and determined for the government of their relations with one another. Without this healing act the whole structure and validity of international law is forever impaired.

VIII. All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored, and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has

unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all.

IX. A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.

X. The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development.

XI. Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro should be evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia accorded free and secure access to the sea; and the relations of the several Balkan states to one another determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality; and international guarantees of the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan states should be entered into.

XII. The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guarantees.

XIII. An independent Polish state should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea, and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.

XIV. A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike.

In regard to these essential rectifications of wrong and

assertions of right we feel ourselves to be intimate partners of all the governments and peoples associated together against the Imperialists. We cannot be separated in interest or divided in purpose. We stand together until the end.

For such arrangements and covenants we are willing to fight and to continue to fight until they are achieved; but only because we wish the right to prevail and desire a just and stable peace such as can be secured only by removing the chief provocations to war, which this programme does remove. We have no jealousy of German greatness, and there is nothing in this programme that impairs it. We grudge her no achievement or distinction of learning or of pacific enterprise such as have made her record very bright and very enviable. We do not wish to injure her or to block in any way her legitimate influence or power. We do not wish to fight her either with arms or with hostile arrangements of trade if she is willing to associate herself with us and the other peace-loving nations of the world in covenants of justice and law and fair dealing. We wish her only to accept a place of equality among the peoples of the world,—the new world in which we now live,—instead of a place of mastery.

Neither do we presume to suggest to her any alteration or modification of her institutions. But it is necessary, we must frankly say, and necessary as a preliminary to any intelligent dealings with her on our part, that we should know whom her spokesmen speak for when they speak to us, whether for the Reichstag majority or for the military party and the men whose creed is imperial domination.

We have spoken now, surely, in terms too concrete to admit of any further doubt or question. An evident principle runs through the whole programme I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak. Unless this principle be made its foundation no part of the structure of international justice can stand. The people of the United

States could act upon no other principle; and to the vindication of this principle they are ready to devote their lives, their honor, and everything that they possess. The moral climax of this the culminating and final war for human liberty has come, and they are ready to put their own strength, their own highest purpose, their own integrity and devotion to the test.

WILLIAM WIRT

[1772—1834]

ARMISTEAD M. DOBIE

WILLIAM WIRT was born at Bladensburg, Maryland, November 8, 1772, the youngest of the six children of Jacob and Henrietta Wirt. Young Wirt's early education was received at various private classical academies of the type that thrived in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century. Of his various schoolmasters, the Rev. James Hunt, a man of somewhat unusual culture, seems to have made the most profound impression upon him.

For two years Wirt lived in the Hunt household, in which he had access to an excellent general library. Here he was able to gratify a strong taste for reading, which, though indiscriminate and desultory, served yet to lay strong and true the foundations of a culture which was to constitute one of the most marked characteristics of the man. When the Hunt school was disbanded, in Wirt's fifteenth year, he accepted a position as tutor in the family of Benjamin Edwards. Again he was fortunate in being offered the use of a fine library. By this time he had selected the law as his profession, so toward that end, during the twenty months he spent under the Edwards' roof, he made all his reading and studies converge.

Accordingly, after a brief legal apprenticeship, in 1792, at the early age of twenty, Wirt began his professional career at Culpeper Court-House, Virginia.

In 1795 Wirt married Mildred, the daughter of Dr. George Gilmer, and removed to Pen Park, the latter's country seat in Albemarle County. This step played a wonderful part in determining his whole future. Pen Park, the typical home of a Virginia gentleman of means and education, was the meeting place of a group of men whose social brilliance was only eclipsed by their still more brilliant achievements in the varied fields of law, letters, and politics. Through Dr. Gilmer he became closely associated with three future presidents of the United States—Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. To the friendships thus formed, which continued without abatement, he owed in no small measure the political preferment which later became his.

Wirt's engaging manners, his polished and witty conversation, added to an unusually prepossessing face and figure, speedily made him a great social favorite. Indeed, the gay social life exercised so

strong a fascination for him that for a time it threatened seriously to wean him from more serious pursuits. Perceiving, however, a growing tendency among many of his neighbors to regard him as a fascinating companion rather than as an ambitious lawyer, he realized his peril in time to forsake the primrose path, in order to devote himself to the labors of his profession. His practice and reputation then grew apace. After the death of his wife, in 1799, he accepted the position of Clerk of the Virginia House of Delegates —at that time an office of no inconsiderable dignity. This he held until 1802, when, at the early age of twenty-nine, he was appointed by the Legislature Chancellor of the Eastern District of Virginia.

The industry and ability with which he presided over his court, whose jurisdiction frequently involved important interests, added no little to his already considerable renown. Finding his salary inadequate after his marriage (his second wife being Elizabeth Gamble), he resigned the Chancellorship and removed, at the instance of Mr. Tazewell, to Norfolk, where he resumed the practice of the law, remaining there until 1806, when, desiring a wider field for his talents, he again took up his residence in Richmond. Up to this time Wirt's fame, though secure and steadily increasing, had been largely confined to the bounds of his adopted State. But in 1807 occurred an event which afforded him the opportunity for which he had long been seeking and raised him at a single bound to the front rank of American advocates. This event was the trial of Aaron Burr. The heinousness of the crime charged, the prominence of the defendant, the eminence of the presiding judge (Chief Justice Marshall) and of the counsel on both sides marked the occasion as one of tremendous political and dramatic import.

At the instance of President Jefferson, Wirt was retained to aid the United States Attorney in the prosecution. His principal speech, occupying more than four hours in its delivery, extended his fame throughout the entire length and breadth of the land. That part of it describing the entry of Burr into the home of Blennerhassett is second in popularity for schoolboy declamation only to Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death."

In 1808 Wirt was elected a member of the Virginia House of Delegates. Though taking a prominent part in the deliberations of that body, he soon resumed his law practice, receiving in 1816 from President Madison the appointment as United States District Attorney. In the following year President Monroe appointed him to the high office of Attorney-general of the United States.

Wirt held this office during the Administrations of Monroe and the younger Adams, for twelve years, longer than it has ever been held by any other man. His tenure of this office, which brought

him into contact with the keenest legal minds of his time, brought to him richer laurels than he had heretofore won. Hardly any of his predecessors in this office had lived in Washington, nor do they seem to have been regarded as members of the Cabinet, but rather as mere legal advisers to the Administration. None of them had left behind any written or printed opinions or precedents. When Wirt retired from the office, the Attorney-general ranked fully as a Cabinet officer both in dignity and importance. He first preserved in print all his official opinions (of which there were a great many), thereby establishing a precedent which has since been scrupulously followed. The opinions of the Attorney-general relate to matters of prime importance to the country; they involve the most delicate and difficult questions of constitutional and international law; they accomplish much in making smooth the always uncertain path of the occupants of that office; and finally they form an excellent collection of materials for writing the constitutional and legal history of the country.

Harvard conferred on Wirt the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1824. In 1826, while Jefferson was Rector of the University of Virginia, and Madison a member of its governing body, Wirt was appointed President* of the University and Professor of Law; but he declined the offer, preferring to serve out his term as Attorney-general. At the close of Adams's Administration, Wirt removed to Baltimore, where he had little trouble in soon building up an extensive law practice.

In this day and generation it seems strange that a political party should be based on overt opposition to the institution of Masonry, but such was the case in 1832, when the anti-Masonic party offered to Wirt, then sixty years old, the nomination for President of the United States. He accepted it, and in the election that ensued actually received the seven electoral votes of the State of Vermont as well as a popular vote of 33,108.

While in Washington, attending the term of the United States Supreme Court, Wirt died, February 18, 1834. The announcement of his death was received throughout the entire nation with unaffected sorrow. The funeral was attended by the President and Vice-president of the United States, the Diplomatic Corps and the Supreme Court; while both houses of Congress adjourned—an honor which had never before been accorded save to deceased members of Congress or the Senate.

Of Wirt's personal charm mention has already been made. He won and held without compromise the friendship of the really great

*Against the office of president of the University of Virginia, Jefferson filed a formal protest.—Ed.

men of his day. With the masses, he was little short of an idol. Possessed of unusual social graces, courteous to a marked degree, he embodied the highest virtues of the Colonial gentleman with none of his vices. In conversation he was quick, resourceful in classic allusions, forceful, but never tedious or prosaic. He seems, by almost unerring instinct, to have escaped the political animosities of his age, dying, as he had lived, with no bitter enemies to assail his name.

He was religious without being a bigot, exemplifying his beliefs in all the varied activities of his life. Secure in a calm, serene faith, he yielded to none in his love of friends, family, country, or God.

The fame of Wirt as a literary man rests chiefly on 'The Letters of a British Spy,' contributed to the Richmond *Argus* in 1803, 'The Old Bachelor,' published in 1812, and 'The Life of Patrick Henry,' published in 1817.

'The Letters of a British Spy,' written at a time when American literature was at a low ebb, achieved an immediate and wonderful popularity. They purport to be letters written by an English traveler in Virginia to a British Member of Parliament. The book contains some glowing sketches of great men of that period, some scientific observations of little value, together with a brief discussion of various kinds of eloquence. The most popular sketch was the letter, of real literary excellence, dealing with The Blind Preacher. The work is chiefly remembered now on account of its delineation of the life and people of that region and period; or as a welcome oasis in the then arid desert of American literature.

'The Old Bachelor' contains a series of essays in the Addisonian manner. Wirt was the chief author, Dabney Carr, George Tucker and others also being contributors. Wirt's contributions were marked by graceful literary form, subtle humor, and the play of a nimble fancy. In spite of the encomiums of Mr. Kennedy, however, the book contains hardly more than the germ of literary greatness.

The best known of his works is his 'Life of Patrick Henry.' Wirt never had seen the great orator, but gathered his material at first hand from many who had heard him and to whom Henry was almost a god. The narrative is forceful and pleasing, though florid, and at times inaccurate. Wirt lacked historical perspective, with the result that he was extravagantly eulogistic. The Henry of his pages lived rather in the perfervid imagination of his biographer than in the stern realities of actual fact. Still, the work is valuable as the only contemporary life of the great orator, remaining after the lapse of years one of the most popular of American biographies. Wirt's literary labors were those of prophecy and promise, rather than of fulfilment. Literature was to him never more than an avocation to

which he gave only his leisure hours. His literary abilities were brilliant but not solid, his imagination was prolific rather than discriminating; his fancy luxuriant and creative rather than chaste and correct.

It is upon his career as a lawyer that Wirt's fame must ultimately rest. Few men more than he realized how jealous a mistress the law is; and single-minded devotion to the high ideals of his profession was ever his most marked characteristic; to that end he devoted his early reading. He never accepted public office save in the direct line of his professional career.

In the term of the United States Supreme Court of 1819 two cases were decided which are easily among the ten most important cases ever passed upon by that great court. In each of them Wirt materially increased his national reputation as a lawyer. The first of these was McCulloch v. The State of Maryland, 4 Wheaton 316; the second, The Trustees of Dartmouth College v. Woodward, 4 Wheaton 518.

In McCulloch v. Maryland, the question of the constitutionality of the Act creating the United States Bank was first presented to the Supreme Court. Associated with Wirt, for the plaintiff, were Webster and Pinkney; against him, for the defendant, were Martin, Jones, and Hopkinson. Surely a marvelous array of counsel! The argument of Wirt was in every respect worthy of the cause and the best traditions of the Court. His contention was upheld by the Court, and the constitutionality of the Bank sustained.

The Dartmouth College case was even more famous. Wirt, with Mr. Holmes as his associate, was opposed by Webster and Hopkinson. His argument in this case was so overshadowed by that of Webster, who, pleading for his own *alma mater,* made perhaps the ablest legal argument of his career, that great injustice has been done to Wirt's conduct of the case. Webster was successful and the principle was fastened on our jurisprudence that the charter of a private corporation is a contract within the meaning of that clause of the United States Constitution which prohibits any state from making any law impairing the obligation of contracts.

Besides the Burr trial, the other best known cases of Wirt's career are Gibbons v. Ogden, 9 Wheaton 1, in which the Supreme Court, following Wirt, held as unconstitutional and void the acts of the New York Legislature giving exclusive rights of navigation in the waters of that State to Livingston and Fulton; The Cherokee Nation v. The State of Georgia, 5 Peters 1, decided against the Indians, represented by Wirt, on the ground of lack of jurisdiction; and the impeachment of Judge Peck before the United States Senate, in which he triumphantly secured his client's acquittal.

The long list of cases in which Wirt while Attorney-general appeared before the Supreme Court, extending over twelve volumes of the official reports (from 3rd Wheaton to 2nd Peters) placed him in the forefront of the lawyers of his day—the Golden Period of the American Bar. Certainly his conduct of that high office has never been surpassed.

Wirt's earlier speeches are characterized by florid imagery, by extravagant flights of fancy, and by beauty more ornate than the canons of oratory permit. This fault, in a large measure, he subsequently overcame. The orator's spirit was his, and, added to a commanding presence, a captivating manner, and a voice of unusual charm, gave him the complete mastery of an audience. In the presentation of a case, he never allowed himself to be led from the vital question at issue. By his clear and keen powers of analysis, by his ability to make close distinctions, by his success in intuitively anticipating an adversary's methods of attack, he proved himself in argument the peer of the master minds of his day. His speeches were carefully prepared, but always delivered with missionary zeal and fervor. His words were carefully chosen, while his sentences made a poetic appeal to the ear by the rhythmic melody of their cadences. Wirt's speeches were not of the bold, abrupt, strong and rugged type —the *feliciter audax* of the ancients; but for sheer beauty of form, for magic of word-painting, for graceful and varied imagery, for brilliant and impelling eloquence, they have no superiors in the field of American oratory.

He seems to have made very few occasional addresses—a type of speaking for which his gifts were singularly adapted. On two occasions, however, his discourses have been repeatedly pronounced among the best of their kind. His eulogy of Adams and Jefferson, who both died on July 4, 1826, pronounced in the Hall of Representatives at Washington, has been called "the best which this remarkable coincidence called forth." In 1830 he delivered an address of marvelous power and dignity before the students of Rutgers College, which was not only republished in England, but, by translation into both French and German, gained a wide European circulation.

Primarily a lawyer, true to the highest ideals of a lofty profession, an author who captivated the literary taste of his generation, a public official whose record never has been assailed, the ablest American Attorney-general, William Wirt will safely be remembered among those who deserve well of the State.

Armistead M. Dobie

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PATRICK HENRY IN "THE PARSON'S CASE"

From 'Life of Patrick Henry.'

. . . Soon after the opening of the court, the cause was called. It stood on a writ of inquiry of damages, no plea having been entered by the defendants since the judgment on the demurrer. The array before Mr. Henry's eyes was now most fearful. On the bench sat more than twenty clergymen, the most learned men in the colony, and the most capable, as well as the severest, critics before whom it was possible for him to have made his début. The court-house was crowded with an overwhelming multitude, and surrounded with an immense and anxious throng, who, not finding room to enter, were endeavoring to listen without, in the deepest attention. But there was something still more awfully disconcerting than all this; for in the chair of the presiding magistrate sat no other person than his own father. Mr. Lyons opened the cause very briefly: in the way of argument he did nothing more than explain to the jury, that the decision upon the demurrer had put the act of 1758 entirely out of the way, and left the law of 1748 as the only standard of their damages; he then concluded with a highly-wrought eulogium on the benevolence of the clergy. And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other; and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others, of a very different

character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed, for the first time, developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance, which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuviæ* of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which seemed to rive the spectator. His action became graceful, bold, and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which any one who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description. They can only say that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart, *in a manner which language cannot tell.* Add to all these, his wonder-working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed its images; for he painted to the heart with a force that almost petrified it. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, "he made their blood run cold, and their hair to rise on end."

It will not be difficult for any one who ever heard this most extraordinary man, to believe the whole account of this transaction, which is given by his surviving hearers; and from their account, the court-house of Hanover county must have exhibited, on this occasion, a scene as picturesque, as has been ever witnessed in real life. They say that the people, whose countenances had fallen as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes, they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in deathlike silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and riveted

upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstacy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them.

The jury seem to have been so completely bewildered, that they lost sight, not only of the act of 1748, but that of 1758 also; for thoughtless even of the admitted right of the plaintiff, they had scarcely left the bar, when they returned with a verdict of *one penny damages*. A motion was made for a new trial; but the court, too, had now lost the equipoise of their judgment, and overruled the motion by a unanimous vote. The verdict and judgment overruling the motion, were followed by redoubled acclamations, from within and without the house. The people, who had with difficulty kept their hands off their champion, from the moment of closing his harangue, no sooner saw the fate of the cause finally sealed, than they seized him at the bar, and in spite of his own exertions, and the continued cry of "order" from the sheriffs and the court, they bore him out of the court-house, and raising him on their shoulders, carried him about the yard, in a kind of electioneering triumph.

BLENNERHASSETT'S HOME

From a Speech against Aaron Burr.

. . . Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blennerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried

with him taste, and science, and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blest him with her love and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanour, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardour panting for great enterprises, for all the storms and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former

delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangour and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstacy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly," we find her shivering at midnight on the winter banks of the Ohio and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he by whom he was thus plunged into misery is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blennerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness for ever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment!

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON

From 'The Old Bachelor.'

Of "the chief of the Argonauts," as Mr. Jefferson so classically and so happily styled his illustrious friend of the North, it is my misfortune to be able to speak only by report. But every representation concurs, in drawing the same pleasing and affecting picture of the Roman simplicity in which that Father of his Country lived; of the frank, warm, cordial, and elegant reception that he gave to all who approached him; of the interesting kindness with which he disbursed the golden treasures of his experience, and shed around him the rays of his descending sun. His conversation was rich in anecdote and characters of the times that were past; rich in political and moral instruction; full of that best of wisdom, which is learnt from real life, and flowing from his heart with that warm and honest frankness, that fervour of feeling and force of diction, which so strikingly distinguished him in the meridian of his life. Many of us heard that simple and touching account given of a parting scene with him, by one of our eloquent divines: When he rose up from that little couch behind the door, on which he was wont to rest his aged and weary limbs, and with his silver locks hanging on each side of his honest face, stretched forth that pure hand, which was never soiled even by a suspicion, and gave his kind and parting benediction. Such was the blissful and honoured retirement of the sage of Quincy. Happy the life, which, verging upon a century, had met with but one serious political disappointment! and for that, too, he had lived to receive a golden atonement. "Even there where he had garnered up his heart."

Let us now turn for a moment to the patriot of the South. The Roman moralist, in that great work which he has left for the government of man in all the offices of life, has descended to prescribe the kind of habitation in which an honoured and distinguished man should dwell. It should not, he says, be small, and mean, and sordid: nor, on the other hand, extended with profuse and wanton extravagance. It should be large enough to receive and accommodate the visiters which such a man never fails to attract, and suited in its ornaments, as well

as its dimensions, to the character and fortune of the individual. Monticello has now lost its great charm. Those of you who have not already visited it, will not be very apt to visit it hereafter: and, from the feelings which you cherish for its departed owner, I persuade myself that you will not be displeased with a brief and rapid sketch of that abode of domestic bliss, that temple of science. Nor is it, indeed, foreign to the express purpose of this meeting, which, in looking to "his life and character," naturally embraces his home and his domestic habits. Can any thing be indifferent to us, which was so dear to him, and which was a subject of such just admiration to the hundreds and thousands that were continually resorting to it, as to an object of pious pilgrimage?

The Mansion House at Monticello was built and furnished in the days of his prosperity. In its dimensions, its architecture, its arrangements and ornaments, it is such a one as became the character and fortune of the man. It stands upon an elliptic plain, formed by cutting down the apex of a mountain; and, on the west, stretching away to the north and the south, it commands a view of the Blue Ridge for a hundred and fifty miles, and brings under the eye one of the boldest and most beautiful horizons in the world; while, on the east, it presents an extent of prospect bounded only by the spherical form of the earth, in which nature seems to sleep in eternal repose, as if to form one of her finest contrasts with the rude and rolling grandeur on the west. In the wide prospect, and scattered to the north and south, are several detached mountains, which contribute to animate and diversify this enchanting landscape; and among them, to the south, Willis's Mountain, which is so interestingly depicted in his Notes. From this summit, the Philosopher was wont to enjoy that spectacle, among the sublimest of Nature's operations, the looming of the distant mountains; and to watch the motions of the planets, and the greater revolution of the celestial sphere. From this summit, too, the patriot could look down, with uninterrupted vision, upon the wide expanse of the world around, for which he considered himself born; and upward, to the open and vaulted heavens which he seemed to approach, as if to keep him continually in mind of his high responsibility. It is indeed a prospect in which you see and feel, at once, that

nothing mean or little could live. It is a scene fit to nourish those great and high-souled principles which formed the elements of his character, and was a most noble and appropriate post for such a sentinel over the rights and liberties of man.

Approaching the house on the east, the visiter instinctively paused, to cast around one thrilling glance at this magnificent panorama; and then passed to the vestibule, where, if he had not been previously informed, he would immediately perceive that he was entering the house of no common man. In the spacious and lofty hall which opens before him, he marks no tawdry and unmeaning ornaments; but before, on the right, on the left, all around, the eye is struck and gratified with objects of science and taste, so classed and arranged as to produce their finest effect. On one side, specimens of sculpture set out, in such order, as to exhibit at a coup d'œil, the historical progress of that art; from the first rude attempts of the aborigines of our country, up to that exquisite and finished bust of the great patriot himself, from the master hand of Caracci. On the other side, the visiter sees displayed a vast collection of specimens of Indian art, their paintings, weapons, ornaments, and manufactures; on another, an array of the fossil productions of our country, mineral and animal; the polished remains of those colossal monsters that once trod our forests, and are no more; and a variegated display of the branching honours of those "monarchs of the waste," that still people the wilds of the American Continent.

From this hall he was ushered into a noble saloon, from which the glorious landscape of the west again bursts upon his view; and which, within, is hung thick around with the finest productions of the pencil—historical paintings of the most striking subjects from all countries, and all ages; the portraits of distinguished men and patriots, both of Europe and America, and medallions and engravings in endless profusion.

While the visiter was yet lost in the contemplation of these treasures of the arts and sciences, he was startled by the approach of a strong and sprightly step, and turning with instinctive reverence to the door of entrance, he was met by the tall, and animated, and stately figure of the patriot himself—his countenance beaming with intelligence and benignity, and his outstretched hand, with its strong and cordial pressure, con-

firming the courteous welcome of his lips. And then came that charm of manner and conversation that passes all description —so cheerful—so unassuming—so free, and easy, and frank, and kind, and gay—that even the young, and overawed, and embarrassed visiter at once forgot his fears, and felt himself by the side of an old and familiar friend.

THE BLIND PREACHER

From 'The British Spy.'

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity, to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering I was struck with his preternatural appearance; he was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! sacred God! how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; His trial before Pilate; His ascent up Calvary; His crucifixion, and His death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new: and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews: the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God, a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive, how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the

whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before, did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian and Milton, and associating with his performance, the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood, which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe—a kind of shuddering delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation, to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy, for our Saviour as a fellow creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored Him as—"a God!"

If this description give you the impression that this incomparable minister had any thing of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen, in any other orator, such a union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude or an accent, to which he

does not seem forced, by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and, at the same time, too dignified, to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is, not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short, yet beautiful character which he drew of our learned and amiable countryman, Sir Robert Boyle: he spoke of him, as if "his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh;" and called him, in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, "a pure intelligence: the link between men and angels."

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or of a totally different nature from the rest of men. As I recall, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide, with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his bard:

> On a rock, whose haughty brow,
> Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
> Robed in the sable garb of wo,
> With haggard eyes the poet stood:
> (Loose his beard and hoary hair
> Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air:)
> And with a poet's hand and prophet's fire,
> Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

HENRY A. WISE

[1806—1876]

EDWARD S. JOYNES

HENRY ALEXANDER WISE was born in Accomack County, Virginia, December 3, 1806, of mixed English and Scotch ancestry distinguished for talents and patriotism. At twelve years of age, he was sent to Margaret Academy, in Accomack, and in 1822 he entered Washington College, Pennsylvania, where he was graduated with honors, and especially with oratorical distinction, in 1825. In both of these schools he was trained in the rigid classical curriculum of that day, for which he always retained the deepest reverence (see his tribute to "The Humanities" in his 'Seven Decades of the Union'). He then went to the celebrated law school of Judge Henry St. George Tucker, at Winchester, Virginia. At Washington College he met the lady who became his first wife, Miss Ann Jennings, daughter of the Rev. Obadiah Jennings. At Washington College, also, he first saw General Andrew Jackson, and felt the first enthusiasm of hero worship.

Returning from the law school he began the practice of law in Accomack. But soon the "lure of love" called him, and in 1828 he removed to Nashville, where Dr. Jennings was then living, and was there married. The honeymoon was spent at "The Hermitage," of which, as well as of the journey in a buggy from Accomack to Nashville, a charming description is preserved in 'The Seven Decades.' But the love of home proved too strong, and in 1830 he returned to Accomack. In 1833 he was elected to Congress as a Jackson Democrat, opposed to nullification. The leading men of the district, almost without exception, were "Nullifiers," and the success of this young candidate was, under the circumstances, a remarkable personal triumph.

From this time the life of Mr. Wise belongs to the public history of the country. His career in Congress, from 1833 to 1844, was brilliant and influential. He was especially distinguished as the chief antagonist of the "Old Man Eloquent," John Quincy Adams, in defence of Southern rights. Alienated from the policy of Jackson, he became a leader in the opposition during Van Buren's administration. In the great campaign of 1840 his services were sought in all parts of the country, and along with his illustrious

friend, Sargent S. Prentiss, he made a memorable canvass. He was the author of the sentiment "The Union of the Whigs for the sake of the Union," which became the rallying cry of the party. After the death of President Harrison he was President Tyler's closest friend and adviser, and was the leader of the famous "Corporal's Guard" in Congress, which, though not numerous, was so distinguished in the political struggles of that excited time.

Mr. Wise's first wife died in 1837. In November, 1840, he was married to Miss Sarah Sergeant, of Philadelphia, daughter of the distinguished John Sergeant. In 1844 he was appointed Minister to Brazil. In this service he distinguished himself by strenuous opposition to the slave trade. His parting letter to his constituents, on resigning his seat in Congress, was an earnest appeal in behalf of free schools. On this subject Mr. Wise was far in advance of the public sentiment of that day in Virginia.

Returning from Brazil in 1847, Mr. Wise resumed the practice of law in Accomack, but was soon called again into public life as a candidate for the Virginia Convention of 1850. Here he won a signal triumph. Though differing with his constituents on the question of the basis of taxation and suffrage, he was elected over the strongest opposition. In this Convention, which included the foremost men of Virginia, he was the most prominent figure, and succeeded in securing most of the great objects for which he contended. One result of this work was his nomination as Democratic candidate for Governor in 1855.

Here we come to the most brilliant portion of Mr. Wise's brilliant career. His canvass against "Know-Nothingism" is one of the most memorable in the history of Virginia politics. With a courage and endurance unsurpassed—with an eloquence indescribable in power and effect—he traversed the State from the ocean to the Ohio, and stayed the rising tide of a political movement which had seemed destined to sweep the country. The result was a most memorable triumph of personality, of conviction, and of eloquence in public affairs, and it gave to Mr. Wise the highest national fame.

We have no space to recount the administration of Mr. Wise as governor. It was a critical time. Governor Wise was found equal to every occasion. In the affair of the John Brown raid his conduct won not only the approval of Virginia but the admiration of the country. He saw the coming shadow of war. He strove for peace and union, yet earnestly urged preparation for the worst.

The second Mrs. Wise had died in 1850. In 1853 Mr. Wise married Miss Mary Lyons of Richmond. His life was richly blessed and deeply influenced by the love of three noble women.

On the expiration of his term as Governor, Mr. Wise removed to

Princess Anne County. But crowding events left him little time for retirement. On the election of Lincoln he foresaw the coming struggle. He was opposed to secession, but in favor of "fighting in the Union." As a member of the Virginia Convention he urged this view in vain, but finally voted for secession, after President Lincoln's call for troops. What might have been the result of Mr. Wise's policy it is now useless to speculate; but he died in the belief that thus the Union might have been saved, and the rights of the South secured.

Of Mr. Wise's military career, as brigadier-general, in West Virginia, on Roanoke Island (where his gifted son, O. Jennings Wise, was killed), at Charleston, on James River, and at Appomattox, it is needless to speak. Sufficient to say that the same power he had always shown to attract love and loyalty was manifested in the devotion of his officers and soldiers; that he met every fortune, of defeat or of success, with lofty mind; and that he surrendered with Lee at Appomattox, after receiving the highest encomiums from his commanding general, and from General Lee himself, for conspicuous gallantry and "unconquerable spirit," during this "most trying retreat."

The war left General Wise's home in alien hands. He repaired to Richmond, where he began again the practice of law. He refused to apply for pardon or to take the oath of amnesty; yet, strange to say, he was trusted and often consulted by the military commanders. For several years Mr. Wise enjoyed a lucrative practice in Richmond, yet not without severe struggle. His heart was wrung by the condition of his people; yet he clearly foresaw the dawn of a brighter day, and in this hope he was cheerful to the end. He died September 12, 1876, in the confidence of a perfect Christian faith. His death called forth the tenderest expressions of respect and love from the Bar, from the City, and from the entire State.

So much of brief biography seemed to be due to a man so distinguished and influential as was Mr. Wise. But when we come to estimate his position in Southern literature, a difficult question arises: What is literature, and what constitutes literary distinction?

Mr. Wise was well equipped both by nature and by education for literary expression; he was a wide reader and a practiced writer; yet he never acquired a distinct style. His expression, guided by temperament rather than by intellect, varied with his moods, and his moods were oceanic alike in power and variableness. During the period of his political prominence (say from 1840 to 1860) his letters, covering almost every pending subject, were often masterpieces of political exposition; yet only a few of them have been preserved. After the war he wrote his 'Seven Decades of the Union.' This

book, which, the writer says, "is not altogether a biography and not at all a history"—and which he described as "a task of tears dashed with some sacred joy"—presents delightful glimpses of Mr. Wise's varied style and of his attractive personality. It is full of vivid and charming descriptions of persons, of places, and of events. Yet this book, delightful and valuable as it is, would hardly alone entitle Mr. Wise to a place in the record of Southern literature. Whence, then, is his claim?

Mr. Wise was, supremely and gloriously, an *orator*. Is spoken eloquence literature? Measured by its duration it certainly is not; for no printed page, even if the words are recorded, can give any conception of the entrancing power of *spoken* eloquence at the moment of utterance. Yet, if measured by power and effect, surely oratory is literature, and, in its highest forms, belongs to the highest literature; for no mode of human expression is so potent. Perhaps it is part of the law of compensation that that which is so immediately potential, like the mighty flash of the lightning, should be transitory—it would be too dangerous a power if permanent.

No possible description can convey to the reader any just conception of the power of Mr. Wise's oratory. For this power he was supremely gifted: with a tall, slender, sinewy person; a head of classic beauty; a countenance strong, mobile, luminous; an eye that flashed with fire or melted with tenderness; a large and powerful mouth—a form and face, in a word, most unusual and impressive—and a voice whose power of depth or tenderness, of sweetness or terror, no words can describe, Mr. Wise was a past-master of every art of the orator. His mimicry was perfect; his denunciation was terrible; his power to command every emotion was unrivaled. The simplest words, often as they fell from his lips, had a strange, magical power. The writer has heard many great speakers, on great occasions, but he never has heard anyone who equaled Henry A. Wise. And—as is always the case—it was "the man behind the word" that gave to the word its most potent energy. It was the earnestness, the passion, of the speaker, and the sympathetic faith of the audience in the man, that made his speech so irresistible. Such a power is a potent, a perilous gift. No man ever used it more nobly, or for nobler uses than did Henry A. Wise.

Of this wonderful power of Mr. Wise's eloquence, many testimonies exist, but unfortunately only few records; indeed, no adequate record would be possible. Such impressions may be remembered—they cannot be reproduced. Notable descriptions by Governor Cameron of Virginia, and by the poet, James Barron Hope, are quoted in the 'Life of Governor Wise,' by his grandson, Barton Wise, and a few quotations are added in the following pages. But

no quotation or description can give any idea of Mr. Wise's power as a speaker. It is a remarkable fact, too, that the same extraordinary charm showed itself in Mr. Wise's familiar talk. He never was more charming than in his own home, or in the familiar circle of friends. He did not, as is so often the case, grow smaller by proximity, and it can be truly said that those who knew him best most admired and loved him. My own remembrance of him is among my most precious possessions.

Edmund Ingles.

FORMATION AND ADMISSION OF NEW STATES

From an Address on "Territorial Government and the Admission of New States," delivered in 1859.

. . . And here we approach the steps of the heights of sovereignty in the people. Thus far they are, and have been considered, in the territorial state, and now they are to make a sovereign state of a territory. They have been in provincial pupilage, under the protecting power and patronage of the congress, as trustee and agent of the whole United. States. . . . In a word, a munificent and beneficent free federal government has led them by the hand, during their infant weakness and poverty, in the wilderness, until they have grown strong and able to stand and walk and run, with vigorous strides, alone. And now, they are to put on the attributes of sovereignty; the potentiality and puissance of self-government. They are to put away childish things, and become more than men—an American, self-governed, sovereign people. Ah, what beauty and beneficence and power there have been in the operation of our Constitution, and land laws and ordinances, when allowed to operate in the full virtue and wisdom of their grand original conception. There was no precedent for them in human history. They are original. The feudal system, the system of the common and civil laws, were nothing like them, and nothing to compare with them. Next to the wisdom of the Constitution itself, is the wisdom of the land system of the United States. . . . It opened the western

forests, and forded the western mighty rivers, and bridged streams, and made wagon roads over mountains, and built the millions of happy homes which now shelter the valleys and plains of our vast western world. Never before has any land system worked such wonders of settlement and civilization, and physical and moral subjugation for man's development. Never before has migration been poured from overflowing fountains of population into a wild, wide world, waiting for man, his axe, his hoe and his plough, and his schoolhouse, and his court-house, and his state-house! And now that the territory is ready for it, and as soon as it is ready for it, it shall have its state-house; its *own* constitution, its *own* laws, its own legislature and executive and judiciary. When ready, it shall ascend to the high priesthood of political rights, and it shall minister at the altar of civil and religious liberty, with sovereign power.

No people should assume that holy office without their proper probation and preparation. To create a new state is the highest attribute of man. It comes next to the attribute of Deity, to create a sentient, responsible being, clothed with the fearful powers of good and evil over thousands and millions, for generations and ages. . . .

This is not a contest to be decided by the laws of man, but by the laws of nature, and by the providence of God; not by that "higher law" of high-handed aggression and arrogant dominancy which sets at naught constitutions and statutes of human government, but by reverence for laws, human and divine, and by enlightened reason and conscience, which teach us to follow nature and to pursue the path of experience and profit which she points out. The "fool in his heart who says there is no God," sees the frost king shooting his borealis lights from the north pole, and he then looks to the sun of the summer solstice which never crosses Cancer's line north, and he says there is a war in the elements of nature, and nature herself, he thinks, sets them contending—frost with sun, cold with heat, north with south, and south with north. But how differently does nature's music of the spheres answer back in all ultimate harmony and peace! The law of frost and the law of the sun are reconciled and kiss each other in the blending of lights and temperature, in the equipoise of expansion

and contraction, in the variety of climate and of production, in the supply and sustentation of animal and vegetable life and health in every form of its existence. Nature makes no wars, but arrays and mingles elements, and subdues the one by the other only when her course is opposed or obstructed. Her hyperborean cold piles up icebergs, and these again her heat melts apart and sets them floating towards an equator to refrigerate the seas of the south, to make invigorating winds and airs and fructifying dews and rains. This is all as harmonious as heat and cold, if God alone be acknowledged the supreme providence, and if his work and law be not obstructed and opposed by the folly of man. The heat and the cold, the frost and the sun seem to contend, but it is only at last to make harmony and variety, and a perfect balance by counter-influence and exchange of forces. And so this seeming war of north and south would be ultimately happy and harmonious, but for the ignorance and narrowness and short-sightedness of human vision.

TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON

Address delivederd at the Unveiling of the Washington Monument, at Richmond, 1858.

COUNTRYMEN AND FELLOW-CITIZENS!

Virginia has called the Nation, its Elders and Councilors; her sister States, their Governors, Lawgivers and Judges; her own People and all the children of this Confederate Family of Freedom, to assemble this anniversary birthday around the Monument she has raised to the memory of that son whose wisdom, valor and virtue won the grandest, proudest, purest of all earthly titles, "Father of his Country!" In her name, I bid you all—all! welcome to the gathering around VIRGINIA'S MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

Magic name! If none other under Heaven can draw us to each other, that talisman can touch the chords of unison, and clasp us hand to hand, and bind us heart to heart, in the kindred heirship of one Patriot Father!—Before that august name Feud and Faction stand abashed:—Civil Discord hushes into awed silence:—schisms and sections are subdued and vanish:—for, in the very naming of that name, there is the sweet concord of Love, Veneration, Gratitude, Duty, Patri-

otism and Self-Devotion:—In it there is the harmony of peace and the power only of victorious war, and the spell of Order, and Liberty and Law, and the strength and beauty of National Union. It typifies all that there is and ought to be of goodness, greatness and majesty in that country we call "Our Country!"—the United States of America. And that country is the best type of its father.

We will, then, this day gather together the National Affections and bind them as American fasces around this Statue erected by the Mother State to the Father Son.

Virginia:

Parent of valor, cast away thy fear!
Mother of men, be proud without a tear!

What a theme! What a scene for men and angels! May our God, in whose bosom he rests, who guarded him in our country's battles, and who guided him in our country's councils, vouchsafe that his spirit may continue to hover over the land he saved, and perpetuate it peaceful, powerful, plentiful, and free, through all vicissitudes of storm and sunshine, until earthly monuments shall moulder into dust, and humanity shall triumph over the probation of Time, or Time itself shall be no more.

SPEECH AT THE FREE SCHOOL CELEBRATION

Delivered in Northampton County, 1850.

. . . FATHERS! farmers! I pray you to watch and work for your children, only as you watch and work for the grass of the field. For your corn-plants you, in season, prepare the soil by patient ploughing: at much cost of labor and money you fertilize the earth: early you put in the seed: that seed you guard by every device against every devouring or destroying enemy: the moment the tender shoot springs forth you apply the ploughshare, and give air to the plants, and this you do both ways: you watch the growth with the eye of experience and at the proper time, after breaking every clod, when the plant has strength and blade to bear it, you give it earth for its roots, and this is done both ways: and you pluck out grass and every noxious weed: and you look to the sun and the

cloud and to Heaven's rain and dew with hope and prayer. And by and by the stock shoots forth an ear, and then comes the beautiful silk and fructifying tassels, and at last, the "sere and yellow leaf" of autumn bears witness to you of the reward of all your toil in an abundant harvest. Your winter stores are laid by, Providence is bountiful, and your barns groan under the weight of the golden grain! What would your fields have yielded but for labor, but for expense and perseverance in toil? Naught but noxious weeds. The minds of your children are more precious plants than are those of the corn! If ye so work and so watch for these, what ought ye not to do for that plant which is not grass of the fields, which is not food for beasts, which is not to bear fruit of earth—that plant which is a moral, sentient being, the emanation of the Divine breath, that plant of reason and conscience, and passions and affections, which is immortal! . . .

Children of the Free Schools!—Oh! that my lips were touched by the live coals from off the altar, I would inspire you with the eager love and aspiration for Knowledge and Virtue!—Could you but be made to know your destiny and its temporal and eternal wants, no power of state or parent or prince could withhold you from the fountains of both. Could you but drink deep and drink early of the Pierian spring, the sons should at once be wiser than their fathers and the daughters be mightier than their mothers. Ye should be armed with a wand of potent magic more wondrous to yourselves than the fables of the Arabian nights. Ye should brighten all earth with gladness and glory around you! The sun should glow more glorious and the stars shine more dazzling bright, and earth should spread a greener carpet of herbage, and houses should be palaces, and thickets groves of ambrosial shade, the fountains should be fresher, the sea sublimer! And ye should have power and place, and your pride should be exalted, and ye should have gold and all it gilds. Your ambition should be filled to perfect bliss of enjoyment; ye should have posterity happier than yourselves and gilded monuments and a history of renown among nations throughout all time! To open to this scene and state of enchantment the whole secret lies in searching for and finding the Diamond key of Knowledge and Virtue!

LATENT WEALTH OF VIRGINIA

From a Speech delivered at Alexandria, Virginia, 1855.

. . . VIRGINIA has every element of commerce, of agriculture, of mining and of manufacturing. On Chesapeake Bay, from the mouth of the Rappahannock to the capes of the Chesapeake, you have roadsteads and harbors sufficient to float the navies of the world. From the river of Swans, on whose margin we are, down to the line of North Carolina, you have the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the Penankatank, from Mobjack Bay to James River and the Elizabeth River—all meeting in the most beautiful sheets of water of all the seas of the earth. You have the bowels of your Western mountains rich in iron, in copper, in coal, in salt, in gypsum, and the very earth is rich in oil which makes the very rivers inflame. You have the line of the Alleghany, that beautiful blue ridge which stands placed there by the Almighty, not to obstruct the way of the people to market, but placed there in the very bounty of Providence to milk the clouds, to make the sweet springs which are the sources of your rivers. And at the head of every stream is the waterfall murmuring the very music of your power. And yet commerce has long ago spread her sails and sailed away from you; you have not, as yet, dug more than coal enough to warm yourselves at your own hearths; you have set no tilt-hammer of Vulcan to strike blows worthy of gods in iron foundries. You have not yet spun more than coarse cotton enough to clothe your own slaves. You have had no commerce, no mining, no manufacturing. You have relied alone on the single power of agriculture—and such agriculture! Your sedge patches outshine the sun. Your inattention to your only source of wealth has scarred the very bosom of Mother Earth. Instead of having cattle to feed on a thousand hills, you have to chase the stump-tailed steer through the sedge patches to get a tough beefsteak for your breakfast. And yet old Virginia has still a million and a half of population—she has still her harbors and rivers and her water power, and every source of wealth which thinking men, active men, enterprising men, need apply to. . . .

PRESIDENT JACKSON RECEIVES THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR

From 'Seven Decades of the Union.'

. . . But, on another occasion, his ignorance of language did entangle him in a ridiculous mistake, and almost in a scrape. During his administration, whilst Mr. Louis McLane of Delaware, was Secretary of State, France sent a certain dashing Minister to Washington, a young man just elevated above the grade of chargé, whose passion was display. His outfit of equipage, grooms, postilions, and gold lace was magnificent. He called on the Secretary of State to appoint an audience with the President; and Mr. McLane, an accomplished, easy gentleman, begged him to call the next morning at ten o'clock at the State office, and he would accompany and present him to the President.

Monsieur le Ministre mistook as to the *place* of calling. He thought he was to call at the President's mansion at ten o'clock A.M. Accordingly, in full panoply of costume, in coach-and-four, with attendants, grooms, postilions, outriders, and footmen, at the hour appointed he drove up to the front door of the White House, instead of the State Department, where Mr. McLane was awaiting his arrival.

At that time the President was served by a French cook, and the celebrated Irishman, Jemmy O'Neal, was General Jackson's petted major-domo. The hour was about the time of General Jackson's finishing puff of the pipe after breakfast, and he smoked, as he did everything else, with all his might! His mode was no Latakia curl, no dreamy, thready line, from barely-opened lips; but a full drawing and expanding volume of white cloud, rising up whiff after whiff, puff after puff, and bowl and stem and pipe all smoked as hard and fast as they could, and the fire was red and the ashes hot, and the whole room was so obfuscated that one could hardly breathe its atmosphere or see. His usual mode of sitting while smoking was with his left leg thrown across the right, and the left toe brought behind the right tendon-Achilles, and the long pipe-stem resting in the fork or crotch of the two knees, and reaching nearly to the floor. He smoked the old Powhatan bowl,

with reed stem very long. In this attitude he was sitting and smoking, whilst Mr. McLane was waiting at the State office for Mr. Minister, and whilst Mr. Minister was riding up to the presidential mansion. He arrived—the French cook in the kitchen, Jemmy O'Neal about his business, and General Jackson alone in his office. A bustle was made, bells began to ring, Jemmy was summoned to the door, and there presented itself all this parade. The divil a word could Jemmy understand, and the best he could do was to run up-stairs to the General and announce somebody very grand; but Jemmy winked that all didn't seem right, as there seemed too much fuss for that soon in the morning, and it might be, after all, an imposition:—"Och, there was no telling about the thing, it was so unusual!" It might turn out what afterwards occurred—a Lawrence affair! The general quietly replied, "Oh, Jemmy, show the stranger up—we will see who it is." Jemmy ran, and Jackson sat smoking, when presently the room-door was thrown wide open, and a manikin of gold-lace entered, cocked hat, with bullion and white feather, flourished in hand, making a salaam to the right and a salaam to the left with tremendous sweeps, whizzing and whirring French with vehement gesture, and approaching nearer and nearer; it seemed threatening in the extreme!

The President quit smoking, beat the bowl of his pipe in his hand, rose quickly, took hold of the back of his chair, and exclaimed with strong voice, "By the eternal gods, Jemmy O'Neal, who is this?"

Jemmy, with eyes and ears open, and hands ready, was amazedly looking on, when, fortunately, he bethought him of the French cook, and ran for him. There was no time to be lost: so the French cook, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, and just as he was, besprinkled white with flour, ran up with Jemmy, arriving just in time to save Mr. Minister's pate from being smashed by the chair in General Jackson's hands.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the cook: "it is the grand minister of Louis Philippe!"

"Oh!" said the general: "walk in, sir; there is no ceremony here!" and he was about taking the minister by both hands just as Mr. McLane entered to see the mistake, to witness the

prevention of the catastrophe, and to enjoy the joke, which made him a thousand times afterwards "shake" with jollity "like a bowlful of jelly."

A NEW ERA

From a Speech delivered at Winchester, Virginia, 1867.

. . . THE plantation interest is gone, and farming, embracing every variety of products instead of a few large staples—arboriculture, horticulture, and stock-feeding and grazing, and cultivating on a small scale none but the most improved lands, and these tilled to the square inch by the most able, intelligent, and skilful laborers, hired at a rate which close farming only can afford—must be substituted, and will change and immensely enrich the whole system of our agriculture. This is not a matter of theory, but it is a stubborn fact, a stern necessity which we must look steadily in the face, with the resolution, industry, and perseverance to conform to the change. It is repulsive to our habits, awkward and burdensome at first, and we were wholly unprepared for it. But we have no alternative and must abide the result. How abide it? Fold our arms and cry out, "What can we do?" "We have no capital." No; there is a blessing beyond measure in this change. Nothing but fire and blood could have driven us to it, and it has shown what a *weakness* to our people African slavery was. Its weakness was so great that itself amounted to wickedness. Nothing but *negrodom* ever could have conquered such a people as were the masters of Virginia slaves! The faith of Jackson foresaw this: the war was inevitable, it was providential. Nothing but war could have shocked us out of this weakness into a new strength and vigor. We had to fight, and had to surrender, too; but it was in the end to be a noble, a great and incalculable victory. It was to build anew thousands of cottages, hamlets, and towns and cities where heretofore stood lone mansions of masters whose broad-spread acres were scourged by slaves. It was to improve labor by a price laid upon it; it was to bring an eye over every inch of soil and to fructify it by the watchful interest and active attention of its own proprietor; and it was to increase a white

population that would be numerous and strong and give the land its greatest pride, a solid Caucasian yeomanry, instead of being filled by ignorant, lazy slaves of a degraded race! Do you say that this will overdo farming? I reply that farming, the production of bread-stuffs, fruits, and grapes, can't be overdone. The more farming, less will labor and living cost, and a people can't be but strong that can and will produce its own bread and meat and clothing cheap, and the more plentiful the cheaper. The lands will pay all the laborers worthy of their hire that you can put upon them, and the old problem: "How little labor for how much land?" will be more than solved by its opposing problem: "How much labor on how little land?" Like Agricola at Rome, on one-tenth, after division to nine sons, you shall realize more than was made before on the whole. Don't call out for Hercules, don't cry to the North nor to the money-changers for capital—a curse of the times that sells conscience and soils honor, and betrays comrades and country—but put your own shoulders to the wheel! Oh! young men who have fathers with naught now left but negro-scourged tobacco and wheat fields, burthened with old debts enough to break the hearts of honest men and make them bow in want with sorrow to the grave—pull off your broadcloths—bare your arms—blister your hands until blisters become callous, to plough and reap the plenty which earnest labor will surely bring home to pay debts and provide comfort and maintain manly independence! You have no longer the host of slavery's drones to feed and clothe; your expenses now are comparatively small. Only be self-denying, determined, and work! You need not fear that there will be too many of you in the field. But if there are, those not wanting and not willing there can find occupations now multiplied and varied beyond what plantations afforded, to try their fortunes on. Mining, manufacturing, commerce, mechanic arts, will now open avenues for skill and enterprise; and improvements in all these will soon pay professional avocations higher fees and wages than ever compensated them before.

Have your fathers thousands of acres of land which now yield no income and cannot afford to pay labor for their cultivation? Lay off the garden spots, scrape the mounds of

humus all around every curtilage, compost your wasted manures for the little space you can till, and sell or rent out or let lie out every impoverished acre. Aye, do better—*advertise to select emigrants that you will gladly give to them one-half your superfluous lands and help them build and fence them, if they will come and settle the other half.* Their settlement will make the other half far more valuable than was or is the whole. They will give you neighborhood and life, and bring to you new lights, and be your source of most efficient labor and of richest terms. Abandon *"one ideas";* here it is wheat, there it is tobacco, yonder corn and potatoes, and somewhere else it is brandy and goober-peas. Go to the fields and be taught by your own experience; learn of other crops and prepare your own fertilizers from the forest leaves and pine tags and straw and from well-fed cattle and pig pens. Don't stand on the river bank like the fool of Horace and wait for the waters to pass by before you cross this Rubicon. Don't wait to manure until you can get capital to buy guano. Borrow not at all, but work, and you will have wherewith to lend. The faith of Jackson saw this, that the war would put our young men to work. No more fair hands! No more lazy morning hours! No more cigars and juleps! No more card-parties and club-idleness! No more siren retreats in summer, and city hells in winter!

The hard necessity which presses down upon our people may change the Virginia character in some lamentable respects, but it will also happily strengthen it in other important traits. It will dispel some weaknesses which, though grand and noble, impeded the power and progress of the State. Of the true old Virginian it may well be said:

> High-minded he was ever, and improvident,
> But pitiful and generous to a fault;
> Pleasures he loved, but honor was his idol.

To young Virginians I would say: High-minded, pitiful, and generous be as were your fathers; honor must ever be your idol; but be *just* before you are *generous;* and let a life of mere *pleasure* and all *improvidence* now cease.

JOHN SERGEANT WISE

[1846—1913]

J. H. LINDSAY

JOHN SERGEANT WISE, son of Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, and Sarah, daughter of the Honorable John Sergeant, of Philadelphia, was born at Rio de Janeiro, December 26, 1846, when his father was United States Minister to Brazil. After 1847 he lived at the paternal residence in the County of Accomac, Virginia, and in Richmond, when his father was Governor, from 1856 to 1860. He attended several preparatory schools, and the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. He remained at the Institute until May, 1864, when the cadet corps joined General Breckenridge in the Shenandoah Valley to repel General Siegel. He was wounded in the battle of Newmarket, May 15, 1864. In the summer of that year he was at Petersburg with his father, and in October was commissioned drill-master with the rank and pay of a lieutenant in the provisional army of the Confederacy, and was in the battle of Saltville. The next winter he was adjutant to a reserve battalion of artillery, and when Richmond was evacuated he was the last despatch-bearer from Jefferson Davis to General Lee, and bore General Lee's last despatch to Mr. Davis at Danville. While bearing return despatches, he learned of the surrender of Lee's army, and, turning southward, made his way to the army of General Johnston, with which he served until its surrender.

After the war Mr. Wise returned to his studies. At the University of Virginia he gained the debaters' medal of the Washington Literary Society, and was graduated in law, moral philosophy, and political economy in 1867, and was a student under those famous teachers, John B. Minor and William H. McGuffey. He began the practice of his profession in Richmond before he was twenty-one, and two years later married Miss Eva Douglas, of Nashville, Tennessee. He was a partner of his father until the death of Governor Wise in 1876.

About 1875 he became interested in a controversy for a Virginia senatorship between Colonel Knight and General Bradley T. Johnson, and published a series of newspaper letters arraigning the party managers for their corrupt methods. The prominence thus gained brought him to the front in the so-called reform element in Richmond politics. He supported the movement which resulted in the

nomination for Governor of Colonel Frederick W. M. Holliday in 1877. A year later he declined a nomination for Congress in favor of General Joseph E. Johnston. Mr. Wise's course carried him beyond the limits of the Democratic party and invited and received the condemnation of a large number of Virginians of the class to which his family belonged.

Whether Mr. Wise was right or wrong, he was regarded as too advanced politically, and shared the fate of the pioneer. At times public feeling against him in Virginia has been strong and even bitter. He has made no effort to placate it, and his utterances have at all times been bold, exceedingly keen, and sometimes bitter; but the most violent of his opponents have always admitted his abilities, and his integrity never has been impugned. And men forget their objections to his political views when they recall his career as a boy soldier, a strong, successful lawyer, a man devoted to his friends, a sportsman, a wit, and a host.

In 1880 he was independent candidate for Congress against his cousin, George D. Wise, Democrat, and was defeated, but was compensated (in 1881) with an appointment as United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia.

In 1882 he was elected Congressman-at-large from Virginia. In Congress he voted with the Republican party, and in May, 1885, he was the Republican candidate for Governor of Virginia, but was defeated by General Fitzhugh Lee, a result never accepted by Mr. Wise or his supporters, as justified by the true returns.

In 1887 he became counsel for an electric company constructing in Richmond the first electric railway in the United States. In consequence of this employment he removed to New York in 1888, where in turn he was general counsel for the Sprague Electric Company and attorney for the Railroad Department of the Edison Electric Company and of the General Electric Company, as they were successively formed, an employment which demanded his attention in twenty-seven States of the Union and in England. Since 1888 he has lived in New York, where he has practiced his profession. Mr. Wise, however, never has entirely separated himself from Virginia, for he has owned for the last fourteen years a farm on the Point of Cape Charles, Virginia, where he and his family spend several months each year.

A great national controversy arose between electric railways and the telephone companies. Mr. Wise had charge of this, and for several years was engaged in it almost exclusively upon first coming to New York, and became a leading legal authority upon subjects pertaining to that controversy. His arguments were translated into German and used in the debates in the German Reichstag.

Recently he has turned his attention to general practice, particularly to railroad reorganizations and corporations. He has also been prominent in politics as a Republican, and in society; is a member of several leading clubs, and has a national reputation as a campaign orator.

Of late Mr. Wise has devoted his leisure time to literary pursuits and has produced a number of books. He is especially happy as a writer of short articles upon a great variety of subjects, has been known for many years as an authority upon field sports, and has written fluently over the pen name of "Plover" in many sporting journals of America. Among his historical sketches are those of General Lee, Stonewall Jackson, General Longstreet, General Johnston, John B. Gordon, Henry Irving, and Joseph Jefferson. He has contributed valuable articles upon the practice of dueling. Such a sketch, coming from the hand of Mr. Wise, is especially interesting and is entitled to great weight, for, having himself recognized the code on more than one occasion, he was, perhaps, the first prominent Virginian to seek to give a death-blow to the practice.

Mr. Wise, in an address to the cadet corps, gave the first description of the battle of New Market, in which the corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute distinguished itself. All subsequent attempts to portray the spirit of this band of boys, their gallantry and the events of the conflict, sink into insignificance compared with this romantic description from Mr. Wise's pen.

Like most authors, Mr. Wise has the highest regard for that one of his books which is not the popular favorite. He says his head may have been best in 'The End of an Era,' but his heart was in 'Doomed' and his soul in 'The Lion's Skin,' which has been least noticed.

A list of his books includes: 'Doomed' (1898); 'The End of an Era' (1899); 'The Lion's Skin' (1905); 'Recollections of Thirteen Presidents' (1906); 'Citizenship' (1906), and 'The American Pedigreed Pointer.'

The volume 'Citizenship,' while a work on legal topics, is a popular treatment of the subject designed for educated citizens and intelligible to them, not only lawyers but laymen. In this work not only the law upon the subject, but decisions of the courts on all its phases, and citations of every case ever decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, involving any question of citizenship, are set forth.

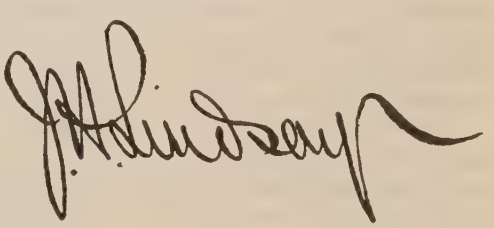
'Diomed' is the "Black Beauty" of dog fiction. Mr. Wise makes a noble setter dog which he owned and loved tell the story of his hunting days. This book has been read by thousands of sportsmen

and their children, who have laughed at its humor and who have been brought to tears by its pathos.

'The Lion's Skin' is a story of reconstruction days in Virginia, based upon fact. The events described are those in which the author was a leading figure. It is a confession of the author's soul, and a book which shows how he has been ruled by his convictions. What is probably most valuable, historically speaking, in 'The Lion's Skin' is Mr. Wise's description of the University of Virginia, its customs and the life of its students during the days following the Civil War.

'The Recollections of Thirteen Presidents' is remarkable for its personal, intimate story of the author's acquaintance with thirteen Presidents of the United States. It throws much light on the customs of the times and on the personal character and peculiarities of these great men, and from its pages we learn much for which we would search more formal records in vain.

Mr. Wise's latest work is 'The American Pedigreed Pointer,' which appeared serially in *The American Field.* This is one of the most complete and remarkable books of its kind ever written, for it contains a record and history of the breeding of every pointer dog of any prominence that ever ran in the United States.



THE MISTRESS OF ONLY

From 'The End of an Era.' Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

But it was not so with the mistress of Only. She had too much of the old Puritan blood in her to ignore the word "duty." She adored her husband, and was as ambitious as himself, which is saying a great deal. She knew that if he was to maintain his professional and political prominence, she must assume her share of the duties of their domestic life; and when she fully realized what that meant for her, she doubted her ability to bear the burden it imposed; but, asking God to sustain her, resolved to try.

With the abundance of servants at her command, the care of her children was a task comparatively easy. But it was these very servants who were the chief cause of her anxieties. They were slaves. When she had consented to marry her husband, she had not fully considered, perhaps, the difference between conducting a Philadelphia household and being mistress of a Virginia plantation. At the former place, an impudent or sick or worthless servant might be discharged or sent to the hospital, and the place supplied by another. Here, a discharge was impossible. Beside the necessity for discipline, every requirement, whether of food or clothing, or care in sickness, had to be supplied to these forty servants, who were as dependent as so many babies. In those days, slavery was not looked upon, even in Quaker Philadelphia, with the shudder and abhorrence one feels towards it now. It had not been a great while since it existed in Pennsylvania. A few slaves were still owned in Delaware, and Maryland and Virginia were slave States. The time had come, it is true, when it was abolished in Pennsylvania; but its existence was a fact so familiar that it produced no particular protest or expression of abhorrence, and, by all save a small coterie of abolitionists, was regarded as probably permanent. Slave-owners mingled with non-slave-owners upon terms of mutual regard and respect, unaffected, apparently at least, by any consideration of the subject of slavery.

Even if my mother had no qualms of conscience concerning ownership of negroes, her sense of duty carried her far beyond the mere supplying of their physical needs, or requiring that they render faithful service. Forty immortal souls, as she viewed it, had been committed to her guidance. Every time one of these gentle and affectionate creatures called her "mistress," the sense of obligation resting upon her, to keep their souls as well as their bodies fit for God, echoed back to her tender heart with alarming distinctness. And in time, sweetly and humbly as she performed her task, it became very irksome. She sleeps to-day in Laurel Hill, on the banks of the Schuylkill, having died at the early age of thirty-three, and no one knows how much that sense of duty contributed to her death.

Ah, you who blame the slaveholder of the olden day, how

little you know whereof you speak, or how he or she became such; how little allowance you make for surrounding circumstances; how little you reck, in your general anathemas against the slave-owner, of the true and beautiful and good lives that sacrificed themselves, toiling to do their duty to the slaves in that state of life to which it pleased God to call them! There is not a graveyard in Old Virginia but has some tombstone marking the resting-place of somebody who accepted slavery as he or she found it, who bore it as a duty and a burden, and who wore himself or herself out in the conscientious effort to perform that duty well. Mark you, I am not bemoaning the abolition of slavery. It was a curse, and nobody knows better than I the terrible abuses which were possible and actual under the system. Thank God, it is gone.

All that I am saying to you now is, you who fought slavery, as well as you who have heard it described in the passionate denunciations following its death, realize that the name of slave-owner did not always, or even in the majority of cases, imply that the slave-owner was one whit less conscientious, or one whit less entitled to man's respect or God's love, than you, who, because, perhaps, you were never slave-owners, delight to picture them as something inferior to your precious selves. After all, it was not you, but God, that abolished slavery. You were His mere instruments to do His work.

In the case of my mother, her task was somewhat lightened by the character of her possessions, for the slaves were of more than usual intelligence, and were, for the most part, family inheritances.

This was no abode of hardship and stony hearts. No slaves were sold from that plantation. The young ones might have eaten their master's head off before he would have taken money for their fathers' and their mothers' children. No overseer brandished the whip that is so prominent a feature upon the stage, or in the abolition books of fiction.

Back to me, through the mists of nearly half a century, comes once more the vision of the young Puritan mother, who followed the man she loved into this exile from every association of her youth, and yet was happy in that love because she worshipped him next to her God.

Now I see her upon a Sabbath afternoon, with all her slaves assembled in the hallways, dressed in their Sunday clothes. Young and old, her own children and her servants, are gathered about her to listen to the word of God.

I have heard many great orators and preachers in my day, but never a voice like that of my mother, as she read and expounded the Holy Word to her children and to her slaves.

In later years, I have heard great voices and great melodies, but never sweeter sounds to mortal ear than those of my mother and her children and her slaves, singing the simple hymns she read out to them on those Sabbath afternoons at Only, in the days of slavery.

Then came the lessons in the catechism taught to children and slaves in the same class, where, before God, the two stood upon equal terms, the blacks sometimes proving themselves to be the quicker scholars of the two.

Such was my childhood's home; and such was many another home in that land which, year by year, is being more and more depicted by ignorance and prejudice as the abode of only the brutal slave-driver and his victim.

The beautiful month of October, 1850, with its wealth of color and its exquisite skies, rolled round. All seemed well at home. My father, once more immersed in political life, was absent in Richmond, a delegate to a great constitutional convention, where all his energies were directed towards adjusting the true basis of representation in the legislature between the sections of Virginia where slavery existed and those where no slaves were owned. It was a difficult question, on which he had taken ground in favor of a manhood suffrage as opposed to suffrage based upon representation of the property owners. Nearly every mail brought letters to mother announcing the progress of the fight, in which she seemed deeply absorbed. The reputation which her husband was making resulted five years later in his election as governor, and she clearly foresaw the result. This prospect reconciled her to the separation, and made her look bravely forward to an expected event.

One day I missed my mother, and was told that she was ill. Servants were hurrying back and forth, and soon the doctor arrived. Bedtime came, and Eliza, the white nurse,

took me away from the nursery adjoining my mother's chamber, and put me to bed in a strange room. There after undressing me, she made me kneel, and, in saying my prayers, ask God to bless mamma. When I was tucked away in bed, she sat beside me, and stroked my long tresses, and sighed. It was all very strange. "Mammy Liza, is mamma very sick?" I asked. "No, my child, I hope not," said she, and then bade me go to sleep, and soon I closed my eyes.

It was not for long, for in an hour or two I heard voices in the hall, and hurrying footsteps, and, awakening and sitting bolt upright in bed awhile, I finally slipped down to the floor, and made my way, in my thin night clothes, into the hall, where I found the servants assembled, and weeping as if their hearts would break, uttering loud lamentations. "What is it, Aunt Mary Anne?" said I, cold and shivering with fright. "Oh, my poor baby, yo' mamma is dead—yo' mamma is dead! Oh, my po', po' mistis is dead—yo' mamma is dead!" she screamed, at the same time seizing me, and wrapping me in her shawl, and bearing me back to the warmth.

Night wore away mournfully enough, until at last, with a faithful slave beside me, I sobbed myself asleep, crying more because others about me wept, than because I knew the real cause of my grief. Morning came, and when I awoke, I could not yet fully understand the solemn silence of all about me, or the meaning of the strange black things I saw. Breakfast over, the old nurse came to me to go with her to see mamma. In silence, and amid the sobs of every servant on the place, I and my little brother and sister were led into a darkened room. There, on the bamboo bedstead which she had brought as her favorite from Rio, lay mamma, apparently asleep, a tiny baby resting on her breast. By her side, his head buried in the pillow, and sobbing as if his heart would break, was my oldest brother—not her own child, but one who had loved her as his own mother, and who now mourned a second mother dead. Gazing out of the half-opened window, dressed in solemn black, stood the physician who had sought in vain to save her. I was frightened and awed beyond utterance.

The next day the *Fashion,* Captain Hopkin's best vessel, lay at the Only landing. A fearful-looking black box covered with velvet was borne aboard the *Planter* with solemn

steps. Her sails were hoisted. With the freshening breeze she bore away, and, as the evening sunlight made a shining pathway on Onancock Creek, the vessel pursued her course westward until she became a tiny speck and disappeared. They told me that my mother was in heaven. Since that day, whenever the route to heaven arises to my mind, I see the white sails of a vessel gliding westward in the golden pathway made upon dancing waters by the brilliant sinking sun of a clear autumn evening.

A MEMORABLE SESSION AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

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. . . ONE result of all this was that up to the end of the war many of the old Virginia Federalists avoided the university, subordinated their State pride to their political prejudices, and sent their sons to Princeton, Yale or Harvard rather than have them associate with Jeffersonian Republicans, nullifiers, and secessionists of the Calhoun school at the university.

There, under the teachings of brilliant and accomplished men like Tucker, Bledsoe, and Holcomb, the doctrines of strict construction, State rights, and secession had been expounded, and to them had flocked the flower of Southern youth, until the whole South was permeated with the theories of Jefferson, amplified into the defiance of Calhoun, and fomented into Civil War by the eloquence and passion of men like Toombs and Rhett, Lamar, Wigfall, Yancey and John Randolph Tucker. At this great school, for great it was, whether its influence was for good or evil, the doctrine and the argument upon which the Confederate government was based had been powerfully expounded and from it more widely disseminated, than from anywhere else in the whole South, and to it still flocked the sons of those who had embraced its teachings with enthusiasm and still cherished them as gospel truths, regardless of overwhelming defeat.

But with them now came also, in larger numbers than

ever before, the sons of many men who had never accepted the principles of Jefferson or Calhoun or taken their political inspirations from the teachings of this university. When political doctrines to which they had never subscribed had dominated and led to a war which they deplored, their love of their native state had overcome all else and impelled them to follow her fortunes. Having so decided, they not only enlisted in the Confederate cause, but became, in many conspicuous instances, brilliant and fearless military leaders. The common disaster in which all Confederates were now engulfed reduced consideration of past differences to a minimum, and made a school representative of the South and attended exclusively by the sons of Confederate soldiers infinitely preferable to any Northern college where Southern boys would be thrown alone among those of Northern sympathies at the time when the North was triumphant and exulting over the downfall of the South.

These considerations brought together at the University of Virginia at the session following the great Civil War the most remarkable body of students which had ever assembled within her walls. Many of them were not boys at all. On the contrary, they were mature men, some of them past thirty years of age; men who, but for the interruptions of the war, would long ago have been embarked in life's final pursuits. Many of them had been officers of high grade in the Confederate service. There were some who had ranked as high as colonels; there were adjutant-generals of divisions and brigades; there were majors who had commanded battalions of artillery and squadrons of partisan rangers; there were captains of troops and batteries and infantry; and minor officers innumerable, representing many of the best-known veteran commands in the Confederate service. Many of them were wounded; some, legless; some, armless. One thing they had in common, and that was all were poor; many of them so poor that they still wore their Confederate uniform in class. But never in all her career had the University of Virginia as earnest a body of students. The money upon which most of them had come there was the last obtainable for purposes of education. Time and teaching and opportunity then lost would have been irretrievable to them, and anxious eyes at home

were watching for the diploma which was to bring back a wage-earner to the fireside.

The legal and medical lecture-rooms, the moot court, the dissecting rooms and the academic schools were crowded day after day with hundreds of earnest men drinking in every word uttered by the professors, as anxious to absorb as they were to impart knowledge. When the lectures were over, hurrying throngs hastened back to their respective rooms, not for play or idleness, but to transcribe notes, refer to authorities and secure the full benefit of all that had been taught. In the whole university there was not at that day such a thing as a private establishment among the students. Private turn-outs were unknown. Even the college dude, whose only interest is in his dress, had for the time being disappeared from college life. With the exception of a few students from Baltimore, a place which has always been noted for its correct style of dress, there were few students at the university who knew whether the garments they wore were of fashionable cut or not. There was no gymnasium, no organized athletics, and the only vent of exuberant physical strenuousness was the baseball leagues, and such games as were played between competitive nines of the same organization.

The greatest interest of the students centered primarily in their diploma, a great oration to be delivered by some invited orator at the commencement exercises, and a final ball. Next to this, in point of general interest and excitement, were the debates in the two societies called by the names of Washington and Jefferson, and their two celebrations called Intermediate and Final, with intermediate and final orator's and debater's medals. Joint debates between the societies were unknown; the selection of an intermediate or final orator or winner of the debater's medal in one of these societies was regarded as a great event, an honour almost equal to a high degree; and the zeal of friends to secure the coveted prize for the orator or debater of their choice was worthy of a much more important struggle.

In those days the Greek-letter fraternities were numerous and flourishing. Such a thing as a Chapter House was, however, unknown, and banquets, which have become features of these organizations in later days, were unheard of. A fra-

ternity meeting would take place in the room of some member of the fraternity, and the entertainment, if there was any, consisted of the most primitive sort of food—crackers and cheese and sardines.

Students seldom met in general assembly. One or two general meetings were held upon the lawn, the speakers addressing the gathering from the steps of the rotunda.

The public hall in the rear of the rotunda, containing a very bad copy of the famous picture called "The School of Athens," was regarded as a precinct so sacred that it was seldom entered except upon commencement days.

There were large boarding-houses located upon the east and west ranges, and a number of smaller establishments outside of the university grounds furnished food for the students according to their location, and thither they were compelled to tramp back and forth in all sorts of weather, in some cases a distance of more than a quarter of a mile.

There was no such thing as compulsory chapel. On Sundays and on Wednesday evenings services were held in one of the lecture-rooms, which was fitted up as a chapel. Attendance upon religious exercises or even upon lectures was purely voluntary. There were churches of many denominations in the neighbouring town of Charlottesville, to which the students were free to go, or from which they might remain absent, according to their pleasure. Jefferson appears to have framed his university upon the idea that students were to be treated as men and not as boys, with liberty in all things amounting almost, if not quite, to license.

Of public entertainments there were none. One or two lectures, delivered by some distinguished orator upon subjects of current interest during the course of a session, was the limit of such performances. The single circus which exhibited in Charlottesville during Carrington's two-years' course was the occasion of more hilarity and dissipation than all the other diversions of his entire university career.

The favorite and, in fact, the only assembling place for social intercourse among the students was along the corridors of the east and west lawns and ranges, and in pleasant weather upon the lawns themselves. In the afternoons these places

were the scene of informal gatherings of students for the exchange of views upon their favourite topics.

In front of the portion of the west lawn tenanted by a certain number of young Marylanders, the baseball contingent was wont to assemble and discuss its favourite sport. Another set was accustomed to meet about the quarters of a certain wounded ex-officer and law student. The conversation of that group was apt to run towards subjects much more serious than baseball. Such, for example, as the probable action of Congress on the Southern situation, or, at other times, to reminisences of the days of Chancellorsville, Manassas and Gettysburg. Another point upon the lawn was the favourite gathering place for those interested in the debates of the literary societies and the aspirants for their honours. In quiet confab beneath the shaded arcades, groups of prospective theologians discussed religious matters or the affairs of the Young Men's Christian Association at another place, and at still another medical students met to regale themselves with those brutal pretences of inhumanity and insensibility to death and suffering in which they so delight.

These gatherings seriously detracted from the privacy of the dormitories located upon the lawns and ranges, while the "outlying provinces," as Monroe Hill, Dawson's Row and Carr's Hill were called, were free from such annoyances, and this, among other reasons, had led Carrington to select Carr's Hill for his abode.

The most popular place in the university was its excellent library, stored with a good selection of standard historic, literary, scientific and political works. There never was a time in its history when its treasures were so industriously sought by the students. The dormitory in which no books from the library were to be found was rare indeed. The students were conscientiously trying to repair their educational losses sustained by the interruption of war, and the books which each student read were true indices of his intellectual bent. One dormitory would be stacked with law books and masses of notes, where its occupant was even then preparing legal text-books which are now generally known in the profession. In another might be found volumes of theological and philosophical works to aid its occupant in preparing

for the ministry. In another the works of standard poets, authors and political writers, on which to lay the basis of a career as orator or editor; and so on, throughout the whole catalogue of intellectual aspirations. Earnest searchings everywhere, in many instances destined to be rewarded with success.

THE MASTER AND MISTRESS OF PAMPATIKE

From 'Diomed, The Life, Travels, and Observations of a Dog.' Copyright, Lamson, Wolffe and Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

THE most striking figure which greeted us was Colonel Carter. Of medium height, and rather slender build, his clear-cut military features were lit by an eye with an expression which could pass from that of the eagle to that of the gazelle, as occasion demanded. About his grizzled mustache and pointed beard played a smile of genuine welcome; and in his whole bearing was visible the quiet dignity and simplicity of a country gentleman, owning, as his father had before him, everything about him, and accustomed to command. At his side, her ample proportions surmounted by a face still beautiful as a Madonna, stood the mistress of Pampatike, with her two blooming daughters and a son. Behind these was a handsome man, the youngest son of Robert E. Lee, bearing his immortal name, and not unlike him. Besides the immediate family, a young tutor, and half a dozen schoolboys ranging from twelve to fifteen years of age, were grouped about them. "Gracious!" exclaimed Tracy, as he beheld the house and the number it was called upon to contain. "They will have no place for us. We must go back." "Never you mind," said master. "Houses and hospitality in these parts are made of india-rubber, and can stretch."

The process of introduction gone through with, and our wagons unloaded, the gentlemen were shown to their rooms, with all apprehensions quieted as to Pampatike's capacity for accommodating guests.

Colonel "Tom" Carter of Pampatike, as he is caressingly called by the thousands who know, honor, and love him, is a direct lineal descendant of John Carter of Corotoman, who came to Virginia in 1649; who was the trusted friend of Lord

Fairfax; and whose descendants are more numerous to-day in the Old Dominion than those of any other two men who ever begat or begot upon her soil. As a boy, Tom was sent to Virginia Military Institute, and took his degree there, little dreaming how soon his military knowledge would be needed. With the death of the old folks came his inheritance of Pampatike; and who so fitting to be its mistress as beautiful and beloved Sue Roy of Gloucester? It has been said of her, that she was so good and kind and true, as well as beautiful, that even her many rejected lovers bore her no grudge in their disappointment, and still remained her warm admirers. Here, at old Pampatike, this last generation of the Carters built their nest; and, amidst love and peace and plenty, had begun to rear another brood of the old stock, when war burst upon them. The Carters were Whigs to the last man of them. Responsibility for war lay not at their doors, for they were Federalists and Union men. But when it came in spite of them, they considered that their first allegiance was due to Virginia, and so believing, not a regiment of Virginia troops that marched away to her defense was without its full quota of the Carters. Why should it not be so? Were they not bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh? And besides, were they not cousins of Robert E. Lee? That was enough. "Blood is thicker than water," is the Carter rallying cry; and whoever strikes a Carter has the family to fight! So at it they went, hammer and tongs, and reluctant as they had been to begin, they continued fighting, such of them as were not killed, until their cousin Robert advised them that it was madness to prolong the struggle.

Tom went out as a captain of a battery. Wounded and promoted several times, he was colonel when the surrender at Appomattox came. His gallantry was as widely recognized as that of any officer of Lee's army.

His wife was as heroic as himself. Although she knew that Pampatike would necessarily be within the zone of military operations, she declared it to be her duty and her purpose to remain there and conduct and protect the plantation. This she did. But the task was not without its horrors and its dangers. Every soldier who put his foot upon the place, be he Union or Confederate, honored and respected Mrs. Carter.

She would not refuse food to the hungry, or succor to sick and wounded, whether they were friends or foes. But notwithstanding the deference shown to her by all, she could not fail to witness many harrowing sights. One day a party of Union scouts was attacked in her yard, and one of their number was shot dead upon the porch of Pampatike. When the combatants had withdrawn, she called her servants, ordered a grave prepared, read over the dead soldier the Episcopal burial service, and laid him in his grave. This done, the ordinary routine of the farm was resumed as if no war was in progress. Never a servant left her until the end. How could they? They depended upon her even more than she depended upon them. Another day, she heard the crash of every gun her husband's artillery fired at the battle at Bethesda Church, but a few miles from home.

She was alone in her room that day, praying for his safety.

So things went on—he in the forefront of the battle, she at her post upon the farm—for four years. Then came the end. The peerless infantry of Lee stacked arms. Tom Carter's battalion of artillery was parked; and as a friend said of him, "for the last time saluting the old flag that was bedabbled with his blood," he turned his head homeward to Pampatike, and never more aspired to be a soldier. Look at the colonel and his wife now—serene, hospitable, gentle. How hard it is to put them back into their old places in the past. It required close questioning to elicit from either of them any part of the story of their war-time troubles.

Impoverished by war, Colonel Carter again sought employment in active life; and as his duties took him away, she, wishing to keep her children about her, had engaged a tutor for her youngest boy, and taken eight or ten other boys as boarders. Eight or ten—that was all. People would have been so glad to send their sons to such a place that she could have had, if she would have taken them, a hundred boys; but she declined to increase the number.

We were lucky to find the colonel at home. Pampatike was at its best when "Colonel Tom," mounted on his blaze-faced bay filly, Langtry, was sweeping the low grounds with

his eagle eye, just as he once rode around looking for positions for his guns.

Such were our host and hostess, and such the place where we were visiting. Oh! how it pained me to hear, a year or two ago, that the colonel had closed the Pampatike establishment! The girls and boys had married, all but one; and he, the youngest, was in business in a neighboring city. The colonel's duties called him to another State; and the lady of the house, after all her long years of rule at Pampatike, left alone, followed the others, and closed its doors.

Farewell, old place! Another of the few remaining lights of the olden times has gone out. May your mistress be happy wherever she goes. I know she will be beloved. But never flourished country-seat under sovereign's rule better than did Pampatike under the gentle sway of its charming mistress.

THE MEMORY OF DAVIS

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The political leaders of the South must have been intensely inflamed and in deadly earnest against the North. I do not remember that in all the discussions I heard preceding the war I ever heard any Southern man concede to the Republican party or its leaders any broad or patriotic purpose or any conciliatory feeling towards the South. Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Wade, Greeley—in fact, all the Republican leaders—were denounced as South-haters who at heart rejoiced even at the lunatic blood-thirstiness of John Brown, and as men who would, if they dared to do so, incite and encourage servile insurrection, murder and rapine to accomplish the destruction of slavery, regardless of the terror or suffering which might be inflicted thereby upon their white brethren in the Southern States.

The Southern masses had unquestionably been wrought up to this belief when they voted in favor of their respective States seceding from the Union. So believing, they were fully justified in making the effort.

It is easy to say that the South was in the wrong, and,

admitting it, it does not wipe out the fact that the Northern people themselves were far from blameless in that they countenanced and even encouraged the doing and the saying of many things in public and in private which gave color to the popular apprehensions in the South.

For this reason I have never felt called upon to defend my section for attempting to secede. The South may have been as arrogant and domineering as Northern writers represent her, but there was enough of arrogance and bad blood in the North to make Southern men desire to dissolve political partnership with her. The right to secede was always a debatable one, with the preponderance of logic favouring the abstract right, and sentiment, rhetoric, eloquence and the hope of National greatness all opposed.

It is all easy enough to see that the Nation is greater and more prosperous than either could possibly have been if two nations had been formed from it. But much of its greatness is the result of the great war, and it would not have achieved it if the war had not happened. It is easy, too, to moralise now about the way in which the conflict might have been avoided but for the ambitious designs of this man or that, or this set of men or that. Undoubtedly it might have been avoided if men had been angels. But the quarreling over the things that led to the war had gone on so long and had been so acrimonious that a good blood-letting was the only way to put an end to it. When at last the fight did come, and the North proceeded to coerce the South, the attitude of the Northern man who sided with the South was not a whit more peculiar or unnatural than that of the Southerner who sided with the North. It required a great deal more of explanation to justify the action of such than to justify those who maintained their natural affiliations.

Unquestionably there were good men from both sections who adhered to the opposite section. But there were not many of that kind on either side. As a class those who took sides against their own section were a sorry lot, both North and South, and both sides know it, whether they confess the fact or not.

For myself I am glad I sided with the South. I do not mean to imply by this that, after all, things did not turn out

for the best. But the Southern side was mine, naturally, and I would rather have been whipped fighting for and with my friends than have aided in such a bitter and blood-thirsty struggle against them. In after years I became identified with a political party which is opposed by the great mass of my old Confederate comrades. But that is quite a different matter. It is not like fighting them and shedding their blood.

It only means that concerning political policies and current events I believe that I have more common sense than they have. They do not think so now, but the time will come when they will find out that I was in the right and they were in the wrong. But quarrel as we may about the things of the present, they cannot deny my Confederate brotherhood with them, nor can they rob me, if in their warmth they would attempt it, of the pride I have in the fact that I am a Confederate soldier. Whatever else we may have lost in that struggle, we gave the world Robert E. Lee, and he led an army with a record of valour that will preserve its memory as long as the world counts courage and self-sacrifice among the noblest traits of men.

So let not my reader expect to hear from me any explanations or regrets about my having been a so-called Rebel. That is just what I was, and while I do not want to flaunt the fact offensively in the face of anybody who felt differently, I must admit to this day I am proud of my record as a follower of Lee.

All that was a long time ago, and those who felt most bitterly about it are now reconciled, but there is one exception to the general amnesty of the Northern mind which I cannot for the life of me understand, and that is why, when the Northern people seem to have forgiven all other Confederates, they still in some indefinable way and for some inexplicable reason cherish a grudge against Mr. Davis, as if he were called upon to make vicarious atonement for the sins of all the rest of us. What did he do that keeps him without the pale of Northern charity? He certainly was not so preeminently great that he led his people against their will. He was not so popular that he might mislead them. He was neither so good that he did the North unusual damage, nor so bad that he excited their special vengeance. Their attitude

toward him only excites sympathy among his old comrades, with whom he was never a favourite, and makes a soft place for him in the heart of every ex-Confederate.

Mr. Davis was never a particular friend to me or mine. I never believed he was a great man, or even the best President the Confederate States might have had. But he was our President. Whatever shortcomings he may have had, he was a brave, conscientious and loyal son of the South. He did his best, to the utmost of his ability, for the Southern cause. He, without being a whit worse than the rest of us, was made to suffer for us as no other man in the Confederacy. And through it all he never, to the day of his death, failed to maintain the honour and dignity confided to his keeping.

Yet the North seems not to have forgiven him. For that very reason I cherish his memory with peculiar tenderness. After forty years of renewed loyalty to our re-united country, in which I have battled for the acceptance in good faith by the Southern people of the results of war; after seeing, with loyal pride, my sons bearing to victory the flag against which I fought, I feel that I have a right to stand up anywhere and demand for the memory of Jefferson Davis just as much kindness, just as much charity and just as much forgiveness as is accorded to the memories of Lee or Johnston or any of the great Confederate heroes. I believe that his courageous and constant soul is at rest in a heaven somewhere provided for brave and loyal spirits whose reward does not depend upon success, or even upon whether they were in fact right or wrong, but upon their having striven in this world for what they believed was right according to the power God gave them to see the right. And that is what I believe Mr. Davis did.

JAMES WOODROW

[1828—1907]

A. M. FRASER

"JAMES WOODROW, educator; born in Carlisle, England, May 30, 1828; son of Rev. Dr. Thomas and Marion Williamson Woodrow; graduated at Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, 1849; studied in Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard, in summer of 1853; University of Heidelberg, A.M., Ph.D., *summa cum laude*, 1856; (Hon. M.D., Georgia Medical College; D.D., Hampden-Sidney College; LL.D., Davidson College; J.U.D., Washington and Jefferson College); married, August 4, 1857, Felie S., daughter of Rev. J. W. Baker of Georgia. Presbyterian clergyman; principal of academies in Alabama, 1850-1853; professor of Natural Science, Oglethorpe University, Georgia, 1853 to 1861; in medical department (chief of laboratory at Columbia, South Carolina), Confederate States Army, 1863 to 1865; professor, 1869 to 1872, 1880 to 1897, president, 1891 to 1897, South Carolina College; professor Columbia Theological Seminary, 1861 to 1886, deposed on account of views concerning evolution, in pamphlet: 'Evolution,' 1884. Treasurer Southern General Assembly's Foreign Missions and Sustentation, 1861 to 1872. Corresponding delegate to the Churches in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, 1874. Commissioner to Southern General Assembly, 1866, '77, '79, '80, '86, '89, '96, '99. Moderator Synod of Georgia, 1879, Synod of South Carolina, 1901. President Central National Bank, 1888 to 1891, 1897 to 1901. Editor and proprietor *Southern Presbyterian Review* (quarterly), 1861 to 1885, *Southern Presbyterian* (weekly), 1865 to 1893. Associate of Victoria Institute, London; Isis, Dresden, Saxony; Scientific Association of Germany; Scientific Association of Switzerland; Fellow of American Association for the Advancement of Science; of the International Congress of Geologists." This meagre outline of Dr. Woodrow's full life, taken from 'Who's Who in America' for 1906-1907, may be appropriately supplemented here by a fuller sketch. For several centuries the Woodrow family has been distinguished for learning, piety and able public service. Patrick Wodrow, a Roman Catholic priest, was one of the first men of prominence in Scotland to embrace the doctrines of Protestantism. From that day to the present, every generation of the family has produced one or more ministers of the Gospel, conspicuous among them being Professor

James Wodrow, the professor of Theology in Glasgow University, one of the ablest theologians of the Seventeenth Century. In the family was the militant blood of Robert the Bruce, and as that blood coursed through the veins of confessors of the Reformation period, it was refined to a higher quality of devotion to right, patient endurance, indomitable perseverance, and tolerant charity.

The Dr. Woodrow of this sketch was an accomplished scholar in law, medicine, the natural sciences and theology, and he was also an adept in business. The superiority of his scholarship was fully recognized in the world of education and research. Upon his graduation at Heidelberg, he was offered a full professorship there, a rare tribute to an American from a German university. In earlier years he had been a pupil of Louis Agassiz and a warm friendship was maintained between the two throughout the life of Agassiz. His information was not altogether derived from books, for he studied Nature for himself at first hand. He made one quite notable contribution to Science by discovering near Dresden, Saxony, the fossil called *calamites gigas.* Geologists had hitherto looked in vain for a specimen of this fossil, and it was useful in fixing the age of the rock in which it was found.

He spent nearly a half century in education, first in private academies in Alabama, afterward as a professor of Natural Science at Oglethorpe University in Georgia, then, in Columbia, South Carolina, as professor in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary and the State College. Of this last institution, he finally became president. Upon the steady stream of students passing through his life, he left the impress of a commanding personality. Sidney Lanier was his most distinguished pupil. Upon Lanier's graduation at Oglethorpe University, Professor Woodrow secured his appointment as a tutor there. A congenial and affectionate intimacy arose between them. In their leisure hours they strolled the woods and the fields together, and Lanier often accompanied Professor Woodrow on long drives to his preaching appointments in the country. Delightful and useful conversation filled the time. Dr. Woodrow writes with enthusiasm of Lanier's charming society and "marvelous flute playing," and Lanier calls him "the strongest and most valuable stimulus of his youth." He also says "I am more indebted to Dr. Woodrow than to any living man, for shaping my mental attitude toward nature and life. His spirit and method had a formative influence on my thought and fancy in all my literary work."

It was while he was teaching at Oglethorpe that Professor Woodrow entered the ministry in the Presbyterian Church in order that he might preach to the large number of destitute points within driving distance of the University. In 1860, he was called to fill

a new chair that had been established in Columbia Theological Seminary, that of 'Natural Science in Connexion with Revelation.' In organizing this new department, he had no precedents to guide him, for there was no similar professorship in any institution. Youth though he was, the responsible task fell to him of giving form and character to an entirely new enterprise in academic instruction. But he was preëminently fitted for the work. He had a passion for truth. Natural Science was his specialty, and he had been trained in it by the ablest instructors in America and Europe. On the other hand, he had an absolute conviction of the plenary inspiration (or, as he expressed it, 'the absolute inerrancy of every expression') of the Bible—the original manuscripts, of course. Love for truth, and reverence for the Word of God, were recognized as the most pronounced features of his character. To him the Bible was the best authenticated and the highest truth available by man, because it had been given of God to correct the mistakes of reason blinded by sin. Between Nature and the Bible there could be no conflict, because both emanated from the same source, from the God of Truth, the Omniscient. There might be a seeming contradiction, but the appearance of contradiction arose from one or both of two causes. It came from either a misunderstanding of Nature, or a wrong interpretation of the Bible. A fuller knowledge of one or the other, therefore, was sure to remove the appearance of conflict. What was distinctive of his teaching in this direction (and it was probably original with him) was the distinction upon which he insisted between harmony, and the absence of contradiction. He disavowed any effort to establish harmony between Science and the Bible, and confined himself to removing the appearance of contradiction. Both the subject-matter and the purpose of Science and Revelation are so entirely different that harmony is not to be expected. The object of Science is to ascertain the facts and laws of matter. The object of the Bible is to inform man how he may be saved, how sin may be forgiven, how he may be recovered from sin, and how he may regain the lost favor and image of God—only this, nothing else. One might therefore with as much propriety speak of a harmony between the multiplication table and one of the odes of Horace as to speak of harmony between Science and Revelation, because they occupy totally different spheres. Yet the Bible must make mention of natural objects, and its statements or implications about these may appear to conflict with the teachings of Science. He assumed it to be the object of his professorship to deal exclusively with such instances of apparent conflict and to show that the conflict was only apparent. To do this he expounded to his students the teachings of Science that were supposed to antagonize the Bible. He did this candidly, fear-

lessly, according to the rules of scientific investigation, without any effort to distort the results to adapt them to preconceived opinions derived from the Bible or any other source. It was Science for Science sake, to ascertain with scrupulous precision exactly what Science taught, as if there had been no Revelation. Then he expounded in the same manner the teachings of the Scripture that were supposed to be antagonized. His object was to define the intended meaning of the passage in accordance with accepted rules of interpretation, just as candidly and fearlessly as he had scrutinized Science, and just as independently of opinions formed elsewhere. There was a sacred avoidance of all effort to distort the meaning to make it accord with Science. His only question was, What was the meaning intended in this place, by the Holy Ghost who gave it? The two teachings were then compared, generally resulting in a convincing demonstration of the absence of contradiction. But great emphasis was continually placed upon the principle that if the appearance of conflict did not disappear, the Bible statement was decisive, since that was the Word of God and the other was an inference of man. Many a young man of vigorous intellect, chafing under authority of Revelation, resolved to know the facts, unable to solve these deep problems for himself, was saved from skepticism by his clear, well-informed, convincing discussion of these points. His intellect, his knowledge of the facts, his limpid candor, his profound Christian faith gave him a rare influence over young men. Yet he abhorred a sycophant, and equally so the professor who would use his position to force his own opinions on others. He sought to develop in young men a sense of responsibility for their own opinions and a capacity to form them intelligently. It should be added that mature students and teachers of Science were often brought to embrace the Christian faith by such expositions of the relations of Science to Revelation, in his writings, his correspondence and his personal association.

At the breaking out of the war between the States, he enlisted as a private soldier in the Confederate Army, but before seeing actual service, he was appointed to take charge of the Government's plant for the manufacture of medicines in Columbia. Having expert and practical knowledge of the subject, he conducted the work successfully and held the position until the close of the war.

When the war ended he was one of the first to address himself with energy and confidence to recovery from the disaster of defeat, and he helped to inspire his fellow countrymen with hope and courage. It was at this time he secured the *Southern Presbyterian*, a weekly religious paper, hauling the modest outfit on a mule cart from Augusta, Georgia, to Columbia, South Carolina, himself driving the mule, walking by its side, and even putting his own shoulder to the wheel when

necessary in rough places. As long as he conducted this paper, a period of nearly thirty years, he made it a commanding power among its constituency. Among the discouraged friends of the Theological Seminary, he urged that it be immediately reopened. He also became the proprietor and editor of the *Southern Presbyterian Review,* a quarterly magazine of his church.

He had an enormous capacity for work and an unusual aptitude for business. He established a publishing house in Columbia, which attracted to itself a large volume of the best and most remunerative business in the State. For years he held the contract for the official printing of the State. Though he allowed no printing on Sunday, but closed his place of business from twelve o'clock Saturday night until twelve o'clock Sunday night, there never was complaint of a single job being delivered too late or printed in an unsatisfactory manner.

He was also treasurer of the benevolent work of the Southern Presbyterian Church. Notwithstanding his many and varied other duties, he did this responsible work with accuracy, promptness and sound judgment. On one occasion, when the managers of these beneficences lost a large sum of money by acting contrary to his advice, he replaced it from his private means and mortgaged his home to do it.

He also taught geology and mineralogy in the South Carolina College. During a part of the time he was the center of a violent theological controversy, throughout which he defended himself with dignity and consummate ability.

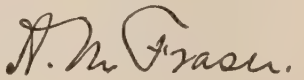
When the South Carolina University was to be reorganized as a college amidst political bitterness and dissension, he was called to the work as president of the institution. At first but few students came and the prospects were gloomy. He quietly set to work to make the institution of such a character as to command patronage and soon the patronage came and the College was saved. After six years he resigned on account of approaching age, but his colleagues continued for years to recall and act upon his policies and views. Another indication of his standing as a business man was his serving at two different times as president of one of the strongest banks in Columbia and his official relation to a number of business enterprises in the city. He acquired considerable property, a great deal of which was spent in unobtrusive charities.

Naturally frail, with a feeble voice and a shrinking timidity of manner, by careful and persistent self-culture he became a powerful speaker, a ready and successful debater, and a leader in all the deliberative bodies in which he sat. Among the scientific subjects he discussed before his theological students was that of evolution.

He did not believe in it, but merely discussed its relation to the Bible account of creation. He firmly believed that the Bible revealed merely the fact of creation and not the mode. In the course of time, in response to an invitation of the directors of the Seminary, he delivered before them an address on evolution. While reviewing the whole subject, to prepare for that address, he became convinced that evolution was the mode by which God created the earth, the lower animals and the body of Adam. He still adhered to his firm conviction that there was nothing in the Bible to forbid his so believing, and declared that he would instantly renounce the belief if it could be satisfactorily shown to him that the Bible did forbid it. A bitter controversy arose in his church about this question and it resulted in his being excluded from his professor's chair, but left his standing as a Christian minister unaffected.

He died January 17, 1907. The simple and appropriate inscription on his tomb is,

"Having served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."



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WARNINGS OF THE WORD

From a Baccalaureate Address to the Students of South Carolina College, June 27, 1892.

HAVING thus warned us against violations of the first and great commandment, the word puts us on our guard also against the transgressions of the second, to which the Omniscient Eye sees we are prone.

You are now near an age at which you will no longer be under the legal control of father and mother; but the day will never come when you will not owe love and honor to those who so eagerly welcomed you at your birth. The frivolous, foolish, light-minded youth sometimes forgets this; but the guiding word is at hand to recall him from his ingratitude by this first commandment with promise.

As the youth mingles day by day with his fellow-men, he is sure not infrequently to meet with those who disregard his rights, it may be with some who offer him insult or do him wanton injury, or in other ways excite him into flaming anger. Tempted by his unrestrained passion to avenge himself, he attacks the offender, he is ready even to take his life. His monitor's voice may then be heard, "Thou shalt not kill." "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath." "Say not thou, I will recompense evil; but wait on the Lord, and he shall save thee." It goes further, and warns against the cause of murder. You are told that hatred, malice, desire for revenge, lead to murder; that in the sight of God they are murder. Let this advice be heeded, and murder, in thought as well as in the shedding of blood, must disappear from the earth: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

But besides the temptations which assail the young man, inciting him to anger and unrestrained wrath, to murder in thought if not in deed, there are others which beset him on every side, seeking to entice him from the paths of purity by every alluring promise, inflaming him by the prospect of unholy pleasures to walk in forbidden ways, while skilfully concealing the death in which they end. Against these the guide

utters precept after precept, warning after warning, in tones of entreaty and expostulation that surely the most insensible must hear. The folly, the danger, the sin are shown; woe to him who hears and heeds not; who, void of understanding, listens to the stranger with flattering words, forsaking the guide of her youth; who enters the house that inclineth unto death, and paths that descend unto the dead; who goes, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; deaf to the warning that they are in the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death; not knowing that the dead are there, and that they are amongst guests who are in the depths of hell. Nor are the warnings given against outward acts alone, but the youth is also cautioned against the wanton look, imagination, or desire; so earnestly, that he is urged, if his right eye do cause him to offend, to pluck it out and cast it from him; for the reason that it is better to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye than having two eyes, to be cast into hell fire.

In taking your places amongst men, no longer to be directly dependent upon others for your support, you expect to seek, with other good things, the possession of property; by your labor and skill, you look forward to making your own living by engaging in some kind of business, and even to accumulate wealth, if you can. And the word I am commending to you as your guide does not forbid or discourage such desires; it encourages them instead, and shows how they may most effectively be realised. It describes riches as a good—not the highest, by any means—but still as good; and then it tells how they may be gained—namely, by diligence, industry, thrift. The hand of the diligent maketh rich. He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread. In all labor there is profit. Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. We command and exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread.

Then as a rule to control us in our gains, as part of that which bids love to our neighbors as ourselves, it gives us this: "Thou shalt not steal." Possibly we may at first be inclined to resent the giving of such a rule to us. But let us remember that this commandment, like all the others, is exceeding broad.

It does not merely forbid one's being a vulgar thief; but it forbids our doing anything and everything that directly or indirectly interferes with the rights of our neighbors or in any way regards them less sacred than our own. It forbids not merely embezzlement, the gaining of money by false pretences, fraud, cheating, gaming, taking advantage of others, but also all misappropriation or waste of the money of others, whether those others are private persons, corporations, or the State. It requires the most scrupulous integrity. It requires the payment of debts, and the prompt payment of them. It requires a strict observance of all contracts in their true meaning. It requires perfect honesty and uprightness in the sight of men and of God who sees and knows our inmost thoughts. By taking heed to these requirements, the young man will effectually cleanse his way in respect to all these things.

But there are still other directions in which protection from defilement is needed. There is one evil to which the corrupt heart is especially prone, which combines with all others, which towers above most others in its enormity, and of which God expresses his peculiar *abhorrence*. It is the sin of falsehood. Temptations to commit most other sins are not constantly assailing you; you are hardly ever free for a moment from temptation to commit this one. Bearing false witness against our neighbor is the form of it mentioned in the Ten Words; but this includes every form. That against which we are warned is falsehood, deceit, lying, hypocrisy, misrepresentation, dissimulation, perjury—all and every departure from perfect and absolute truth. Now, the word to which the young man is invited to take heed is full of incentives of every kind to lead him to hate and avoid the false, to love and practise the true. It declares that lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; that the Lord hates the lying tongue; that all liars have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; that into the holy city, the New Jerusalem, there shall in no wise enter anything that maketh a lie; that without are dogs, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie. It sets forth not only God's hatred and detestation of lying, but that which is felt also by all good men. Then, on the other hand, it holds up to view the beauty and attractiveness of truth, and exalts the character of him who speaks the truth. This is the answer to the

question, "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?" "He that speaketh the truth in his heart; he that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that doeth these things shall never be moved." And "they that deal truly are his delight."

What a changed world this would be if the truth and nothing but the truth were spoken; if slander, detraction, malicious gossip, evil-speaking of every kind, were unknown. How far can you rely on the representations of the seller of property as to its real value and its defects? How many buyers are there who say, It is naught, it is naught; but who when they have gone away, utter their boastings? How far can you trust the statements even of one who professes to be contending for the truth of God, when he formulates the creed and describes the practices of an antagonist? How much have we a right to believe of the assertions of a political partisan respecting the principles of the other party, the character and aims of the other candidate, the probable result of the coming election? How can we learn the number of soldiers engaged in certain battles and wars? So we might go over the whole range of human affairs, and ask, Where can truth be found? The world is covered with wrecks resulting from broken promises, deceit, falsehood, and treachery.

The tenth utterance in that part of the word we are considering, to which the young man does well to take heed, specifically forbids an unlawful desire for that to which we have no right; but it is based on the broader thought which the Lord Jesus Christ, himself the divine Word, so fully brought to view in his teachings while on earth. It is the state of the heart that determines the outward act; and even if not followed by the outward evil act is itself sin—uncleanness. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. The unlawful desire leads to murder, to theft, to impurity, to lying; it leads away from the love of God. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.

In seeking to cleanse our way, therefore, it is not enough to consider the stream; we must more earnestly strive to secure purity at the source, the fountain head. As is the source, such will be the stream; as is the heart, such will be the life.

A SPEECH BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE

[One day while the students were engaged in athletic sports on the college playground, the State militia, commanded by the Adjutant and Inspector-general, came on the ground to drill. When the students refused to yield the ground, the troops were ordered to clear the field. One of the professors was seriously hurt, and one of the students lay at the point of death, as the result of the attack. Dr. Woodrow, the President, who was absent, returned that night. The next morning he assembled the students and made the speech given here. The intense excitement was quieted immediately, and the settlement was confided entirely to their President.]

"YOUNG GENTLEMEN: Upon my return home, I learned what happened to you and one of your number in my absence. I was inexpressibly shocked to learn that the very grounds which had been set apart for your amusement and pleasure were ruthlessly and violently invaded by armed force, and that one of your honored professors was run over and came near being seriously injured, and that one of your number now lies perhaps at the point of death. When I consider that this insolent and dastardly trespass was committed by some of the public officials of our State, by those who are especially charged, by their oath under the law, to protect the lives and rights of our people, when I consider that you were, as it were, in your own castle, upon your own land, my indignation rises almost beyond bounds. That defenseless and innocent boys should be driven from their own playground by a body of armed soldiery, that the head of the military department of the State gave the order to these soldiers to drive you from your own playground, is a black and indelible blot upon the good name of South Carolina. If boys should fall out and fight among themselves, I would blame both sides; and if men should dispute and engage in a personal difficulty, I know that each would be partially at fault; but here, while you were engaged in a pleasant and proper pastime, for the rest of your minds and the strengthening of your bodies, while you were where you ought to be, and behaving as you ought to behave, to be encroached upon, assaulted, and swept from the field by organised, armed soldiery, is a crime upon civilisation. I pledge you here now

as the humble servant of this State, and as in a sense your protector, that this insult and wrong shall not go unavenged, but that the people of this State shall know how great has been your provocation, and how unjust has been your suffering. I pledge you that the people of this State shall have the information from which they may come to a proper conclusion, and place the responsibility for this outrage where it belongs, and give censure to whom censure is due.

"I have spoken not to inflame, but to console; not to arouse your passions, but to approve your conduct. I beg now that you leave to me and to others in authority the solemn duty to place the blame on those responsible for this affair, and that your resentment be not permitted to lead you into any indiscreet and unwise conduct. Let older and wiser heads deal with this situation, and the outcome is bound to result in your vindication and in the condemnation of others."

SPEECH BEFORE THE SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA IN DEFENSE OF HIS POSITION ON EVOLUTION

[An address on Evolution had been delivered before the Board of Directors and the Alumni Association of Columbia Seminary at the request of those bodies. The Directors had expressed their satisfaction with his exposition of the relation of the subject to the Scripture account of creation, that relation being one of the absence of contradiction. The Synod of South Carolina was one of four Synods that controlled the Seminary. An effort was made at the next meeting of that Synod to reverse the action of the Directors. Selections from Dr. Woodrow's speech on that occasion are here given.]

Much of the difficulty on this subject arises from the failure to perceive that evolution and Scripture do not stand in opposition to one another. I know that it is supposed that if one believes in evolution in one sense, he must believe it in every sense. No argument I think is necessary to prove that that is not the case. Is it true that what Haeckel believes as to evolution, I must likewise believe? Must I believe what Herbert Spencer and Darwin believe, because I have declared that I regard something else as probably true? So you have

been told; and has it not been proved by quotations from the *Southwestern Presbyterian* to show that whatever Darwin believes I also believe? You have heard seven reasons given, drawn from that source, to prove that what Darwin believed I believe; although I have kept saying, "I don't" and I say so still, the seven reasons of the *Southwestern Presbyterian* to the contrary notwithstanding. I ask you if it is fair, or right to attribute to me views that I utterly disclaim? I do not say that this is done through either inability to understand or a desire to misinterpret; but I ask if it is fair or just that I should be held responsible for views that I absolutely abhor, and which I have proved over and over again that I do not hold? I know and knew the difficulties surrounding the subject; and therefore in preparing my Address I took the precaution, before giving my opinion upon evolution, to state as accurately as I could what I meant by it. I gave my definition of evolution, which, as it relates to the organic world, is contained in the three words, "Descent with Modification." That is, as animals and plants descend from generation to generation, at length modifications appear. In my definition I do not say anything of the power under whose influence the modifications appear. So far as the earth is concerned, I define evolution as derivation of one state from another previous state, such as is illustrated in the *résumé* I give of the nebular hypothesis. That is to say, evolution is simply a process, a description of a mode according to which changes take place, not a description of the power which produces the changes. On this point I shall read what I have written:

"This definition or description of evolution does not include any reference to the power by which the origination is effected; it refers to the mode, and to the mode alone. So far as the definition is concerned, the immediate existence might be attributed to God or to chance; the derived existence to inherent uncreated law, or to an almighty personal Creator, acting according to laws of his own framing. It is important to consider this distinction carefully, for it is wholly inconsistent with much that is said and believed by both advocates and opponents of evolution. It is not unusual to represent Creation and Evolution as mutually exclusive, as contradictory: Creation meaning the immediate calling out of

non-existence by divine power; Evolution, derivation from previous forms or states by inherent, self-originated, or eternal laws, independent of all connection with divine personal power. Hence, if this is correct, those who believe in Creation are theists; those who believe in Evolution are atheists. But there is no propriety in thus mingling in the definition two things which are so completely different as the power that produces an effect, and the mode in which the effect is produced."

Moderator, knowing that that was what I had believed and maintained, and knowing that I had so explicitly repudiated all atheistic forms of evolution, I could not but spring to my feet when I heard two or three days ago, for the first time, that which I had denounced as atheism attributed to me. If I erred in my vehemence in repelling the charge, I crave your forgiveness.

Perhaps it may be well to make clear by an illustration that which may be too abstract for ready comprehension by those who have not studied such subjects. Take an oak, for instance. First observe the acorn. You notice that under the influence of heat and moisture it begins to swell. Then little leaves make their appearance; then these leaves are repeated and repeated until at last the full-grown oak stands before you. Let us now try to see what is the religious character of the process of this growth. Is the passage from the acorn to the oak a religious or an irreligious process? Do I need to show that the idea that it was God who made the acorn develop into the oak is not involved in the description of this process? So the idea of God is not involved in the definition which I have given of evolution.

Dr. Junkin: I desire to ask for my own information this question; Does this process of evolution which you have thus described carry with it the presumption of a growth from one form of life into another? That is, does it carry along with it the presumption of divine Power or supervision in the change from vegetable to animal life; or is that done without the immediate intervention of a divine creative act?

Dr. Woodrow: As to that I would have to answer at length, instead of saying yes or no. In describing the changes from the acorn to the oak, I am stating the results

of observation. So if that particular oak gives rise to a slightly different form, I simply note that as a fact. I am not then considering the power that has produced the changes when I am merely describing the changes. The mere observation of the process or mode by which the acorn becomes an oak, does not tell me whether it is God who is the cause of the change or not. So the observation of cases in which I observe modification during descent tells me nothing of the power producing the observed changes. Within the limits of natural science, it is only the natural or the ordinary—that which occurs uniformly—that can rightly be considered. All else the student of natural science would regard as extraordinary or extra-natural, and so beyond his province. If he should speak of the supernatural, he would be going beyond his province.

Speaking of the processes or modes, it is true that a knowledge of them depends on observation, which teaches us nothing of their origin; but so soon as I have learned from other sources that there is a God; that there is a being, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in wisdom, power, and all his attributes; and when I know the relations of this being to the universe, his workmanship, then I perceive that this process of change from acorn to oak is his mode of working—that every step in the process is the working of an almighty and all-wise God. And so when I come as a believer in God to the study of those things which I now begin to call the works of God, I find him present in a way that I had never imagined before. When I look at the quivering leaf growing under the influences of the sunshine and the rain, I see before me God's power effecting the wonderful changes that are there taking place; I see the present power of that God directing and guiding its faintest movement. When I see the dew-drop resting on the blade of grass reflecting from its surface the prismatic hues, I see not proofs of the existence of a distant or absent God; I see his hand there immediately present holding the particles together, for my delight as one of his ends; causing the white ray of light to be broken up into the marvellous rainbow colors so as to charm the sense of sight; it is God who is doing this before me. As I look abroad upon the operations of nature on a grander scale—when I stand in the

presence of the mountain and behold the veil of blinding snow on its summit, I see there the power of God holding particle to particle and producing that which fills my mind with awe; that which expands my soul and gives me a new and an exalted idea of the mighty Creator—not in whom we *did* live, but in whom we now live and in whom we have our being, who is now causing every pulse-beat in this wrist, who is now giving me the power to be heard by you. He is a God near at hand; he is not a God afar off. This, I say, is the Christian's view of God and his relation to his works. Can you imagine, then, if this is true and not a mere fancy, can you imagine that when I, so believing, speak of evolution, or when any right-thinking man speaks of it, he is pushing God away and doing that which tends to materialism, or to a blank denial of the existence of the Almighty? Need I now undertake further to prove that Evolution is not antagonistic to Creation; that Evolution is Creation?

If anything more is needed, let me ask you again the question which I have heard so frequently during the last day or two: "Who made you?" I don't mean who made several ages ago those from whom you have descended, but who made YOU? Are you an orphan so far as the Creator of the universe is concerned, or is God your Father and Creator? Are you going to allow someone to come here and say that because he did not create you immediately, he did not create you at all? No; you have as much claim to him as your Father as Adam had. But did he make you immediately? Oh no, he did not. Yet, for all this, no one is willing to give up his right to say "Our Father" and "Our Creator." Creation is not antagonistic to our evolution. God may create out of nothing; but so far as the daily operations of his hands are concerned, we see that he does not create out of nothing, but out of something that he had previously brought out of nothing. But he is not the less *creating* before our eyes. There is no antagonism between Creation and that mode of Creation which we call Evolution.

You will now better understand why I should say that I want no change in the expression of the Confession: "After God had made all other creatures, he created man." The only

difference between us is as to the probable mode of that creation.

I wish, in the next place, to call attention to the fact that it has been constantly reiterated that I subordinate Scripture to science. The only answer that I have for that statement is that it is not true. I cannot give any explanation of the matter except just that. I say that there is not a word that I ever spoke, or wrote, or thought, that would bear that construction; and anyone who has read what I have written ought to know that it is not true. I have always sought to know what the Scriptures teach with regard to any matter that I was examining; and when I have found the meaning of the Scriptures, I have accepted that as final. I say again that there is not a syllable I ever uttered, or a word I ever spoke, that could even remotely sanction any such construction. When I said that I believed it to be probably true that Adam's body was included in the method of mediate creation, it was only after I had shown that it might not be inconsistent with the Sacred Scriptures. (Here a motion was made that the Synod adjourn. Lost by a large majority.)

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Moderator, I am told that in the contest now in progress I stand alone; that no one stands beside me, or believes with me. Now, if there is anything for which I yearn, after the love of God and of Jesus Christ my Saviour, it is the love and approbation of the good, the pure, the upright, of those who bear the image of God in their hearts. And I know that isolation is desolation. But if I must stand alone in defence of what I believe to be His truth, I submit to the decree and to the will of my God. I will not be the first who has seemed to stand alone. As I look through the vistas opened before me by the word of God, I see the forms of three who were cast alone into the furnace of fire heated seven times more than it was wont to be heated. But as I look again, they are not alone, for four are walking in the midst of the fire; and when they came forth from that furnace not even the smell of fire had passed on them. I remember also that when an apostle was once called to stand before Nero, all men forsook him; but yet he was not alone. As I look in another direction, I see a form standing alone, in the presence of a mighty em-

peror and the princes of the empire, and saying, all alone as he seemed to be, "with regard to the charges against me, if any man can prove that they are true by the word of God, I will repent and recant; but until then, here I stand, I cannot otherwise; God help me. Amen." And so stand I.

But, Moderator, I do not believe, with regard to the only point concerning which I care, comparatively, in this whole discussion, that any such loneliness even as to the human kind is in store for me.

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In the next place, we are told that evolution is to be rejected, because it is born of atheism. It is said that many atheists hold the doctrine of evolution, and therefore it is not true. Darwin was not an atheist, but at the same time he was not a believer in Christianity. But how does that affect the truth of evolution? On the other hand, we know that there are many others who believe in evolution who are not atheists. If others say it leads to atheism, I say it does not; and I content myself with pronouncing their proposition an "unverified hypothesis."

Then you are told that it assigns a beastly origin to man. Well, we need not be so proud. We have bodies exactly like the beasts, if you choose to call them so. Our muscles are arranged in the same way. The heart beats in the dog just as it beats in me. His legs are made like mine and like my arms. He has a brain in his skull and a spinal marrow. He digests as I do. He does everything in the same way. Again, as to our instincts being shocked: what is there in red clay that is so much more noble than the most highly organised form God had made up to the time of Adam? You have only the choice between red clay and the highest and best thing that was produced by the power of God up to the time of man's existence. And if your decision is to be controlled by your prejudices and your instincts and your feelings, let me ask you, Moderator, how do you like to think that the negro is your brother? Is your instinct shocked by that? Will you follow instincts in one case and not follow them in another?

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The only thing, Moderator, that you have a right to inquire into, as to any proposition, is whether it is scriptural or

not; and it is only so far as anything agrees with the Holy Word that you may adopt it, and it is only when it is inconsistent with the Holy Word that you may condemn it, when sitting as a church court. There is much truth that is not contained in the Scriptures; but with it you have nothing to do. Otherwise, why should not the Church adopt the multiplication table, or some good treatise on algebra, as matters of faith, simply because they are true?

Are there those in this Synod who still desire that it shall be put on record as undertaking to decide a scientific problem, without the slightest opinion expressed as to its agreement or disagreement with the word of God? It is not competent to you, I say again, to decide such a question without going beyond the limits of your authority, and legislating with reference to things which the Head of the Church has not intrusted to you. You have no right to go a single step beyond the boundaries which I have pointed out.

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I have already intimated that in my opinion evolution—its truth or falsity—is a matter of extremely small importance. I think that, as regards your Christian character, it does not make the slightest difference whether you believe in evolution or not. I have said directly and by implication over and over again, that the Church may not teach science, even what would be admitted by all to be true science, so far as such teaching would imply that that science is sanctioned by the Church. It makes no difference, as to the doctrines of the Christian Church whether one believes the Ptolemaic doctrine of the solar system, or whether he believes the earth to be round or flat, or, as I think, whether he regards evolution to be probably true or an unverified hypothesis. Scientific beliefs, even those which are in some respects of the highest consequence, when they are compared with the doctrines with which the Church of God is concerned, and which alone it is commissioned to teach, are of utter insignificance.

It is for you now to keep the Church from being again dragged down from its sublime and sacred work, as it has so often been in the past. The Church in various ways has uttered its belief on one scientific question after another during the past; and I think I am right when I assert that every time

the Church has undertaken to express an opinion on scientific matters, it has expressed an opinion that was wrong. And what, Moderator, is the sad result? In every land where knowledge prevails, just in proportion frequently to the extent of the knowledge is the extent of the rejection of the Holy Scriptures. How could it well be otherwise? When you go into a church and hear denounced from the pulpit as false those things which you know to be true, are you going to believe the Bible to be the word of God on such authority as that? The authorised interpreter of the word, speaking in the name of the Church, tells you that geology is not true, that astronomy is not true, and that you must reject such things as contrary to the inspired word of God. Is it a wonder, Moderator, that those who know the truth are driven by such teaching into utter rejection of the Bible, and so from hope and down to hell? And by whom? By all, Moderator, who insist on maintaining that there is a struggle, an opposition, an enmity, between that science which is derived from the word of God and the science which is derived from His works. It will be an awful and a terrible thing in the day of judgment to have the blood of such men, Moderator, on our souls. The evils to which I am calling your attention are increasing every day. A larger and larger proportion of the truest and the noblest of our youth are coming every day to understand and to know the truths of natural science; and just in proportion as it is asserted from the pulpit that natural science and the teachings of the Bible contradict each other, just in that proportion will unbelief and its fearful consequences increase. I will venture to say that there is scarcely a community in this State where you cannot find one who utterly rejects the Sacred Scriptures and Jesus Christ for this reason. Can anyone say that such an effect has ever been produced by the teachings which have been denounced here as contrary to the word of God?

Moderator and Brethren, you now have one of the grandest opportunities that could be presented of maintaining the pure spirituality and exclusive scriptural character of the Church. As you look backward over the dreary past, you will see that it has been taught in the Church's name that if you believe that human beings live beyond the torrid zone, you

must reject the Scriptures as false; if you believe that the earth is a sphere, you must reject the Scriptures as false; if you believe that the sun does not revolve around the earth but that the earth revolves around the sun, you must reject the Scriptures as false; if you believe that the universe was created more than six thousand years ago, you must reject the Scriptures as false. Will you add to this dismal list of appalling examples your teaching, that if you believe that evolution is true, you must reject the Scriptures as false?

I beseech you that you abstain from speaking as rulers in the Church of Christ that which the Head of the Church has not authorised you in His word to speak. I beseech you that you will not place deadly stumbling blocks in the path of those who are seeking the way of life in the Holy Word. For the sake of the intelligent ingenuous youth of the land, for the sake of the greater multitudes who will look to them as their guides, that you may not drive to eternal death those whom you would fain win to eternal blessedness, I beseech you that you will not tell them in Christ's name that if they accept the teachings of God's works, they can have no share in the unspeakable blessings offered in God's word. By your love for the souls of your fellow-men, by your loyalty to the King and Lord of the Church and your desire to obey Him by keeping within the limits which He has prescribed to you, as you would glorify Him by bringing souls into His kingdom, I beseech you as His representatives, do not commit Him to what He has not commanded, but preach the word, and the word alone.

KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS

[1853—1923]

FANNIE K. REICHE

"Fame comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny."—Longfellow.

KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS, novelist, historian, and poet, was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, January 28, 1853, and because of her remarkable achievements in the field of literature, ranks preëminently among representative writers of the South.

In 1856 her parents removed to Baltimore, Maryland, in connection with which city she is best known. Her work shows, however, that her forbears were pioneers from whom descended to Katharine Woods a broadmindedness, a complete sense of the fitness of things —the juxtaposition of principles and events in the great economy of God and nature—the power to review with impartiality, and impersonally—the power of analysis—to seek out the root and its ramifications.

From the maternal side of the house, from the McCabes, she has inherited what is in no sense secondary to, nor less rare than, the legacy from the house of her paternal ancestors—the deep religious and spiritual intuitiveness which is perhaps the most striking and significant characteristic of her works. This, with the literary ability itself, pure and simple, was inborn in the sons and daughters of the house of McCabe for generations past, and the gift descended thus undiminished and untarnished to Katharine Woods.

It was in 1675 that the first of this family, Owen McCabe, came to America, holding a grant of land under William Penn, and settling in western Pennsylvania. He named his ample estate Tyrone, after his native place in Ireland, and to-day the picturesque town of Tyrone stands on a portion of the original grant. The McCabes were Irish Protestants and lacked not the wit, tenderness, the love of home and country that characterize the race.

During the French and Indian War the grandson of Owen McCabe, Captain James McCabe, or "Pat," as the men of his regiment nicknamed him, was one of General Montgomery's staff, and later was mentioned in the diary of General Washington. After the Revolution, during which conflict he equipped a company at his own expense and fought for the colonies and independence, he sold Tyrone and removed to Virginia.

When but nine years of age, immediately after the death of her father in Baltimore, Katharine Woods removed with her mother to the home of her grandfather, the Rev. James Dabney McCabe, Rector of St. James's Church, West River, Anne Arundel County, Maryland, who was one of the most gifted and well-known clergymen of his day. The atmosphere of this home was both literary and religious, which, together with unchecked intercourse with nature, could not but influence one already both receptive and keenly responsive to such environment, out of which a few years later grew the missionary spirit that has dominated all she has written, and every work she has undertaken.

In October, 1867, Mrs. Woods removed with her family to Baltimore, in order to take advantage of greater educational facilities for her children; but owing to frail health, Katharine did not attend school until three years later, when she entered the seminary of Mrs. Converse and Miss Miller, the latter a former pupil of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

In 1872 the All Saints' Sisters—a religious order in the Anglican Church—came to Baltimore from England, and began its work at Mount Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, of which Miss Woods was an active member. Day by day mission work claimed more and more of her attention, and so engrossed did she become that she entered the sisterhood of All Saints as a postulant in 1874. As she was of frail physique and in ill-health at the time, both her physician and the Mother Superior deemed it expedient for her to give up the sisterhood forever.

It was within the still, peaceful walls of the convent that the first germs of Christian Socialism took root in the young soul, there blossomed into flower, and, after leaving the convent for the world and its conflict, bore fruit in her work at social settlements and in the productivity of her pen, which she wielded in behalf of the warriors of the forge and the loom, whose champion she has ever been.

In 1876 she taught school at Mount Washington, Maryland, and afterward in Wheeling, West Virginia.

To Miss Woods, Christian Socialism presented itself as applied Christianity, and therefore interested her; but Nationalism, which in 1889, the date of publication of her first book, was sweeping the country, was but transitory; and the conservatism of thought which came from her early education kept her aloof from the organized side of the Nationalist movement; and, although to a certain extent in sympathy with its reforms, she declined to join their clubs or to commit herself to that peculiar program. For a time, however, Miss Woods belonged to a local lodge of the Knights of Labor, and resigned membership only when the lodge withdrew from the National

Order. Later, Miss Woods spent a year in settlement work in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Hartford. In 1903-'06 she lived in North Carolina, working as a missionary among the mountaineers. With the exception of the periods just mentioned, Miss Woods has lived in Baltimore, where she is now teaching kindergarten. She loves children; and helping to develop character in real life has always been far more interesting to her than creating it on paper.

Miss Woods states that her books have been but a subsidiary consideration—a means to an end; and she feels as if the very best of herself never got into them. But, as a calm review of her works will show, there is no evidence to prove that such is the case; on the contrary, there is abundant proof that everything she has written bears witness to a loftiness of purpose and living, the seeking for good and the finding it, and the bettering of that which is not all bad—this is her creed of life, as it shines forth from the pages of her books.

Except for the broad, intellectual brow, and a certain light of understanding and infinite tenderness that shines forth from the deep gray eyes, there is nothing about Miss Woods that is indicative of the unusual power she has wielded, not alone as an advocate of reform and reformation as set forth in her books, but by her personality as well. Quiet, retiring, and gentle, with a womanliness that finds its highest realization in the women of the South, and a low voice, whose sweetness or the compelling truth it utters bids us listen, the general refinement of person and manner, and a face in which there is a suggestion of spirituality that her life does not belie—this is Katharine Pearson Woods in the flesh.

Few pictures of Miss Woods ever have been published, nor does she approve of this or of any method of advertising one's productiveness in literature.

Distinguished as are all her works, in conception, plot, and treatment, by a sane, radical, and clear-cut enunciation, at times Miss Woods shows as deep an insight into nature—human and superhuman—as George Eliot; her types are distinctive, and because they are real—akin to the great humanity—with its contrasting sunshine and shadow, its joys and its griefs, they will live and be loved.

Miss Woods's prose is marked less by vividness and warmth of coloring, subtle blendings and labyrinthine mazes, than by a certain dignity and mildness of expression, but straightforward and deliberate arrival at the end in view—for never for one moment does she leave us in doubt as to her meaning.

As a historian, it is regrettable that there is but one work to mark her ability. Perhaps one of the most valuable and original features of 'The True Story of Captain John Smith' is her definite identifica-

tion of the River Bruapo, which countless historians claim had no existence save in the mind of Captain Smith, but which Miss Woods asserts and proves to be the River Don.

In 'The Mark of the Beast,' 'Metzerott, Shoemaker'—considered by many her best work—and 'A Web of Gold,' Miss Woods has espoused the cause of the laborer, in an effort to establish a more amiable and just relationship between capital and labor, and has struck a blow at perverted economic, industrial, and sociological conditions that cannot but undermine the bulwarks of the nation.

These compositions are the romances of the masses—not as a distorted imagination re-creates them, nor as one who knows them, but from a distance views them—but as one who having lived and worked among them has measured their heights and sounded their depths, and laments the great spirit of unrest that pervades alike their communities, and the abodes of the rich and the powerful.

While, to a certain extent, the theories and reforms as advocated in these three works were ideal, they are more in harmony with the thought of to-day than of the day in which they were written—at which time they were far in advance of current thought.

'From Dusk to Dawn' is a forerunner of the Emmanuel movement in that it predicts the necessity for a fuller development of the priestly office in the direction of physical healing; but the theories are behind rather than in advance of theories as set forth to-day, though ahead of the time at which they were written. The definition of matter as "a balance, an equilibrium of forces . . . an equilibrium more or less stable," as it occurs in this work, comes very close to the latest theory in electrical science. The book's original title was 'Salted with Fire,' but was altered to satisfy the publishers, who claimed the title would not be a selling one.

In 'John, a Tale of King Messiah,' and 'A Son of Ingar' Miss Woods has drawn from a quite different store-house—the romance of the Scriptures; and has given to the world stories that make very near and dear the Twelve Apostles and those with whom Christ came into closest contact while on earth, and each is told with dramatic fervor.

In no other work more than in 'The Face of Christ' has she so deftly drawn the strange and subtle power of the inner spirit—that which subdues the world and the flesh, and verily makes the two as dust that crumbles under the force of the power divine. Exquisite in style, there is the very poetry of prose in the well-poised and finely-drawn picture; the whole is a classic, and as a classic will taste of immortality.

As a poet, Miss Woods has been a frequent contributor to mag-

azines, and had she written no prose whereon to base her claim to fame, her poems alone would have won her recognition.

Her songs carry into one's soul the very breath of life and love; they do not plead for a response from our hearts—it greets them ere the mere words are ended. Miss Woods does not write for the poets alone, but for humanity at large; and though one often must needs look below the surface of cursory glances for a fuller and deeper meaning and inspiration, yet the diction itself lacks neither harmony nor directness. There is a message for poet and layman if they but listen, and at the first note they perforce must listen.

Voltaire has said that "All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women"; and we are reminded of the weight and virtue of this saying of the learned Frenchman when we read such poetry as "Hold Me Not False," "One Poet to Another," "When My Love Sighs," "A Twilight Fantasia," "A Song of Dawn and Springtime," "A Song of Love and Summer," "The Cleansing of Guinevere," "Friar Godfrey's Confession."

The motion, blithesomeness and dignity of poetic expression are present in subdued tones and touches; and this mastery of processes poetic sometimes prevents outbursts of frenzy and lapses into prosiness, which rob poetry of its birthright and its destiny.

Fannie K. Peeke

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THE FACE OF CHRIST

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ALL of us have heard the story of the artist who sold his soul to the devil for the power of painting to the life whatever subject he chose; but not all of us know the whole story of the bargain—how it was broken and what happened thereafter, as it is told herein.

His name was Camillo, and there were scenes in his life which he did not care to remember, and which, consequently, he painted over with others even less comforting. At the age of fifty his memory was a charnel-house of dead recollections; his wife had left, his children quarreled with him; most of his friends he had wronged or been wronged by; and he had made a large fortune and a great name for himself. It was not strange, therefore, that at this very period he should be notified by the devil of the termination of their contract, and the consequent immediate foreclosure of the mortgage upon his soul.

The mere idea of such a thing brought out the sweat upon Camillo's forehead; but, having a month allowed him to settle his worldly affairs, he spent one night in tossing sleeplessly between his silken sheets, or restlessly pacing the floors of his luxurious chamber, and another in still wider wanderings over the hills around his villa; the third morning he sent for Padre Antonio, the curé of his native village.

The father had now grown to be an old, old man; but he came at once at the summons of Camillo. The counsel which he gave is a part of the old well-known legend: that the artist should use the skill his contract still insured to him, in painting the Face of Christ.

It was perhaps in virtue of his trained æsthetic sense, perhaps of his ambition, that Camillo decided to paint, not the dying or sorrowful Saviour, which so many artists have attempted and failed, but something still more difficult—the Christ of every-day life. By his contract with the devil he was able to reproduce his subject to the very life. It was a wonderful picture. Just what form the features wore, or the color of the hair and beard, I am not able to describe, for, in

fact, no one who saw it could ever remember any of these particulars. What they did see, and could never forget, was the face of a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief cast off by those whom he loved; despised, poor, and rejected; yet with a wondrous glad lightsomeness in every line, as of one who had come to do the perfect will of God. The lips were parted in a half-smile; the eyes were wonderful—full of light, too pure to behold iniquity, searching to the very ground of the heart, tender with infinite tenderness.

Camillo could not stand before those eyes; he cast himself on his face upon the floor, weeping bitterly, and thus he lay when the devil came to claim him. But the painter knew not even that the fated hour had struck; he heard nothing of the clamor raised by the fiend, who saw that his prey had escaped him.

When at last, too blind with weeping even to read the hour upon his horologe, the artist rose to his feet, there on the floor lay the hellish contract, signed with his own blood, and he knew himself delivered.

For an hour he was in an ecstasy; then he bethought him of his custom, upon the completion of each picture, of giving a supper to his artist friends, reading their envy in their faces, and receiving their congratulations. On this occasion there could be no wild orgies such as had been known to occur at other times; but a sober and decorous banquet?—Camillo could see no reason against it. The picture was surely the best he had ever painted.

The guests were curious and amused at their host's altered mood, but followed his lead with well-bred readiness until the cloth had been removed and wine set on the table. Then Camillo arose and took away the veil from the Face of Christ.

There was, for a moment, a wondrous silence.

Then, with a great cry, a woman painted and decked with jewels, the gifts of many lovers, a woman who had sat beside the host and been sorely vexed—or professed to be—by the decorum of the feast—this woman sprang to her feet, and, with blanched face and wild white arms beating the air, fought her way blindly towards the door.

"Let me go," she cried, "ere it slay me! Let me away before his eyes burn me to ashes!"

Another guest, a young man with the wine-cup at his very lips, flung aside the ruby poison, fell on his knees, and sobbed; others fainted; one drew even his sword upon the artist, calling him a devil who could so torment them; one by one all departed from the banquet hall, and Camillo was left alone.

He was very pale, and his hand trembled as he again let fall the veil over the Face of Christ.

With the earliest dawn of the next day, Camillo was on horseback and away to visit Padre Antonio, for he did not on this occasion send for the father to come to him.

Arrived at the priest's house, he made a general confession of all his sins that he could remember.

"You cannot doubt, my father, that I am sincerely penitent," said the artist; "is there any compulsion upon me to make this confession?"

"None," said Padre Antonio; "none, unless it be the Face of Christ."

"Aye!" returned Camillo, "I am a free agent; and as such, in gratitude to the God who has broken my bargain with Satan, I vow henceforth to forsake my ill ways and evil companions, and to live righteously from this day forward."

"The Lord give thee grace so to do!" said Father Antonio.

"But at the same time, my father," pursued the painter, "you must admit that there are some excuses for me. I inherited evil tendencies; I was badly brought up; my friends have betrayed me, mine own wife was false to me, and my children are rebellious and undutiful."

"That is most true," said Padre Antonio.

"But I forgive them, I forgive them all freely," said Camillo. "I cannot, of course, take them back to my heart and home, for they are undeserving; but I have no hard thoughts of them, father."

"I trust not, my son, Camillo," replied the father.

"And in truth, though I am a grievous sinner, other men have done worse," continued the artist. "See what I have made of myself. You remember me when I was a ragged little artist's model; look at me now! And I have never—though under a compact with Satan—committed aught that

men call crime. I have lived a life of pleasure, but have I harmed any man?"

"Thou shouldst know," said the holy man.

"I *do* know," returned Camillo. "Well, give me my penance, absolution, and thy blessing, father, and let me return home with a clean heart and a quiet conscience."

"There is a veil upon the face of thy picture?" asked the father.

The artist assented, with a troubled glance.

"Then be thy penance this," said Father Antonio; "to place the picture in the room of thine house thou dost most frequent, and to *remove the veil*. And when those eyes have read so deeply in thine heart that thou seest thyself as they see thee, then come hither—if thou wilt—for absolution and the blessing of peace. Now God be with thee; farewell."

Camillo went his way homeward with a heavy heart.

"And but now I was so happy and so blest," quoth he to himself. "Was it well done of the father to disturb my peace?" he asked. Yet did he not neglect to perform his penance.

A week later he sought the priest once more

"My father," said he, "I am a far worse man than I dreamed. How dared I ask for absolution? For when I had hung in my studio the picture you wot of, lo! I looked around the walls, and—ask me not, I cannot tell thee. Alas that I should have wrought evil to so many souls! Think you that I can ever atone?"

"Thou shouldst know," said the priest. "Return, and look once more on the Face of Christ."

So Camillo returned.

And the next day he rose early and went his way to the house of that woman who had risen up and fled from the face of his picture.

"Thou and I," said the artist, "have done much evil together; shall we now do much good?"

And the woman agreed. So she sold her jewels and her fine raiment and what precious things she had, and Camillo did the like; and they found other women known to them both, and gathered them into one house, and persuaded them to live a godly and virtuous life. Then Camillo went away to

his own house, expecting to look without fear into the Face of Christ. For, indeed, there was nothing frightful there, but looks of tender love and eyes of searching purity.

But the next morning he went to the chief picture-dealer in the city, and ordered him to go here and there and buy up again every inch of canvas which bore the name of Camillo. Now Camillo was, as has been said, a great painter, and the surface of his pictures might have been covered with gold coins without reaching their price; so when this had been done there was left of all his fortune only a tiny cottage, into which he moved with his one sole treasure, the only relic of his great fame—the Face of Christ. For all those evil and lewd pictures had been burned with fire.

"Now do I indeed repent; now may I be absolved," quoth Camillo; and with a happy and peaceful heart he went his way to the home of Padre Antonio.

"God give you peace, my son; you have done well," said the priest. "Thou hast a poor home but a wealthy heart; where is she who should be partner of both?"

"My wife?" cried Camillo, springing to his feet; "why, Padre, thou knowest she was false to me!"

"And thou?" said Father Antonio.

Camillo went his way back to the city. "It was ill done of the padre to disturb my peace," he said. "Alas! I was just now so happy!"

But he did not forget his penance, and the next day he sought the father again.

"Father Antonio," he said, "thou hast been faithful to my poor soul. Help me to find my wife."

So the priest aided him gladly, and they found the wife of Camillo, sunk in such misery and degradation that for many days she escaped their search.

"But should I not forgive her, who have been myself forgiven?" said the artist, tenderly; and he took her home and pleaded with her to live a better life, and dealt kindly with her.

And the Face of Christ hung on the wall unveiled.

Then, after a day or two, came Camillo again to the priest, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Father Antonio," he said, "the Lord has shown me myself. I have been a bad son to old Marietta, my grand-

mother, a bad husband to my wife, a bad father to my children. My sins caused their error; the poison of my life corrupted them. Help me to atone."

So Father Antonio helped him, and they sought out old Marietta, whom he had neglected many years, and Camillo's sons and daughters; and before them all the artist humbled himself, and they fell upon his neck with tears, and forgave and were forgiven. Only Marietta, who had forgotten by this time the sins of his boyhood, and remembered only his glory and great name, maintained that she had nothing to forgive.

So Camillo took her home, and his children dwelt near by in houses of their own, and all were happy and at peace among themselves. And the Face of Christ shone down upon them from the wall. But they had few friends in the city who cared to enter their humble dwelling; for it was a fearful thing carelessly to meet those pictured eyes.

Now, when they had so dwelt for many days, Camillo came again to Father Antonio, and said, "Father, may I yet be absolved?"

But Padre Antonio did not answer.

"What!" cried the painter, "is there yet more to do?"

"Thou shouldst know," said Father Antonio.

"I know *not*," said Camillo, sorrowfully. "I have done all that can be done; even the slightest tie of friendship that hath bound my soul in former days have I sought to reunite; and if the friend had been wronged, I have besought forgiveness."

"Hath it been always granted?" asked the priest.

"Nay," said Camillo, "for to some the wrong hath been that my poison hath so tainted their souls that they have wronged me; and that wrong is hard to pardon. But the others have forgiven."

"It is well," said Padre Antonio.

"Yet you tell me there is more," said the artist.

"I tell thee? nay," said the priest. "Thou shouldst know. What does the Face of Christ tell thee? My son, when thou hast won his absolution thou wilt not ask mine."

Then Camillo went home very sorrowful, and yet happy, for he felt that he could now look calmly and fearlessly into the eyes of the Christ: yet also he would have liked well the priest's absolution.

So when night had fallen and he was left alone with his masterpiece, he knelt down before his canvas, and, folding his hands like the hands of a little child at prayer, he looked upward into the pictured eyes.

And the Face of Christ shone down upon his soul. The eyes were very searching, yet, oh! so loving and tender; the parted lips seemed to smile like the lips of a mother over her naughty child as she says, "But, darling, you grieve mamma."

Then Camillo fell upon his face with a great cry.

And in the morning he went back to Father Antonio.

"Ah, my father! how dared I ask for absolution? I, who knew not the smallest fraction of my sin! What are all my offenses against my fellow-man to my sins against Him?"

"Ah! what indeed!" said Padre Antonio.

"I allied myself with His foes, I rejected His love, I cast Him out of my heart, I caused those to sin for whom He died."

"And I also," said Padre Antonio.

"And yet He forgives; He has always forgiven; *that* crushes me," said Camillo. "There is no effort in it with Him —He forgives freely. There is no little by little in it; I have come back to Him step by step, but He has carried me always in His heart. *Padre Antonio, what shall I do to be saved?*"

"Go back," said the priest, "and look once more on the Face of Christ."

So Camillo went back, and knelt all night long before his masterpiece, and the eyes of the Christ shone down into his soul. And a great sorrow came upon him, and also a great joy; a great anguish and a great peace; because the love without him was greater than the love within, and for the first moment in his half-century of years he felt all its weight.

Therefore, between the joy and the anguish, his heart broke, and his soul was drawn up into the ocean of love, eternal and illimitable.

And in the morning they found him lying dead beneath the eyes of Christ, with the peace of heaven upon his pallid features.

"The Lord Christ hath absolved him," said Padre Antonio.

TRUE SOCIALISM

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. . . With the Sangerfest itself we had nothing to do. Of course there were processions, concerts, balls, and all the rest of the routine with which Americans have since become so familiar; but the only noticeable incident for us is that when, as their contribution to the prize singing, the Micklegard Männerchor gave that sweetest of German Volkslieder, "Bei'm Liebchen zu Haus," the audience arose as one man and applauded to the very echo. The prize was theirs; a result to which, in Dora's opinion, Karl's rich bass had not a little contributed.

She was thinking briefly of this and other matters, in the train that bore her homewards, when her attention was attracted to a conversation going on between two young men who occupied the seat before her. They were students of the Laketon University, though this Dora could not be expected to know; and as one was Irish and the other a German, even more prone than is the case with students in general to discuss all things in heaven above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. They spoke in English or German as suited their subject-matter or the impulse of the moment, and the first words that caught Dora's attention were these:—

"Have I ever objected to Socialism in itself?"

"What do you call its Self? You seem to object to its most necessary elements."

"By no means. I only say that you Socialists are short-sighted, and seem to adopt the very measures best calculated to defeat your own ends."

"Specify, specify!" growled the German.

"With pleasure. The end at which you profess to aim is a universal brotherhood among men, a sort of lion and lamb lying down together all over the world; yet you go to work, with your secret plots and your assassinations, as if you were preparing for another Reign of Terror."

"The Reign of Terror may be necessary *beforehand*."

"Very long beforehand, then. You know the story of the tiger who has once tasted blood. Teaching men to murder

makes them murderers; no less. You can't build your social republic out of unsocial Republicans, dear boy."

"Oh! get along with your Irish sophistry! A social republic, as you call it, seems to be, in your eyes, another Donnybrook Fair!"

"Take your time," said the Irishman. "When a fellow falls back on old Donnybrook, I know he's hard pressed for an argument."

"I could prove to you in five minutes that tyrannicide is not murder, any more than tiger-hunting; and"—warned by a twinkle in the blue Irish eye—"far more righteous than ordinary capital punishment. But, passing that over for the time, I should like to know what means *you* would employ to build a social republic, supposing you wanted one?"

"Do you suppose I should not hail the advent of *true* Socialism as the dawn of new light and life for the world?"

"Eh? a new convert! But stop! there was a qualifying word. *True* Socialism; that is, with all its distinctive features omitted."

"Not at all. Socialism with all its vital organs strengthened and purified; in short—Christianity."

"I thought so! Christianity! Why, Christianity has had her fling for eighteen centuries, and what has she done?"

"The first thing she did was to establish a commune," replied the Irishman. "You can read a full account of it in the Book of Acts, including the history of some weak disciples, who, having perhaps been trained in tiger-hunting, were not fully equal to the occasion during a reign of peace. As the first recorded experiment in Socialism, it ought to interest you."

"But the experiment failed."

"Failed? In the reign of Tiberius, with Nero and Caligula and all those fellows to come after? Well, rather! The world wasn't quite ready for it, not by some eighteen centuries, so Christianity fell back on her intrenchments, as you might say, and, while she reserved the spirit of Socialism, let go the letter."

She did, did she? why, Christians—"

"I'm not talking about Christians. We're a bad lot, most of us, but it's because we don't live up to our principles. You

read over your Gospels, old boy, and tell me whether, if they really and vitally influenced the lives of the majority of Americans, Socialism in its essence—that is, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—would not follow as a matter of course."

"Oh! perhaps, yes. I don't quarrel with your religion as a system of morality, Clare. It is"—

"I know; miracles. But how a fellow who, not content with making bricks without straw, tries to build a house by tearing up the foundations, can quarrel with miracles, passes my comprehension. Look here. Do you not know that this is a waste of time to reform society from the outside, and especially by main force? The worm at the root of the social tree, my dear fellow, is sin. How do you propose to get rid of it?"

"Ah, there indeed," sighed the German, his metaphysical soul rising to the bait, "you start the great religious problem, my friend, with which Zoroaster, Buddha, and other religious teachers have grappled."

"And which only Christ has solved," said Ernest Clare.

Whereupon they rushed into a discussion which, taking by and by another turn, led them into transcendental mathematics, and the possible existence of worlds or universes where a fourth dimension forms part of the usual order of things; with many wild fancies as to the type of inhabitants such universes may possess. When Karl hurried back from the other end of the car to fetch his wife and change cars for Micklegard, they were still hard at it.

That night Dora had a singular dream. She stood in a world which formed part of one of those universes of which Clare and his companion had spoken; a universe which admits a fourth, even perhaps a fifth, dimension, and which must therefore differ so widely from our earth even in the primary elements that compose what here we call land and water, that any attempt to describe it were but as the meaningless babble of an infant.

In the world whereon she stood or floated—for our commonplace to them would be miraculous, while what we call miracle is there a daily happening—there was a stir and moving to and fro, as of leaves swayed by a sudden breeze. One of their number had willed to leave them, and seeking our

earth—known to him as the theatre of the wondrous drama of redemption—to don our uniform of flesh and strike one good blow against sin. And this, by a law of his world, was possible to him.

He stood, a tall, radiant figure, before One appointed to hear such requests and decide upon them.

"Have you thought well upon the matter?" it was asked him. "It is nothing that, though you may choose to go or stay, you may by no means choose your post in the battle. No good soldier would grumble at that; nor, to say truth, is the difference between what there they call riches and poverty, high and low, happiness and misery, at all worth considering. But have you thought upon the horribleness, the awful, slimy infectiousness, of the foe you must close with in a death grapple? Have you considered the sinfulness of sin?"

"I have looked upward to the midnight sky," he made answer, "and have beheld the universe that contains earth floating there, a pale, translucent disk. And when the thought of sin had stained its purity with the hue of blood, I have been as one who, bound and helpless, beholds a fiery serpent approaching, to devour before his eyes a sleeping, innocent babe."

"But what," it was urged, "if you should be overcome in the struggle? For the serpent is very strong, and his poison is death."

"The Life of our King," he replied, "is stronger than the death of the serpent."

"But the choice is forever," he was told. "Victor or vanquished, hither you can never return, save as others have done, in passing from world to world. Man you will be, and man you must remain forever. Also, you will forget your world, your friends; and, though broken visions may float about your infancy, like rainbow hues above the dewdrops of morning, they will vanish all too soon before the coming of that sun of earth."

"Morning and evening are alike His handiwork," he replied. "Everywhere and always I shall have Him."

Then He who had questioned him arose solemnly. "Thou bearest with thee the sign of victory," He said. "Go in peace."

And it seemed to Dora as if the tall, radiant form turned upon her, her alone in all that illimitable throng, a face of

wondrous and eternal beauty. Close it came, and closer still; now they were two alone in all that measureless universe, and his lips smiled, and the eyes were the eyes of a little child.

"Mother!" he said, and kissed her on the lips; wherewith a strange shuddering thrill of utter bliss shot through every member. She woke to find the daylight streaming in at the curtainless window. Her heart was throbbing heavily, her limbs trembled, and her eyes were full of tears.

THE RIVER BRUAPO

From 'The True Story of Captain John Smith.'

. . . This was the river Bruapo, which has always been a puzzle to historians.

His journey, he tells us, was by land as far as Varna, on the Black Sea; there he took ship and so reached the strait of Kertch, and passed through the Sea of Azov, to the mouth of the river Bruapo, "which springeth from many places of the mountains Innagachi that join themselves together in the pool Kerkas." This pool, he says, the people of that country account for the head of the river; we shall see presently how he came by his better information. The river empties into the "Sea Dissabacca, called by some the Lake Meotis, which receiveth also the river Tanais," or Don.

Now, there is no single river in those parts that answers absolutely to this description; and Smith having with him no chart of the country—as indeed such scarcely existed—was unable to ascertain his exact locality. But there is very little doubt that as a matter of fact he entered one of the mouths of the Don, probably the most southerly, and that after a short sail up that river he turned aside into the Manitsch or Manytch. This river, which empties into the Don from the east, widens at one point into the Lake Manitschkoie, which may readily have been the pool Kerkas, as it is situated in the country of the "Circassi;" it is not, however, the head of the river, which is formed by various tributaries having their sources in or near the Caucasus range; there are in particular three streams, each called the Gegelik, which unite with the Manitsch, just above the pools. And even such an acute topographer as Smith

may be excused for failing to perceive the transition from river to river, since the junction is masked by one of the innumerable islets formed by the Don and its confluent streams, which bring down from the inland by the violence of their inundations great quantities of soil, as Captain Smith is careful to explain.

Cambia, which was six or seven days' sail up the Bruapo or Manitsch, was at a point where the river was more than half a mile wide; the castle of that name was of large circumference with walls fourteen or fifteen feet thick; "in the foundation, some six feet from the wall, is a palizado, and then a ditch of about forty feet wide full of water. On the west is a town, all of low, flat houses; which as he conceives could be of no great strength, yet it keeps all them barbarous countries about it in admiration and subjection."

A TWILIGHT FANTASIA

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Through sunlit hours, a goblin grey
  Deep in the mine I toil,
But when evening burns, and the west is red,
  I quit my golden spoil—
Then gayly alight is my firefly lamp,
  Alow and aloft it gleams,
White, 'gainst the sunset's dying glow,
  Gold, where the young moon streams,
As I flit and flash on my fairy wings,
  Through the shadow of flower and tree,
    Seeking thee.

Under the king-fern's feathery frond,
  I peer as I swiftly pass,
Where the tall, proud pine doth pierce the sky,
  'Neath the blade of the dew-bent grass,
Somewhere, somewhen, I shall see thee stand,
  Dainty, and small and white,

With thy rainbow gems, and thy mist white hair,
And thine eyes of elfin light;
My firefly lamp thou shalt smile to see,
Seeking thee.

Is it the gleam of her fairy robe,
Half-hid by the leaves of the clover?
I flash to the meadow, I rise, I fall,
I pause for an instant over—
Away! 'tis the white of the clover bloom,
Tender and small and sweet,
The dew-drops' sparkle that gems the grass,
Not the touch of her elfin feet—
Away! on my endless quest I flee,
Seeking thee.

But the hour will come that shall give me back
Sheen of robe from a fairy loom,
When the moonlight shines where the west is grey—
Or the dark pine's barren gloom
Shall answer the flash of my firefly lamp
With the light of thy longing eyes, . . .
Then my light shall fade and my wings shall fold
When the goblin hath found his prize,
No more to flutter from tree to tree,
Seeking thee.

So, better, perchance, is the wild free flight,
Of a joyous, endless quest,
Than the hush of a heart that hath not to seek,
But hath found its first and best.
By day and by night a goblin grey,
Heaping the golden spoil?—
Nay, gayly alight is my firefly lamp,
For past is my day of toil;
And, white where the sunset has died away,
Gold, where the moonlight streams,
It flits, it flashes, where shadows move,
In the long lush grass it gleams,
Then, love, through the twilight fleeteth free,
Seeking thee.

HOLD ME NOT FALSE

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Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

Hold me not false, O friend! The year is young,
The streams are breaking bounds, the throbbing sap
Swells in the purpling branches of the trees,
And furry leaf-buds fringe the softening boughs;
While, down amid the leaves of lost last year,
Sweet spring has won a rosy blossoming.
Change is not always death: hold me not false,
Believe in me a little while, O friend!

Hold me not false! See how the affluent earth
Opens her bare brown bosom to the plough;
Seed-death brings harvest resurrection. Ah!
Hot-hearted earth, wherefore thy flaming wrath?
Wherefore the heaving sea, offenceless torn,
Or fiery vapors blown o'er smiling skies?
. . . Behold! another island!
Earth hath changed;
Believe in me a little while, O friend!

Believe in me! On all the autumn woods,
And on the fields by mower's scythe left bare,
Gleameth a glory monarch never knew.
The barns are full, and Mother Earth, bereft,
Glows in her festal raiment. Royal robes
To deck a mourner? But the barns are full!
Change is not always death; hold me not false,
Believe in me a little while, O friend.

Wilt thou believe at last, when winter spreads
His ermine mantle o'er the frozen fields;
When all the birds are dumb, and winds are chill,
And bare black branches sharply cut grey sky?

Ah, see! The crimson of the waiting west
Glows later every evening; spring will come!
Silence, desertion, death, shall not be truth;
Believe in me a little while, O friend!

ONE POET TO ANOTHER

From *Harper's Magazine*, December, 1891, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

(Accompanying a manuscript sonnet—with emendations.)

My True-love's lute I love to tune aright,
So truly doth he sing of truest love;
His lightsome lay makes night's cold shadows bright,
When his clear lute is truly tuned aright,
Each note glows golden to the ravished sight,
Each soul of man doth with that music move—
When his true lute my True-love tunes aright,
And sings, to heaven and me, of deathless love.

His lightsome lay makes night's cold shadows bright;
For, at his singing, see! my sun doth rise.
Then all my life is radiant in men's sight,
My earth out-heavens Heaven's own golden light.
As night grows day, so day is dimmed to night,
By the true measure that my True-love tries.
His lightsome lay makes night's cold shadows bright;
For, at his singing, see! my sun doth rise.

Now, since my life is radiant in men's eyes,
My True-love's lute I seek to tune aright;
And all my flow'rs gathered 'neath twilight skies,
Ere, to his music, my life's sun did rise,
I twine about, to please the world's cold eyes,
His lovesome lute. Ah! fragrant flowers and bright,
For me he sings! Therefore, my sun doth rise,
Whether or no his lute be tuned aright.

JOHN ALLAN WYETH

[1845—1922]

MARION J. VERDERY

JOHN ALLAN WYETH, M.D., LL.D., of the University of Louisville (1869); *ad eundem* Bellevue Hospital Medical College (1873); University of Alabama (1901), and University of Maryland (1909), is the fourth and youngest child, the second and only surviving son of Louis Weiss Wyeth and Euphemia Allan, and was born at Missionary Station, Marshall County, Alabama, May 26, 1845.

As to his paternal ancestry he traces his descent to Nicholas Wyeth (or Wythe) who came from England in 1630 and settled in Massachusetts. Another brother settling in Virginia established the family of which George Wythe, counsellor and statesman, was the last and most distinguished member.

Louis Weiss Wyeth (father of John Allan) was born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, June 20, 1812, and died in Marshall County, Alabama, July 7, 1889. He was educated at the Male Academy of which his father was one of the founders, later president and the controlling spirit. Possessing intellect of a high order, and wisely appreciative of the value of learning, he applied himself assiduously to his academic work and reaped the full advantage of the best opportunities of his youthful days for a classical education. At eighteen he attended the Law School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, was graduated at twenty-one, and was admitted to the Bar, settling in Harrisburg for three years. In 1836 he settled in Marshall County, Alabama, and was soon thereafter made Judge of the Probate Court and later represented his county in the Legislature. He was twice elected Judge of the Fifth Judicial District, declined reëlection and also declined the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of Alabama. His rule of practice was never to plead a cause unless he was convinced that it was just. His religious convictions (Presbyterian) were strong and lasting. In the Civil War his opinions and sympathies were on the Southern side, and, although beyond the age of conscription, he enlisted and went to the front. He was later discharged on account of illness and resulting physical disability. After a long and useful life, "without fear and without reproach," he died July 7, 1889.

Euphemia Allan, daughter of Reverend John Allan and Nancy Hodge, was born in Gallatin, Tennessee, June 17, 1817, and died in

Guntersville, Alabama, December 27, 1896. Her paternal grandfather was David Allan, of Ayr, Scotland. Her father was born in Hertford, England, April 21, 1788, emigrated to Georgia in 1801, and was graduated from the University of Georgia at Athens in 1807. A man of great learning and piety, he became a Presbyterian minister, married Nancy Hodge, July 20, 1809, and died in Huntsville, Alabama, November 14, 1843.

The father of Nancy was Joseph Hodge, who, born in England in 1755, emigrated to North Carolina, served under General Greene in the Revolutionary War, and was severely wounded at the Battle of Guilford Court House. Receiving a grant of land in Sumner County, Tennessee, he settled there and died February 28, 1822.

Euphemia Allan, reared and educated in a family and a community noted for culture and refinement, dedicated her life with unselfish devotion to her children and their father, and, beyond these, to others who most needed help. On one of her many errands of mercy to a sick ex-Confederate soldier, she received an injury which rendered her entirely unable to walk or stand; and for fifteen years before her death she was helplessly confined to a wheel-chair or to her bed. With sublime courage and uncomplaining fortitude she submitted to this dispensation of Providence and lived and died the Spartan mother.

John Allan Wyeth was educated at the common school in Guntersville until 1861, when he became a cadet at LaGrange Military Academy (LaGrange College) in Franklin County, Alabama. Here he remained for one year, when this college was closed on account of the Civil War.

On June 7, 1862, he took part in an engagement at Law's Landing on the Tennessee River, with a detachment of the Tenth Ohio Infantry.

As a volunteer in Quirk's Scouts of General John H. Morgan's cavalry, he served with this command in the winter of 1862-63, and in the expedition known as the "Christmas Raid" was in the engagements at Bear Wallow, near Glasgow, on December twenty-fifth; at Upton Station, December twenty-sixth; Elizabethtown, December twenty-seventh; Mudraugh's Hill on the twenty-eighth, and on the next day at Rolling Fork River (where General Basil Duke was desperately wounded and was carried off the field by Captain Quirk.)

From April, 1863, to the close of the war, in 1865, he served in Company I, Russell's Fourth Alabama Cavalry Regiment, of Wheeler's and Forrest's corps. On the retreat of Bragg's army to Chattanooga, he took part in the engagement at Shelbyville, June 27, 1863; in two engagements at Morris Ford on Elk River on July second, and also at Winchester, Tennessee.

On the night of September 14, 1863, on account of duty deemed extraordinarily hazardous, for which he volunteered and which involved passing through the right wing of the Federal Army as a bearer of dispatches, he was granted an "unlimited leave of absence," which was declined. He was in the three days' Battle of Chickamauga on the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth of September, 1863, and on the twenty-first took part in the defeat of the Union Cavalry in McLemore's Cove. He took part in the fighting at the crossing of the Tennessee at Cottonport, September thirtieth, and on October 2, 1863, at Anderson's Cross Roads in Sequatchie Valley, his regiment, unaided, rode over and took as prisoners the entire guard and captured and destroyed probably the largest supply train taken during the war. This wagon-train stretched along the road a distance of eight miles. Having lost his horse in this engagement, he was cut off from the main column by McCook's Union Cavalry and taken prisoner.

Of the sixteen months as a prisoner of war, fifteen were spent in confinement in Camp Morton, Indiana. A sketch of the treatment to which Confederate soldiers were subjected, written by him and entitled, "Cold Cheer in Camp Morton," was published in the *Century Magazine* for April, 1891.

Exchanged in April, 1865, he returned to service and was present at the capture of Macon, Georgia, by General James H. Wilson, when he was surrendered with the garrison, but subsequently escaped.

At the close of hostilities in 1865 and in 1866 he engaged in farming; in 1867 began the study of medicine and was graduated in April, 1869, from the University of Louisville. After two months of practice at Guntersville, Alabama, in June, 1869, he became surgeon to a railroad construction company operating in the White River section of Arkansas. After one year he temporarily abandoned practice and for two years was engaged in steamboating and in the construction of public works.

In October, 1872, he resumed his professional studies in New York City, receiving the degree *ad eundem* in March, 1873; in April he was appointed Assistant Demonstrator and in the following year Prosector to the Chair of Anatomy in Bellevue Hospital Medical College.

In 1880 he was appointed Visiting Surgeon at Mount Sinai Hospital and Consulting Surgeon at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City. In 1881 he became senior professor of surgery in, and later, president of, the Faculty of the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital, which institution introduced post-graduate medical instruction in the United States. In 1885, and again in 1886, he was elected president of the New York Pathological Society, and in 1893 first vice-president of the American Medical Association. In 1900

he was elected president of the New York State Medical Association; in 1901 president of the American Medical Association, and in the same year the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Alabama. In January, 1907, he was elected president of the New York Academy of Medicine and was re-elected in 1909. In May, 1909, the University of Maryland conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

He was married April 10, 1886, to Florence Nightingale Sims, daughter of the eminent surgeon, J. Marion Sims. By this union there are three children, one daughter and two sons, Florence Wyeth, born January 26, 1887; Marion Sims Wyeth, born February 18, 1889, and John Allan Wyeth, Jr., born October 24, 1894.

He is the author of a "Hand-book of Medical and Surgical Reference" (1875); an essay on "Dextral Preference in Man" (1875); a "Monograph on Minor Surgery" (1876). In this same year he was awarded the Bellevue Medical College Alumni Association Prize for "the best essay on any subject connected with surgery or surgical pathology," his subject being "Amputation at the Ankle-Joint." In 1878 he was awarded the first prize of the American Medical Association for an essay on "The Surgical Anatomy and Surgery of the Carotid Arteries," and received the second prize of the same association (1878) for an essay on the "Surgical Anatomy and Surgery of the Innominate and Subclavian Arteries." At this time he published an essay on the "Obturator Arteries and the Importance of their Relation to Hernia," and later a pamphlet on "Suprapubic Cystotomy, with a Report of Sixty Cases"; an "Osteoplastic Operation for the Correction of Deformities of the Alveolar Arch and for Cleft Palate and Hair-Lip"; "Removal of the Lower Jaw from Within the Mouth Without External Incision," an essay on "The Surgical Treatment of Aneurisms of the Arch of the Aorta, Innominate, Subclavian, and Carotid Arteries by the Distal Ligature," and "Some Original Researches on the Occlusion of Arteries by Cell Proliferation." In 1890 he made public his method of "Bloodless Amputation at the Shoulder and Hip Joints"; and in 1903 "A New Method of Treating Inoperable Vascular Tumors by the Injection into their Substance of Water at a High Temperature."

In 1895 he delivered an oration on "J. Marion Sims and His Work," before the Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association at Washington, and an address on "Medical Education" before the Mississippi Valley Association at Louisville in 1890. In 1886 he published the first edition of his "Text-Book on Surgery," which in 1909 has passed through four separate editions. In 1901, at St. Paul, he delivered the "Oration on Surgery" before the American Medi-

cal Association, and the "President's Address" before the same Association at Saratoga in 1902.

Among his contributions to other than professional literature are: An article in the *Century Magazine* for April, 1891, entitled, "Cold Cheer in Camp Morton," a narrative of prison life from October, 1863, to February, 1865; a historical sketch in *Harper's Magazine,* November, 1892, entitled, "Nathaniel J. Wyeth and the Struggle for Oregon." In *Harper's Weekly,* 1898, "General Wheeler's Leap," a sketch of the Battle of Shelbyville, June 27, 1863; a series of articles on "General N. B. Forrest at Fort Donelson"; "The Capture of Colonel A. D. Straight and his Entire Command"; "The Storming of Fort Pillow"; "Forrest at Brice's Cross-Roads," all in *Harper's Magazine,* 1899. In the *Confederate Veteran* for November, 1900, appeared the "Narrative of a Scouting Expedition in 1863." In 1899 his "Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest" was published by Harper and Brothers, a second edition being issued in 1908.

To the foregoing record of his ancestry and achievements there remains to be added only a brief appreciation of his personality.

His bearing is so exceedingly modest that a stranger would never suspect his distinction. His sterling manhood combines with an exquisite gentleness of nature to make him kind, considerate, and generous. His heart is true to the impulses of sympathy and tenderness, his nerve is equal to the demands of highest courage, and his mind reflects the beauty of culture and the power of truth. His uncompromising integrity and exalted sense of honor harmonize well with the exactness of his science and the nobility of his profession. His character, as a whole, bespeaks the superiority of his lineage, and his brilliant achievements testify not only to his genius, but to the inestimable value of his conscientious labors for the relief of human suffering. High-minded, pure-hearted, and gentle-tempered, he commands confidence, inspires admiration, and compels love.

Marion J. Verdery

TO A SOUTHERN BELLE MARRIED TO A FRENCH NOBLEMAN

Beneath the sky
Where you and I
Were born; where beauty grows,
Up from the sod
At touch of God
There sprang a stately rose.

It grew, and men in wonderment
Beheld the beauteous thing—
Alas! for Hope which wooing went,
And Love which sorrowing,
Learns that the flower it loves the best,
The one it guards the tenderest,
The hand of Fate transplants!
Our Southern rose
Now sweetly grows
Among the hills of France.

Go search the gardens of Vendée
Which poets long have sung—
Go cull the flowers that blush the hills
Of Picardie among.
Land of romance!
Fair land of France!

With all your glorious flowers,
Lilies of old
And cloth of gold,
We needs must lend you ours!
Right well, I guess,
For loveliness,
For beauty in repose,
There is no lily in all France
Can match our Southern rose.

MY SWEETHEART'S FACE

My kingdom is my sweetheart's face,
And these the boundaries I trace:
Northward her forehead fair;
Beyond a wilderness of auburn hair;
A rosy cheek to east and west;
Her little mouth,
The sunny south,
It is the south that I love best.

Her eyes, two crystal lakes,
Rippling with light,
Caught from the sun by day,
The stars by night.
The dimples in
Her cheeks and chin
Are snares which Love hath set,
And I have fallen in!

TO A COQUETTE

Fair maid, thou art not fair, which paradox
Is truth although a seeming contradiction.
And since the truth, alas! thy sex most shocks,
I may accuse thee by rehearsing fiction.
The story's old. 'Tis of a jar or box
Which, under threat of lasting malediction
To all mankind, the gods had closed the lid.
All caskets else it was allowed to ope,
But, being woman, that which was forbid
Was just exactly what Pandora did.
The story's told. The keyless lock was raped
And all of evil that therein was hid,
Sorrow and Woe, Death and Despair escaped.
Frightened, she slammed the lid and shut in Hope
But thou, more cruel, fair and yet not fair,
Let Hope escape and left for me Despair.

TO MY MOTHER

Deal gently with her, Time! these many years
Of life have brought more smiles with them than tears.
Lay not thy hand too harshly on her now,
But trace decline so slowly on her brow
That (like a sunset of the northern clime,
Where twilight lingers in the summer time,
And fades at last into the silent night,
Ere one may note the passing of the light)
So may she pass—since 'tis the common lot—
As one who, resting, sleeps, and knows it not.

AN EXHORTATION TO THE DOCTOR

From an Address to the Graduating Classes of the University of Maryland, May 31, 1909.

As to your future, success or failure rests almost wholly with you. Barring the rare disasters which are beyond human foresight and control, each of you possessing the intelligence and application necessary to win the diploma awarded you, can achieve a successful career. The one great essential is the clean and manly life, the life of sobriety and self-control. No matter how gifted or how rich in attainment and opportunity, you can not reap the full measure of usefulness and success, if you descend to vicious associations.

The physician should be as clean morally as in person and attire. The man who cannot control a desire for stimulants should not and can not in conscience accept the awful responsibility of the lives and happiness of others.

While the use of tobacco from my point of view is unnecessary and deplorable, under ordinary conditions its effect is not to dull the sense of responsibility or impair professional judgment and skill. The habit is, however, a confession of weakness which it were well to forego.

Success in medicine, as in all other avocations, demands a consecration to duty—"the sublimest word in the English language." You must not only know your business thoroughly but you must make every possible sacrifice to attend to

it. Dissipation and distractions of all sorts which steal the time and divert the mind from the one chief interest, are stumbling-blocks in the path which leads to the high places.

When not at work in private or public practice, be in the nearest and best library or laboratory. Be where you may be found and where you will be sought after when it is known that you are habitually there.

Be not only a worker but a thinker. I approve the skeptic in medicine. Make it a rule not to accept the dictum or the conclusion of another unless after careful consideration or trial you are convinced of its truth. The mind which questions and investigates is the one which is apt to contribute something of value to the betterment of mankind.

In all the relations to your patients and to your brothers in the profession, try to do in every emergency just what you would have done for yourself, or for some one near and dear to you. Put yourself in his place.

A TRIBUTE TO J. MARION SIMS

From an Address on 'Dr. J. Marion Sims and His Work,' 1895.

In 1894, a year ago, there was unveiled in Bryant Park, New York City, a statue in bronze of this immortal man. It stands erect and proud, a life-like image of the great teacher, the spontaneous gift from his brothers in the profession throughout the civilized world, and from many of the unfortunate beings his genius and skill had benefited. In brief yet comprehensive phraseology, the inscription tells the story of his career:

J. MARION SIMS, M.D., LL.D.
Born in South Carolina, 1813. Died in New York City in 1883.
Surgeon and Philanthropist.
Founder of the Woman's Hospital of the State of New York.
His Brilliant Achievements Carried the Fame of
American Surgery
Throughout the Civilized World.
In Recognition of his Services in the Cause of
Science and Mankind.

He Received the Highest Honors in the Gift of his Countrymen
And Decorations from the Governments of
France, Portugal, Spain, Belgium, and Italy.

On the reverse:

Presented
To the City of New York
by
His Professional Friends,
Loving Patients,
and
Many Admirers
Throughout the World.

Marion Sims possessed a striking personality. With all his long and bitter struggle with poverty and for professional recognition, and in his early days for health and life itself, time had dealt gently with his form and face, whereon Nature had set in unmistakable lines the stamp of greatness. Although he had rounded well the years allotted by the Psalmist, his step was still quick and firm, his carriage erect, dignified, and graceful. The frosts of age had not tinged the rich abundance of his dark-brown hair, which fell straight back from off the massive forehead, for the ever-active brain and the deep-seated, searching eyes of brown, asked always for the light! The brows were arched and unusually heavy and prominent; most beautifully proportioned and of Grecian type; the mouth well shaped, lips usually compressed, which, with the prominent chin, bespoke courage and firmness of purpose. His face was oval, clean-shaven and smooth, and the usual expression was of almost womanly sweetness, yet it was quick to vary in harmony with whatever emotion was predominant. Away from excitement and in the home-life, his expression and actions were almost boyish. He never seemed to have forgotten that he was once a boy, and he would throw himself into a household frolic with all the abandon of his early days. He was courageous to a degree, and although he rarely lost control of his temper, yet he was at times imperious and aggressive. When occasion demanded he was a good fighter, and fought his enemies with right good will; but he was quick to

forgive, and just before his death he said to me one day, "I have forgiven all who ever did me a wrong, with one exception." As said of him by a gifted orator, he possessed qualities ideal in the make-up of a truly great surgeon, "the brain of an Apollo, the heart of a lion, the eye of an eagle, and the hand of a woman."

If generosity be a fault, it was his besetting sin, and that was all the sin of which I deemed him capable.

Toward the higher and purer civilization, the progress of man is slow. As yet the shadows of barbarism linger about him. His heroes are the destroyers, the Cæsars and Napoleons, who covered the earth with ruin and buried beneath it countless lives, sacrificed upon the altar of personal ambition. But the time must come when those whose genius and works give life and health and happiness to the world will be first in the heart of man. In this purer temple of fame, along with those of Jenner, Ephraim McDowell, Morton, Lister, Pasteur, and others, generations yet unborn shall read the name of Marion Sims.

GENERAL FORREST'S PERSONALITY

From 'The Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest.'

It has been suggested that certain portions of this book which bear testimony of Forrest's harshness and violent temper should not be made public, as they might detract from his reputation as a man; but it has been my endeavor to paint him exactly as he lived, so that posterity may form its own opinion of him from the evidence. To my mind it would be as inexcusable to hide any of his shortcomings as it would be to permit the assailants of his reputation to go unchallenged. He had his weaknesses, and was not an angel by any means, but he was far from being a man who did not have a high sense of right and justice. Personally, nothing would please me more than to have left out of my book everything which could possibly awaken an unpleasant memory or cause the slightest irritation, but simple justice to Forrest requires a recitation of some of these unhappy incidents.

Happily for all, the bitterness engendered by that fratricidal

struggle has passed away, and while Forrest took the Southern side and fought to the last with desperate energy and an intensity of purpose unsurpassed, his history and his fame are part of the glory of our common country. No spirit more loyal to its convictions ever animated a mortal frame than that which dominated his all too brief existence. When his blood-red sword was sheathed at last, he took on the modes of peace as earnestly and consistently as he had carried on the direful methods of war. From the day that his battle-flag was furled to the day of his death he labored for more than a political rehabilitation of the nation. He wished a union heart to heart between the South and the North. This was the burden of his eloquent and pathetic addresses to the veterans of his command at the annual reunions; and when the hand of the Great Destroyer was laid upon him, in his last will he bequeathed his sword to his son with the expressed wish that, should occasion offer, he, as his father would have done, would use it under the Stars and Stripes with the same devotion and earnestness that it had been wielded for the Southern Confederacy.

THE PIONEER QUALITY

From 'The Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest.'

Now and then there comes upon the stage of life, in the theatre of this world, a man who so differs from the rest of

> The innumerable caravan that moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death

that he catches the eye and ear at once, and, as long as he moves in the scene, holds the attention of his fellows. When the sable curtain falls, and his part in the drama is over, we who remain to fill the minor rôles find time in moments of reflection to ask ourselves: What manner of man was this, and wherein did he differ from others of his kind? By what mysterious alchemy did the elements in him combine to lift him to the stars, while we who just as earnestly, with upturned eyes and patient longing, strive to reach the realms of the immortals, stumble and fall, perish and are forgotten?

On the 13th day of July, in the year 1821, in a rude frontier cabin, amid surroundings which told of poverty, and in the obscurity of a remote backwoods settlement of middle Tennessee, there was born one of these rare beings. The light which first greeted his infant vision came through the cracks in the chinking between the logs of hewn cedar, or sent its penetrating rays beneath the riven boards of the roof which in overlapping rows were laid upon the rafters and held in place by heavy poles and blocks, in lieu of nails. This humble cabin, which was his mother's home, claimed no more than eighteen by twenty feet of earth to rest upon, with a single room below and a half-room or loft overhead. One end of this building was almost entirely given up to the broad fireplace, while in the middle of each side swung, on wooden hinges, a door. There was no need of a window, for light and air found ready access through the doorways and cracks, and down through the wide squatty chimney. A pane of glass was a luxury as yet unknown to this primitive life. Around and near the house was a cleared patch of land containing several acres enclosed with a straight stake-fence of cedar rails, and by short cross-fences divided into a yard immediately about the cabin; rearward of this a garden, and a young orchard of peach, apple, pear, and plum trees. The yard fence ran parallel with the public road so newly cut through the forest that stumps and roots of trees still showed above the level of the ground, waiting to be removed by the slow process of decay.

Across the highway, squatting among the giant cedars of the Duck River country, stood a log blacksmith-shop, with bellows and forge, anvil, tongs, and hammer, and the other simple paraphernalia of an artisan in iron; and here, "week in, week out, from morn till night," the sparks flew in showers from the red-hot metal as the skillful hand and powerful arm of the workman, with turning tongs and sturdy blows of the hammer, wrought the half-molten mass into useful shape.

The owner of this shop was William Forrest, blacksmith, then twenty-one years of age, more than six feet in height, with the heavy, muscular development of a mechanic. He was an honorable man and a law-abiding citizen, sober, and industrious. This I have from a perfectly reliable source—from

one who lived a near neighbor and knew him well. He must have been this and more to have won the love and devotion of Miriam Beck, the woman of extraordinary character who on this day first held to a mother's breast her twin-born hostages of fortune, his son and daughter. If, as was natural on this eventful day, his heart swelled with the pride of paternity and a father's love, what height of ecstasy might not this humble workman have reached could he have seen through the curtain of the future and read the horoscope of that first-born boy of his, who was destined to write his name on one of the loftiest tablets of the immortals in the Temple of Fame! But this was not to be.

For three generations the Forrests belonged to that restless race of pioneers who in search of home and fortune had followed close upon the heels of the savages, as these were driven farther and farther towards the setting sun. While there was yet a narrow fringe of civilization along the Atlantic coast, they were content to dwell among the foot-hills of the eastern slope of the Alleghanies. But when the hardy Anglo-Saxon race began in earnest to cross the sea and establish more numerous settlements there, these bold and self-reliant frontiersmen, with wives and children, packing up their small store of household goods, gathered in little colonies, yoked their oxen to the wagons, turned their backs upon the Atlantic, and, cutting as they went a trail across the Eastern Divide, plunged into the vast wilderness of the valley of the Mississippi.

ENDOWMENT AND DEVOTION

From 'The Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest.'

With all this endowment by nature for the career of a soldier, he could not have achieved such results had there not been combined with this natural ability a spirit of devotion to the cause he had espoused, to which all else was a secondary consideration. To the success of the effort to establish the Southern Confederacy he subordinated his fortune, his boundless ambition, and freely offered his life. When the Confederacy was unable to furnish him with necessary supplies

and arms, his private fortune was frequently called into requisition. The arms and equipment for his original battalion were thus secured, and on a single expedition into west Tennessee he spent some twenty thousand dollars of his personal funds in the purchase of supplies needed for the Confederacy. When the war ended, carrying with it great financial loss to him, that which was left he never ceased to share with the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in defence of his battle-flag, or the soldiers who were disabled and survived, until he left himself and his family practically bankrupt. This earnest devotion of the elder brother carried every able-bodied male member of his mother's family into the field, while his only child, then a mere lad, was permitted to quit college in order to serve with his father in active duty until the war was over. In one battle, in which his boy was injured and carried to the rear, the father, as soon as it was possible, went to see how dangerously his son was hurt. Upon being assured that the wound was not serious, he ordered him to mount his horse and to continue in the fight, which command the plucky lad was only too willing to obey.

General Forrest possessed not only a mind of unusual power, but one capable of reasoning calmly and rapidly, no matter how serious or perplexing the problems which presented themselves. Even in moments of extreme peril, so rapid was the process by which his brain registered, and analyzed every detail of the picture which flashed through it, that any action which the emergency demanded followed as logically and as quickly as the roar of the thunder follows the lightning's flash. The ordinary mind can deal with reasonable certainty and success with the things that are expected, but to cope successfully with the unexpected is the crucial test of extraordinary ability. In war, and especially upon the battle-field, it is the unexpected which most often happens, and in these great emergencies the mind is too often dazed by the rapid and kaleidoscopic changes which are occurring, or temporarily stunned by the shock of an unlooked-for stroke. It is on such occasions that he who hesitates is lost, and as in nature

> Everything that grows
> Holds in perfection but a single moment.

So in the crises of human affairs a single moment of time holds success or failure as the opportunity it brings is or is not grasped. Whether his life alone was in the balance, or whether the safety of his command was involved, this wonderful presence of mind did not fail.

When the attempt upon his life was made at Hernando, and again at Columbia, in 1863, even after he had received a severe and painful wound with a pistol of large calibre, his conduct was marked with as much deliberation and coolness as if nothing important was transpiring. In a larger sense this great gift of nature was exhibited at the battle of Parker's Cross Roads, in 1862, and had Forrest made no other campaign than this expedition into west Tennessee, and had fought no other battle, it would have stamped him as a commander of extraordinary capacity. Considering all the conditions which prevailed, the extrication of his command with insignificant loss, his retreat to the Tennessee River only a few hours away, and the safe passage of his troops, wagons, and artillery, with a victorious army at his heels and a fleet of gunboats patrolling the mighty stream which in the dead of winter he was compelled to cross, was an unequalled achievement.

In all of his military operations, to his quick grasp of the best strategic or tactical manœuvre, Forrest added a native cunning, which stood him well in hand in many of his ventures. This is evident in the constant exaggeration of the strength of his command. In the west Tennessee expedition, in 1862, with a small brigade of new levies, the first thing he did when well in the country occupied by the enemy was to arrest a number of Union sympathizers and place them under guard within the limits of his camp. Having carried a number of kettle and bass drums, he caused these to be beaten at all hours of the day and night, and had his troops march on foot in sight of the prisoners, who were informed that it was Cheatham's division of infantry passing by. When the men on foot had disappeared behind some dense wood or hill which intervened, they were made to return by another route, mount their horses, and again file by as cavalry over the road along which they had just paraded. These captives were then permitted to escape, and, as Forrest intended, made their way rapidly to the headquarters of the nearest Federal com-

mander, and informed him of the great strength of the Confederate force, the soldiers of which made no secret of their intention permanently to occupy and hold that section of the country. The presence of Cheatham's division of infantry is repeatedly mentioned in the official despatches of the Union commanders at this date, and Forrest's cavalry was reported several times larger than the number of troops he actually commanded. The object of the expedition was not only to capture what supplies and prisoners he might come upon during the fortnight he was to remain in that section, but to cause the withdrawal from the immediate front of the Confederate army of as many of the enemy as possible. While Forrest did not have more than three thousand soldiers in this little army of invasion, it caused General Grant to detach, in order to drive him across the Tennessee, between twenty-five and thirty thousand men.

In the capture of Murfreesborough, in 1862, of Straight's command, in 1863, of Athens, Alabama, in 1864, and in many other instances, he repeated this practice.

General John T. Morgan relates that when, early in the war, with a new regiment thoroughly drilled and equipped, he was ordered to report to General Forrest, the latter was greatly pleased as well as surprised to observe the perfection of this regiment in drilling to the sound of the bugle. Forrest asked him if he could in this way cause his men to pass in a circle around any given point. The order was given and the movement was satisfactorily accomplished, at which the general expressed great satisfaction, saying: "I will often have need of this manœuvre, as it will be necessary from time to time for me to show more men than I actually have on the field."

FORREST'S FAREWELL

From 'The Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest.'

It required all of Forrest's tact and influence with his troops to persuade them to the submission which he accepted. It is narrated in the History of the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry, one of the commands disbanded at Gainesville, that when the determination of the commander was made known to the men they were overwhelmed with amazement and grief. They gathered in groups to talk over the situation, while some of them wept like children. Many said they would never surrender as long as they had their guns and horses; they proposed to General Forrest to lead them to the trans-Mississippi Department, and to continue the struggle for independence; "but General Forrest said no, what could not be accomplished here could never be done in the thinly settled West." They finally realized, under the calm and convincing reasoning of their leader, the hopelessness of the fight, and with grim determination turned their faces homeward to meet an uncertain future. "The old bullet-torn flag, whose blue cross had been triumphantly borne aloft for years at the cost of so much blood and valor, they would never part with. On the eve of surrender, as the shadows of night fell, the men reverently gathered around the staff in front of regimental headquarters, and, cutting the silk into fragments, each soldier carried away with him a bit of the coveted treasure. The flag had been the gift of a young lady of Aberdeen, Mississippi, made from her bridal-dress, and had never for an instant been abandoned by the men of the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry after it was committed to their guardianship."

On the 9th of May, 1865, General Forrest took his farewell of these gallant men, in an address probably not excelled in the literature of the Civil War.

"Headquarters Forrest's Cavalry Corps,
"Gainesville, Alabama, May 9, 1865.

"Soldiers,—By an agreement made between Lieutenant-General Taylor, commanding the Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana, and Major-General Canby, commanding United States forces, the troops of this depart-

ment have been surrendered. I do not think it proper or necessary at this time to refer to the causes which have reduced us to this extremity, nor is it now a matter of material consequence as to how such results were brought about. That we are beaten is a self-evident fact, and any further resistance on our part would be justly regarded as the very height of folly and rashness. The armies of Generals Lee and Johnston having surrendered, you are the last of all the troops of the Confederate States Army east of the Mississippi River to lay down your arms. The cause for which you have so long and manfully struggled, and for which you braved dangers, endured privations and sufferings, which we sought to establish and perpetuate is at an end. Reason indicates and humanity demands that no more blood be shed. Fully realizing and feeling that such is the case, it is your duty and mine to lay down our arms, submit to the 'powers that be,' and to aid in restoring peace and establishing law and order throughout the land. The terms upon which you were surrendered are favorable, and should be satisfactory and acceptable to all. They manifest a spirit of magnanimity and liberality on the part of the Federal authorities which should be met on our part by a faithful compliance with all the stipulations and conditions therein expressed. As your commander, I sincerely hope that every officer and soldier of my command will cheerfully obey the orders given, and carry out in good faith all the terms of the cartel.

"Those who neglect the terms and refuse to be paroled may assuredly expect when arrested to be sent North and imprisoned. Let those who are absent from their commands, from whatever cause, report at once to this place, or to Jackson, Mississippi, or, if too remote from either, to the nearest United States post or garrison, for parole. Civil war, such as you have just passed through, naturally engenders feelings of animosity, hatred, and revenge. It is our duty to divest ourselves of all such feelings, and, so far as it is in our power to do so, to cultivate friendly feelings toward those with whom we have so long contested and heretofore so widely but honestly differed. Neighborhood feuds, personal animosities, and private differences should be blotted out, and when you return home, a manly, straightforward course of conduct will

secure the respect even of your enemies. Whatever your responsibilities may be to government, to society, or to individuals, meet them like men. The attempt made to establish a separate and independent confederation has failed, but the consciousness of having done your duty faithfully and to the end will in some measure repay for the hardships you have undergone. In bidding you farewell, rest assured that you can carry with you my best wishes for your future welfare and happiness. Without in any way referring to the merits of the cause in which we have been engaged, your courage and determination, as exhibited on many hard-fought fields, has elicited the respect and admiration of friend and foe. And I now cheerfully and gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to the officers and men of my command, whose zeal, fidelity, and unflinching bravery have been the great source of my past success in arms. I have never on the field of battle sent you where I was unwilling to go myself, nor would I now advise you to a course which I felt myself unwilling to pursue. You have been good soldiers, you can be good citizens. Obey the laws, preserve your honor, and the government to which you have surrendered can afford to be and will be magnanimous.

"N. B. FORREST, Lieutenant-General."

Admirers and partisans of General Forrest bemoan the fact that his last campaign was not attended with the brilliant success which characterized his almost unbroken series of victories. It should be borne in mind that the fight against General Wilson was made under circumstances which placed the Confederate leader at great disadvantage. His command was greatly inferior in numbers to that of his able adversary, and much of it was composed of a material upon which he could not with confidence rely. General Grant, in his Memoirs, in commenting upon the relative strength and efficiency of these contending forces, says: "Wilson moved out with full twelve thousand men, well equipped and well armed. He was an energetic officer and accomplished his work rapidly. Forrest was in his front, but with neither his old-time army nor his old-time prestige. He now had principally conscripts. His conscripts were usually old men and boys. He had a few thousand regular cavalry left, but not enough to even retard materially the progress of Wilson's cavalry."

WILLIAM LOWNDES YANCEY

[1814—1863]

GEORGE PETRIE

LIKE Thomas Jefferson, William Lowndes Yancey is supposed to have been of Welsh descent. His ancestor is said to have come to Virginia with Governor Berkeley in 1642. His grandfather fought in the Revolution with Virginia troops, and at its close settled in South Carolina. His father was a young midshipman on the *Constitution* during its fights with the French ships *L'Insurgente* in 1799 and *La Vengeance* in 1800, but afterward practiced law in South Carolina, where he soon became known as an able lawyer and brilliant speaker. His mother was Miss Caroline Bird of Warren County, Georgia. At her home, called the "Aviary" from the name of her family, William Lowndes Yancey was born, August 10, 1814.

Three years later his father died, and his training and early education devolved entirely upon his mother. She made him practice constantly in the art of speaking, and it seems almost prophetic that his favorite piece for declamation was the old hymn, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." He attended the well-known Mount Zion Academy, in Hancock County, Georgia, which was then under the direction of the Rev. N. S. S. Beman of New York. Yancey's mother soon married his teacher and the family moved to New York. After the usual academic training in the North, he entered Williams College, where he was a hard student and a regular contributor to the college journal.

Unwilling to be a burden longer on his step-father's resources, which were slight at best, he left college before graduation, returned to the State of his father, and began the study of law at Greenville, South Carolina. He had the good luck to get a position in the office of B. F. Perry, afterward Governor of the State, who writes of him as follows: "He was a very young man when I made his acquaintance (nineteen years old). I was charmed by his pleasing and cordial manners, prepossessing appearance, and intellectual endowments. He read law in my office one or two years, and then gave evidence of that brilliant career in politics which he afterward ran. . . . In a time of high political excitement in South Carolina, he addressed large mass meetings with great success. . . . He was a man of talent and genius: a man of impulse and deep feeling. He spoke with ex-

traordinary fluency and clearness of statement. . . . He wrote as forcibly as he spoke, and with great rapidity. In company he was the merriest of associates, but when left to himself, he was meditative to sadness."

Greenville was in the heart of the up-country section of South Carolina, where nullification found little favor. It is not surprising, therefore, that Yancey opposed that movement with all his youthful energy. He was not yet of age, but the charm of his personal appearance, his musical voice—always the wonder of those who heard him—his skill as a speaker, recalled his father vividly to the minds of those who had known him. Toward the close of the contest he assumed the editorship of the Greenville *Mountaineer,* in the columns of which, with characteristic frankness and boldness, he opposed any compromise with nullifiers.

In 1835 he retired from journalism. A few months later he married Miss Sarah Caroline Earle, the daughter of a well-to-do planter near Greenville, and settled down to the life of a planter—a business that always had for him, as for most Southerners of that day, a great attraction. The next year he joined the tide of emigration then setting strongly toward the rich lands of Alabama, whither relatives and friends had preceded him. He settled in Dallas County, but soon removed to the more healthful neighborhood of Wetumpka, and divided his time between agriculture and journalism. Southern traditions and his own choice led him toward the plantation, but his aggressive energy and a natural instinct for public life impelled him strongly toward the press. An accident determined his course. During a feud between two overseers his slaves were all poisoned. Ruin stared him in the face. Honest and uncompromising by nature, he refused to take advantage of the bankruptcy law, and devoting himself wholly to his newspaper and the law, he paid his debts dollar for dollar.

He was still barely twenty-six when the spectacular presidential campaign of 1840 drew him irresistibly into the field of public debate. The ability that he displayed led at once to his election to the Legislature. A distinguished Alabamian, who by chance was present while the Legislature was in session, wrote of him, "I have met many men, called great. None ever excited in me the lively interest that Mr. Yancey did. I say confidently that he was the most fascinating man I ever knew." No great questions came before the Legislature while he was a member of it; but it was composed of free men who knew no "boss's" rule, and many questions of local importance were freely and earnestly discussed, and the State Constitution as well as the National Constitution were frequently appealed to and analyzed with a keenness that gave excellent train-

ing to the young statesman. His frank and outspoken manner pleased the people, as did his ability and eloquence, and in 1844 he was elected to Congress. His canvass was a remarkable one. There was not a railroad in his district, yet he traveled over it all, made a hundred speeches, and the campaign did not cost him five dollars—an interesting commentary on his honesty as well as on the hospitality of the times.

In Congress his maiden speech was made in reply to a Whig, Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina. It was so vigorous as to attract wide attention throughout the country, and so scathing as to bring on a duel with Clingman. Shots were exchanged, explanations followed, and the incident seemed closed. But the law of Alabama debarred from office all duelists, and the point was pressed by some who opposed the practice. The Legislature, however, came to his help by passing over the Governor's veto a special act to relieve him of his disability—partly because of their regard for Yancey, and partly no doubt because of a lingering sympathy with the *code duello*.

Other speeches rapidly increased his fame. He was called "the Fox of America," and was invited to speak in New York, Baltimore, and other cities. He took an active part in the great Congressional debates of that time about Texas, Oregon, the tariff, internal improvements, and other matters. But popular applause increased the dread which he always felt of being considered a mere rhetorician, and he stuck more and more closely to argument and even to statistics.

In the midst of this brilliant success, Yancey suddenly resigned. This act was the result of the profound conviction, to which his observation and experience in Congress led him, that on great financial questions the national Democratic party was not sound, "that in such a party organization the South, which is the only portion of the party sound on these questions, is used merely to foot the bill and to aid in securing to the party a power which shall give to our Northern brethren the spoils."

This arraignment of the Northern Democrats was made upon questions of finance, which still retained some of the importance that had attached to them during the Jacksonian era. But Yancey's favorite saying that "principle is dearer than mere party association" was soon to find a new and more vigorous application in connection with the question of slavery. One month later, Wilmot of Pennsylvania introduced in Congress his famous resolution that in all territory acquired as the result of the Mexican War, which was then drawing to a close, slavery should be forever prohibited. This precipitated a bitter sectional controversy throughout the whole country.

In Yancey's own State it called forth the once-famous Alabama Platform, so called because it was adopted by the State Democratic Convention in 1848. This was largely the work of Yancey, and was urged by him in a brilliant speech which swept away all opposition. No other document has exercised so strong an influence on the history of Alabama. No other was linked so long and so closely with Yancey's name. The two vital points in this platform were, first, that neither Congress nor a territorial Legislature could prohibit slavery in the territories; second, that Alabama would support no candidate for the Presidency of the United States unless he indorsed this doctrine. It was at once adopted by nearly all the Southern States, and Yancey became the hero of the hour. In these resolutions and in his speeches he demanded what he believed to be the full constitutional rights of the South. But when the crisis came more moderate views prevailed, and the compromises of 1850 were accepted. He himself had no faith in these measures as a just or a permanent solution of the problem.

Four years later the whole question was opened anew by the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. From that time until the State seceded in 1861, Yancey devoted his marvelous talents and his untiring energy to the task of persuading the Southern States to accept no further compromises, but to demand their full constitutional rights. His influence more than anything else led his State in 1860 to adopt again the Alabama Platform of twelve years before. It was his voice that pleaded for those principles before the Charleston convention with such power that the speech has become one of the landmarks at once of history and of eloquence. And when once more, as in 1848, the national party refused to unite on the principles that he and his sympathizers demanded, and the party split into two wings, Yancey was the most effective advocate of Breckinridge, not only because of his natural eloquence, but because the principles for which he now pleaded had been his creed for years. No one doubted his sincerity when he said: "I have given my mind, heart, character and fortune to raise the Southern mind to the full view of Southern rights." Not only did he speak amidst scenes of the wildest enthusiasm in Memphis, Richmond, Nashville, New Orleans, and other Southern cities, but in such Northern cities as New York, Boston, and Cincinnati he defended the Breckinridge platform with a frankness and honesty that won the approval of his opponents.

His courage and eloquence struggled in vain against the inevitable; Lincoln was elected. The significance of this, according to Yancey's judgment, lay in the fact that it was one of a series of acts which, taken collectively, showed a determination on the part of the Northern people to violate the constitutional rights of the

South. Others thought differently, but his mind was made up. On the night after the election, he urged the speedy secession of Alabama. He expected that other Southern States would join the movement and that it would succeed; but the possibility of failure did not change his mind. "As for myself," he said, "rather than live on subject to a government which breaks the compact at will and places me in a position of inequality . . . I would in the cause of my State gather around me some brave spirits, who, however few in number, would find a grave which the world would recognize as a modern Thermopylæ."

With the formation of the Confederacy his chief work was done. His mission to England attracted some attention and aroused high hopes in the South; but he was by nature a poor diplomat; he had no experience in such matters, and the task was in itself well-nigh impossible. It is not surprising that he accomplished nothing. Returning home, he entered the Confederate Senate, and performed the duties of his office with his usual honesty and ability. But the war, which consciously or unconsciously he had done so much to bring about, had now passed into the control of other hands. The soldier and not the orator held the center of the stage. Perhaps it was fortunate that he did not live to see the failure of the Confederacy. On July 27, 1863, he died in Montgomery, still hopeful of its success.

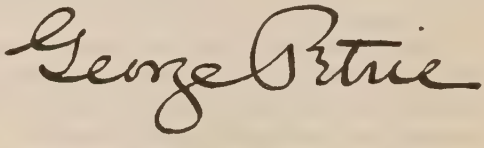
When one turns from the active scenes in which Yancey's life was spent to the judicial task of weighing critically his words and deeds, many perplexing problems arise. Upon the great question whether his bold policy was the wisest, or whether a more conciliatory one might have been better, it is still too soon to speak positively. But, whatever may be thought of the policy that he advocated, there is no question as to his ability and his influence on ante-bellum history. For weal or for wo, he played an important part in it. He was the greatest popular expounder of the doctrine of States' Rights, upon which more and more Southerners of all schools came to base their theories of political rights. Even to those who lack the patience to follow his constitutional arguments, he must possess an abiding interest as the ardent leader of Southern thought and sentiment, who by his boldness, his earnestness, and his eloquence did more than anyone else to make the States' Rights doctrine of Calhoun a powerful force in practical politics.

In character he was before all else thoroughly sincere and frank. His mind was methodical with a strong legal trend, yet he had a way of touching at once, as if by intuition, the vital point in complex questions. His demeanor was usually calm and often genial, yet there was always an undercurrent of intense earnestness and per-

sistency of purpose, and he was at times stirred by the most profound emotion. His greatest faults were his impatience of opposition and his inability to sympathize with and to coöperate with those who differed from his own views. His patriotism was lofty and pure, but in his heart his own State and his own section came first. He loved the Union and the Constitution, but was ready to give up both when he thought they were strained to the injury of the South.

His eloquence was in keeping with his character. It was free from all artificiality. There were no rhetorical passages, no studied phrases, no carefully planned flights of the imagination. It was direct and bold, full of vigorous but simple reasoning, and always warmed and illumined by strong and contagious emotion. He gesticulated but little and seldom moved about upon the platform, yet his whole body showed his earnestness. All who heard him agree that his voice was the most wonderful they had ever known. No audience was too vast to be reached by it, yet he never seemed to exert it. It was melodious, full of varied tones, and reflected his meaning and his feeling perfectly.

Had the Confederacy succeeded, his name would have become as familiar as that of Patrick Henry; as it failed, he awaits the judgment of posterity.



WASHINGTON'S TRUE LEGACIES

[In behalf of the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association, a field-glass used by Washington was presented to Mr. Yancey, who responded in the following address, February 23, 1858.]

I RECEIVE this venerable and most interesting relic with an unfeigned consciousness that it is not due to any poor efforts of mine, but that I rather owe it to that generous regard which woman so freely lavishes upon all who co-operate with her in any cause which she proposes for either public or private good. But this only makes my fealty to the Mount Vernon Association the greater and more absolute. As the knight of the age of chivalry, when he placed the scarf of his lady fair across his steel harness, felt that he best did his devoir in her service by proclaiming the supremacy of her virtue and her beauty in every listed field, where valor paid its court to beauty, so do I, even in this more material age, feel that the only efficient way in which I can acknowledge the bestowment of this high honor, is by wearing near to my heart this beautiful and holy cause of the ladies, and on all proper occasions, where the intelligence and patriotism of the land may be assembled, to present it, as best I may, to their judgment and to their sympathies. That cause is the consecration, by the daughters of Washington, of the Home and the Grave of the Father of his Country as a national shrine.

Sir, when the hand of Washington first grasped this glass, and deliberately surveyed the beleaguered lines of the enemy before Boston, the startling and apparently hopeless character of the contest upon which the colonies had entered, must have been deeply impressed upon his mind. Perhaps there never lived another man whose heart would not then have sunk within him, and whose judgment would not have been convinced of the hopelessness of the contest, considered with reference to great military principles. On the one side were an undisciplined multitude, held together by no allegiance to military law, remaining or deserting almost at will; no foundries; no munitions of war; no navy; no famed leaders; no common government; and the resources from which the materials of war were to be drawn, existing but scantily in a population of but three millions of people scattered along the

Atlantic coast for fifteen hundred miles. On the other the most powerful kingdom the earth has ever seen—with disciplined armies, commanded by generals of fame and experience, all armed in the completest panoply of war; with a numerous and efficient navy, which swept the seas in triumph; with a government powerful in its unity, and consolidated by the influence of centuries; with resources as exhaustless as the riches of a world which was made tributary to its arms and its commerce.

That great disparity, however, while appreciated by the commander of the revolutionary army, produced no despondency in his breast. Calm and undismayed, sustained by Christian trust in that great Providence that had formed his character for the exigencies of the age—he addressed himself to the task of bringing order out of confusion—of infusing hope into the hearts of the despondent—courage into the breasts of the quailing—patriotism into the bosom of the doubting—of influencing provincial legislatures to enlarged and self-sacrificing views of their duties and obligations—of quelling sectional jealousies and allaying personal bickerings among the men of influence—of checking ill considered legislation in the national Congress, and of suggesting those wise and comprehensive measures, which though but partially enacted, finally proved efficient—of organizing the most incomplete material for an army that was ever furnished to sustain a great cause—of checking that too ardent valor, which, though it might be productive of brilliant victories for the day, would have ensured disastrous defeat for the morrow—of keeping alive the hope and spirit of the army and the people, by occasional enterprises of daring offensive movements with the most inadequate means—of risking battles which could not be productive of victory, but which stern necessity demanded as preferable to giving way to despair, and finally, when the hour arrived in which a watchful Providence gave hope that all these great and heroic exertions should not be in vain, of enveloping the mighty ranks of Britain in a series of masterly strategic movements which forced a surrender at Yorktown and crowned the struggle with immortal victory! Then this glass was closed by the still calm and mighty chieftain, upon a scene of such sufferings, trials, and triumphs as

is rarely sketched on the pages of history. And then was the great lesson taught which Virginia has seized upon to illustrate her arms, and which is to be read upon the blue field of her flag as it is flung to the breeze—"*Sic semper tyrannis.*"

Washington went into that contest the trusted leader of our armies. He emerged from it with the character of being not only the great soldier, who could turn the exigencies of a defeat to the purposes of a victory, but the great statesman, whose calm, well-balanced and powerful understanding had comprehended the wants—the necessities—the actual exigencies of the occasion, and had suggested many of the chief measures which ensured the safety and success of the common cause. I think, sir, that I do this great character but common justice in saying that efficient as that sword was in carving the path to victory, its mightiest and equally potent ally was his pen.

A celebrated Irish martyr said, as he received the announcement of his death warrant—"When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, but not till then, let my epitaph be written."—Alas! the epitaph of Emmett is yet unwritten.

But how is it with our numerous gallant dead? Well has Weems described their condition—with few exceptions, as they lie undistinguished from New Hampshire to Georgia—in his touching description of the grave of De Kalb: " 'Tis the lowest spot upon the plain, no sculptured marble marks the spot where the dead hero lies—but the tall corn stand in martial ranks around, and the dark green leaves rustle a mournful requiem over the grave of the gallant soldier."

And yet our country has taken its place in the front rank of nations. The American flag floats over a territory more rich in all the elements of physical wealth and more extensive than the proud eagles of Rome ever compassed in their mightiest flight. Our population from three to thirty millions of active, intelligent, powerful freemen. From the narrow belt of civilization which fringed the Atlantic coast in 1776, the swollen ranks of emigration have pushed their way over valley and river and plain and mountain—carrying with them our beneficent institutions, until at last they have paused upon the golden sands of California, and the genius of America, stand-

ing upon the golden verge which is watered by the tides of the Pacific, doubts which way to essay another flight.

From a nation without a ship, we have become the navigators of the world, with a tonnage surpassing, I believe, that of any other. Our agriculture is looked to as Egypt was of old, to supply the starving millions of the old world.

In all the elements of real physical science—in all the arts which are necessary to the well being and happiness of a free and a wealthy people, I believe, I may truly say that we are unrivalled. It is true, that England, France, Germany, Italy and even China and Japan, may excel us in the production of some of the refinements of art. But we array with them in no contest for supremacy in that department. As the beautiful pearl is the product of the diseased and dying shellfish, so such mere elegancies of art are but evidences of the unhappy condition of that society where labor is commanded by want and the laborer dies in the finish of the most elaborate gem of luxury.

Our great institutions have been successfully demonstrated to be the only true theory of government, while religion and morality, its attendant sister, have erected their altars at which millions worship, in every form of faith and sentiment all over our broad extended land.

These are the priceless legacies which Washington and his compeers have bequeathed to us.

What, then, may well be asked, are our duties, in reference to these facts? The first undoubtedly is, to preserve and perpetuate these noble institutions; to read aright, and learn and infuse our souls with the lessons of his life. Of all these teachings, the least, and that in which the subjects of the crowned despotisms of the old world are alike with him, a teacher, is one which most eulogists dwell upon as the main lesson he taught—mere fealty to government.—In vain was that glorious life if he lived but to impress upon mankind no higher thought. Embodied in yonder monumental brass; embalmed in his storied memory, is that other immortal, newborn, American principle—that all governments were made for the benefit of the governed; that all authority rightfully springs from the people, and that it is not only their right, but their duty to subvert a government which becomes destructive

of the end for which it was formed, and to frame a new government to preserve their rights. Washington commenced the scenes which led to the revolution a loyal subject of the crown; he emerged from that strife the consecrated American rebel, who had pledged "life, fortune, and sacred honor," to the cause. But alas! sad, mournful will be the day, when we shall have drawn forth from their sacred recesses these mighty, yet blood-stained truths to justify us in the eyes of an enlightened world. And, sir, that day will never arrive, so long as the sons of Washington will observe in their relations with each other that high sense of duty, that spirit of simple justice, and observance of what is due to others, which distinguished their mighty father in other relations of life.

One other duty we owe to the great dead. It is to illustrate our reverence for their memories by a free and generous contribution to every cause which is calculated to bring visibly before us the virtues and heroism of that age of patriotic wisdom and valor. And yet, though more than half a century has passed since he died, there is not one single evidence of national gratitude for his services existing.

The resolve of the Congress of the year 1800, to bury his remains in Washington, and to build over him a great monument commemorative of the national grief and the nation's loss, is yet unexecuted.

The resolve of a few patriotic citizens to atone in some measure for this national neglect, by seeking the voluntary contributions of the people, and therewith building in the Federal city a shaft of marble five hundred feet high, whose broad and deep foundations and summit piercing the very heavens, should attest in some faint degree, the depth, breadth and sacred character of the people's love for Washington, has failed of success—that unfinished shaft—but little over one hundred feet high, now covered over with rough boards—the tools which lie rusting in rude neglect at its base—the vacant and silent quarries, which no longer resound with efforts to disembowel the marble from the bosom of the earth, wherewith to elevate it—all solemnly, yet silently, attest the unhappy failure of this attempt of the sons of Washington to wipe out from their national escutcheon the stain of ingratitude which is eating its way there into a permanent rest-

ing place. And now, one more effort is being made. The sweet and gentle and silver-toned voice of woman is heard, beseeching her brothers that they permit her to aid them in the holy privilege of securing and consecrating the home and grave of their common and adored father as a national shrine. She points to the sacred spot where sleeps so quietly, so neglected, so undistinguished by any mark of a nation's or a people's love—the remains of the Father of his Country. In the bosom of Mount Vernon he sleeps—

> Sleeps the sleep that knows no waking;
> Dreams of battle-fields no more;
> Days of danger—nights of waking.

And the trees that he planted, and under whose growing shade he loved to repose, now annually cover his couch with their brown mantles; and each leaf as it falls noiselessly to the ground, attests the gross national and popular neglect which so painfully enshrouds the spot.

* * * * * *

It is not presumption to say here, to-night, in this presence, that this cause shall not fail! Is it a vain reliance to rest securely on the noble instincts of the great heart of the American people, in favor of a cause which reason, poetry, sentiment, love of country—of its past glories and future destinies—which pride, gratitude and the world's acclaim alike approve? Can a cause fail whose aim is to consecrate a father's tomb, as a shrine at which all of his descendants may bow in reverence and love, and there teach their children lessons of patriotism and duty, which may cause them to be as Washington?

What are the availing elements of failure in a cause which in the midst of the feast which proud ambition spreads for the gifted, has fallen on the ear and enlisted the advocacy of one of the most refined and cultivated intellects in the world of letters—of one of the most distinguished statesmen and diplomatists of this great nation—of one of the most accomplished rhetoricians of this age—of one of the purest men in a land, distinguished for Christianity?—of a cause which in every Southern State has received the cordial and earnest support of women, who stand at home and abroad distinguished

for every accomplishment and virtue which makes women lovely and adorable—which has called to its aid hundreds of earnest and strong intellects, scattered here and there throughout the land?

What an array of talent, of virtue, and of moral influences are to be found thus disinterestedly appealing to the most generous and holy instincts of the people, to raise a comparatively trifling sum to secure this incomparably noble end!

Sir, it cannot, will not fail! You, and I and others may fail to link our names and memories with its success, but succeed it will; and Mount Vernon will become that holy shrine, within whose hallowed precincts, even in the event that this Union shall be shattered and broken in the conflict of sectional aggression, its alienated citizens may still meet, and, in the shadow of the tomb of the mighty dead, learn to sorrow for its destruction.

But whatever fate awaits us, do thou, O Virginia, thou, the mother of states and of statesmen—thou, mother of the glorious dead—thou, the mother of the great and gifted living—thou, from beneath whose mighty heart sprung that son, whose life so resplendently illustrates thine own, and the annals of his whole country, and into whose ample bosom his ashes have returned, guard well the sacred trust of that double maternity, and while to the valor of thy sons shall be committed its security, permit gentle woman to become the vestal priestess at the shrine!

EQUAL RIGHTS IN A COMMON GOVERNMENT

Speech delivered at Washington, D.C., September 21, 1860.

Fellow-citizens, I am no party man, and I do not address you as a party man to-night. Strange as it may seem to you, after what you have heard from some quarters, I come before you this evening as the friend of the Constitution and the Union under the Constitution, and as the enemy of any other Union, coming from what source it may.

My friends, there is one issue before you, and to all sensible men but one issue, and but two sides to that issue. The slavery question is but one of the symbols of that issue; the

commercial question is but one of the symbols of that issue; the Union question is but one of those symbols; the only issue before this country in the canvass is the integrity and safety of the Constitution. He is a true Union man who intends to stand by that Constitution with all its checks and balances. He is a disunion man who means to destroy one single letter of that sacred instrument. It has been said that the South asks you to trespass upon the constitutional rights of the other States; it is said that the South seeks to aggrandize itself at the expense of other sections; that we want this Government to carry slavery and force it upon a people who do not desire it. With all proper respect for those who say this, I, as a Southern man, say that in every iota of its utterances it is false. The South has aggressed upon no section. She asks no section to yield anything that is for her safety or for her protection. All that the South has ever asked of the Government is to keep its hands off us and let the Constitution work its own way. The South has been aggressed upon; the South has been trenched upon; four-fifths of her territory, in which she has equal rights, has been torn from her; and by the acts of Government she has been excluded from it. Revenues have been raised at the rate of two or three dollars in the South to one from any other section for the support of this great Government, but the South makes no complaint of mere dollars and cents. Touch not the honor of my section of the country, and she will not complain of almost anything else you may do; but touch her honor and equality and she will stand up in their defence, if necessary in arms.

All, then, that the South asks in this contest is that you shall observe the constitutional checks and balances with reference to her. She is not willing that her rights shall be submitted to the will of mere numerical majorities. For our fathers, our ancestors, and the great patriots of the North agreed that it should be otherwise. It was the written compact of our fathers that the minority should receive protection from the Constitution against the mere selfish and avaricious will of a preponderant majority. Parties divided themselves originally in this country upon that great principle. One desired that the majority should rule in all things, while the other—the State Rights party of the Country—desired it

should be different. This latter party carried the day in the formation of the Constitution and placed checks upon the advancement of the majority. And this written Constitution was the compact by which majorities should restrain themselves with reference to the rights of minorities. Majorities need no protection save their own power. Hence it is easy for the North to cry out for the Union at all hazards and under all circumstances. It is easy for the North, with its majorities of millions, to say they are for this Union anyhow. No matter who may be elected, no matter what may be done, still they will stand to the Union as the great cause of their prosperity. Why? Because, with no constitution at all, the North can protect themselves with the predominant vote in the country. But how is it with the South? How is it with the minority of the country—the minority States of the Government? If they leave it to the mere will of preponderant majorities in Congress, the North, as in all other cases, will seek its advancement of power, will seek its own selfish aggrandizement, and will distribute the money of the Government among themselves, raise as much as they please, and do all for their own advancement at the expense of minorities. Minorities, gentlemen, are the true friends of our Constitution, because that Constitution is their shield and their protector against the unchecked and unlicensed will of the majority.

Hence it is that my section of the South stands by that Constitution. You do not hear so much said there with such flippant tongues about the Constitution as you do at the North; but you hear much said there about the Constitution, about its strict construction—about the rigid enforcement of its checks and its balances in favor of these minorities, because to them it is a thing of life and death. Within this Government that Constitution must prevail, or the minority will be placed as a "lamb that is led to the slaughter." But let that Constitution be preserved, and the South is content to abide its fate under the workings of that instrument. The North may well cry out Union! Union! Union! at all hazards and to the last extremity. And the North, even now, I understand, at midnight, is arming itself and training its midnight bands for the purpose of enforcing the Union of a mere majority upon the South. I understand these are "Wide Awakes," as they call

themselves—that is, they think themselves very "wide awake," but they will find some men in the Southern States, gentlemen, sufficiently "wide awake" to meet them. A brave people and a true people, gentlemen, will fear no "Wide Awakes."

No man is more wide awake than he who loves his own fireside, his own wife, and his own child, and aggresses on nobody, but determines as far as God gives him power, that nobody shall aggress on him. And there are no men who hear me to-night who would flinch like cowards if they found that others were merely bent upon aggressing upon their people when they could do so! As a distinguished friend of mine said to me the other day, the battles of the Revolution were fought with shotguns. Our people were not furnished with the great armament of modern warfare then, but being armed with the right, they were enabled to meet the powerful array of the then greatest nation of the earth, and wipe out the British lion from the country.

Now, I desire simply to say to you to-night that the South, standing on nothing but the Constitution, fears no aggression, fears no section, and that Constitution the South intends to stand by. If, in the progress of party division and party elections, that Constitution shall be trampled under foot; if a Government shall be instituted here which shall be a usurpation of the Government of Washington and our fathers; if this temple of liberty, based upon that Constitution, shall be subverted, and, instead of a Constitutional Government a "higher-law" Government shall be established, you will find, gentlemen, that the Constitution will have friends, even in that hour; and if driven from all other sections of the country, and there is no spot where the ark of the covenant of our safety can rest and be protected, it will be on Southern soil, where the friends of the Constitution live.

We do not desire, at the South, disunion; I know of but few advocates at the South of this measure. I can point to hundreds of distinguished Northern men who are far in advance of any men at the South upon the question of disunion. I know, in the Northern States, men who want a "higher-law," who want a different Constitution, who want another Bible—aye, and who, in religion, even call for another Jesus Christ. Disunion, *per se,* exists in that union. I know of no

disunion, *per se*, at the South. The humble individual who addresses you to-night has probably been more denounced as a disunionist than almost any other man in the Union. I tell you, gentlemen, my disunionism consists in this: I stand by the Constitution. I intend that the provisions of the Constitution, which I look upon as the shield of the South in this Union, shall be carried out and enforced. If that Constitution is taken away from the South in this Union, and the South is then to remain in the Union, I consider that we would then have no rights, for we would then be placed at the feet of a dominant, sectional, abolition majority. I say then, that the South stands by the Constitution, as a shield in this Union. When this shield shall be taken from their breasts by a dominant sectional majority, who seek to reduce this Government to the will of a mere majority, for its own sectional purposes, who intend to make us hewers of wood and drawers of water —we intend to take that Constitution with us; and, gentlemen, imitating the great example of George Washington, if there is no other place where we can erect and keep this Constitution, we will take the banner of liberty and plant it on the mountains, and there we will entrench ourselves as a body of freemen.

But, as I said to you, we hope that day is far distant from us, and that none of us may live to see its dawn. I, so help me God, will consider that to be an evil hour, when this Government shall be so rent by factions that the charter of our liberties shall be trodden under foot, and the compact of our fathers disregarded by their degenerate sons. It would indeed be an evil hour, but we are compelled to look it in the face. A large party, numbering in itself now, it is said, a plurality, if not a majority, of the people in this country is banded together with a discipline such as no other party has, having hopes which no other party has, led by men of eminent ability, with Abraham Lincoln its candidate, with Seward as its chief statesman and chief advocate, who from Maine to the furthest frontier of civilization, proclaims war, an "irrepressible war," upon the institutions of one half of this union; who proclaims, gentlemen, that the manner in which he interprets the constitution is that it shall give freedom to everything in human shape upon the face of the earth; who proclaims,

gentlemen, therefore, that this Constitution which is based upon a recognition of negroes as an inferior race, that is based upon its recognition of property in slaves, that is based upon the recognition of slavery as a State institution, based upon its recognition as property which requires that property to be delivered up by the hostile states into which it may become fugitive—that this Constitution is to be utterly disregarded by him, and only his wild, insane, revolutionary and incendiary notions are the interpretations to be placed upon the constitution by this new government, if elevated to power.

Suppose that party gets into power; suppose another John Brown raid takes place in a frontier state; suppose "Sharp's rifles" and pikes and bowie knives, and all the implements of warfare are brought to bear upon an inoffensive, peaceful and unfortunate people, and that Lincoln or Seward is in the Presidential chair, where will then be a force of United States Marines to check that band? Suppose this is the case—that the frontiers of the country will be lighted up by the flames of midnight arson, as it is in Texas; that towns are burned; that the peace of our families is disturbed; that poison is found secreted throughout the whole country in immense quantities; that men are found prowling about in our land distributing that poison in order that it may be placed in our springs and our wells; with arms and ammunitions placed in the hands of this semi-barbarous people, what will be our fate?—Where will be the United States Marshals to interfere? Where will be the dread of this General Government that exists under this present administration? Where will be the fear of Federal officers of a United States army to intimidate or prevent such movements? Why, gentlemen, if Texas is now inflamed, and the peace of Virginia is invaded now under this administration, and under the present aspect of affairs, tell me what will be when a "higher-law" government reigns in the city of Washington? Where then will be our peace, where will be our safety, when these people are instigated to insurrection: when men are prowling about throughout this whole country, knowing that they are protected by an administration which says that by the Constitution freedom is guaranteed to every individual on the face of the earth? Can you expect any people of spirit or courage, true to themselves, true to their

firesides, true to their own families—can you expect such a people, I say, to give up all regard for the Constitution, permit it to be trampled under foot, to acknowledge this "higher-law" government, to give it their assent—can you expect, I say, any brave and heroic people thus to be untrue to their families and their firesides, and to the great principles of eternal freedom and self-preservation?

We will preserve those rights, and those who would fail to rise in their defence are deserving of the execration and contempt, not of all mankind only, but of every republican who would place this government over us. We would deserve to be pitched out of this land into the sea, and drowned in the surf that breaks upon its shores. We would deserve that there should be no further propagation of such a race of cowards. We will remember that Washington, the greatest rebel the world ever produced, led the way in defence of the great principle of freedom—in defence of those institutions upon which our Government is based, and under which it has so long prospered as a nation.

I say to you, then, though we deprecate disunion, we will have the union of our fathers. It has been said that the South has aggressed upon the North.—When and where has my people ever aggressed upon the people of any other section? When and where has any Southern statesman proposed a wrong to be done to the West, the North-west, the East, or the North-east?

Never. History will proclaim it.—This age proclaims it. Our enemies will proclaim it by their silence when we defy them to answer the question.

Ours, then, is a position of defence within the limits of the Constitution. We uphold its banner. We intend to defend its principles. We ask only equal rights in our common government. We ask protection for these rights in our common government.—Nothing more, and, so help me God, we will submit to nothing less.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION

An Address delivered at Montgomery, Alabama, November 10, 1860.

This night two weeks ago, I was asked, while speaking in New York, what course I would advise Alabama to take in the event that Lincoln should be elected President. Acting in perfect good faith to the issues presented by the party, whose cause I advocated, and which issues contemplated a solution of the political question at the ballot-box, within the Union, I declined to give utterance to my individual opinions, which could only tend to embarrass my friends, and to encourage their foes, but told the people of New York that I should cheerfully give that advice to my fellow-citizens of Alabama, whenever they should see fit to ask it; and I redeem that pledge to-night by saying that in my opinion the election of Abraham Lincoln to the office of President of the United States by the Black Republican party, taken in connection with his own political utterances, and the views and acts of his party in Congress, and in the several Northern States, is an overt act against the Constitution—against the Constitution and against the Union, and as such should be deemed sufficient cause for a withdrawal of the State of Alabama, and a resumption of all the powers she has granted to the Union, by separate State secession. And while giving utterance to this advice, I repudiate as utterly untrue, that in any just sense I am a Disunionist. If always to have advocated the right of all under the Constitution—if never to have assailed any single provision of that Constitution—if the advocacy of a policy of defence against wrong done to Southern rights—equality and honor within the Union constitutes a friend to that "more perfect Union" represented by the Constitution, then by universal acclaim I should be held to be a Union man, and if to-night I advise my state to withdraw herself from this Federal Government in order to protect her rights and the rights of her people from wrongs done to them by a violation of that Constitution by a numerical power that controls the Government, I have the judgment of the Constitution itself in my favor and against its violators, and am no Disunionist. But, I am not content with my own vindica-

tion. That with which we are falsely charged is true of our accusers. Look back at the history of our Government. I will not enumerate the list of grievances of which the Spirit of the Constitution complains—and about which our patriotic chief magistrate spoke so clearly to-night, but I will refer for a moment to the acts of the now dominant party upon the fugitive slave law. The Constitution calls for the enactment of this law in plain terms. One of the very first acts of our patriot sires was to enact a fugitive slave law. The Constitution, it is well known, could not have been formed, without the provision for the surrender of fugitive slaves. The Constitution, too, is a compact, not between the majority and the minority of the people of the United States, but between sovereign States. It was submitted to a Convention of each State for its adoption or rejection; and was for a long time in operation before two of the original Thirteen States concluded to come into the Union. It is then a compact between the States. How has that compact been kept by the Black Republican States? Twelve of them have passed laws nullifying the fugitive slave law and provision in the Constitution has made it a crime in their citizens to aid in its execution, punishing such action by heavy fine and imprisonment in the penitentiary. The compact, then, has been broken—the Union has been dissolved—the Constitution has been violated by this infamous party; and now, when we, one of the parties to that compact, propose to act on the well established principle that a compact broken in part is broken as a whole, if either party chooses so to consider it, *the violators*—the breakers of that compact—those who have themselves disrupted the bonds of Union, cry out treason! disunion! Fellow citizens, we have long been released from any obligation to continue in association with these Northern States under this broken, mutilated compact. And now, when the real, true Disunionists have, at last, elected a President—by a majority of electoral votes—by a majority of the popular vote—by a purely sectional vote, and propose to "inaugurate the policy of the irrepressible conflict into the Government—which is the end of slavery" (in Mr. Seward's words) we propose to withdraw from beneath such usurpation and power, and protect ourselves.

There are other states, each and all having similar wrongs

to complain of, and similar rights and institutions to save and protect. If any of those States wish a consultation with us and each other, it is our duty to afford a fair opportunity for a full, free, fraternal interview. Should that take place, I hope, as my friend Mr. Watts expressed it, that "we may all go out together." As Judge Goldthwaite expressed it, that "we will act together." But there is a point beyond that. In the contingency that consultation shall not produce concert—that all will not "act"—or "go out together," what then? Shall we like them linger yet within the desecrated portals of the Government—shall we remain and be all slaves—shall we remain but to share with them the disgrace of inequality and dishonor? God forbid! Let us act in that event for ourselves. I have good reason to believe that the action of any State will be peaceable—will not be resisted—under the present, or any probable prospective condition of Federal affairs. I believe there will not be power to direct a gun against a sovereign State. Certainly there will be no will to do so during the present administration. And if resisted, blood shed will appeal to blood throbbing in Southern bosoms, and our brethren from every Southern State will flock to defend the soil of a State which may be threatened by mercenary bayonets. It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die. To do one's duty is man's chief aim in life. Better far to close our days by an act of duty—life's aims fulfilled, than to prolong them for years—years filled with the corroding remembrance that we had tamely yielded to our ease and our fears that noble heritage, which was transmitted to us through toil, suffering, battle and victory, with the condition that we likewise should transmit it unimpaired to our posterity. As for myself, rather than live on, subject to a government which breaks the compact at will, and places me in a position of inequality—of inferiority to the Northern free negro—though that life might be illustrated by gilded chains—by luxury and by ease, I would in the cause of my state gather around me some brave spirits, who however few in number, would find a grave, which my countrymen—the world and all future ages should recognize as a modern Thermopylæ!

MARTHA YOUNG

[—]

ANNIE REESE LOCKE

MARTHA YOUNG was born at the country home of her parents in Hale County, Alabama. Her father was Dr. Elisha Young, an eminent physician and surgeon, who gave to the Confederacy four years of service as surgeon at Fort Morgan, Alabama, and after the war increased the reputation he had won in this position. He was still engaged in the practice of his humane profession when death came on November 6, 1898, in Greensboro, Alabama. Dr. Young's father was Colonel Elisha Young, an honor graduate of Princeton, who enjoyed in his day the reputation of being a statesman of note and an orator of great eloquence in the ranks of the old Whig party. Among his personal friends in political life was Henry Clay. The father of Colonel Young was Captain John Young, of Virginia, an officer in the Revolutionary Army. On her father's side Miss Young is descended from a line of distinguished men, whose services to their country and states gave them distinct standing.

Her mother was Anne Eliza Ashe Tutwiler Young, a woman who inherited a remarkable mind from her father, and emulated him in his attainments, for she was the daughter of Henry Tutwiler, of Virginia by birth, and of Alabama by adoption. Henry Tutwiler was among the first students matriculated in the University of Virginia, and, with his dear friend, Gessner Harrison, belonged to that division of the student body known in those early sessions for its laborious application and splendid attainments. He was the first recipient of the degree of Master of Arts, and reflected on his *alma mater* great honor by the significant use made of the learning his degree betokened. In Alabama he became founder and headmaster of the famous Green Spring Academy. Mr. Tutwiler's wife, Julia Ashe, was a granddaughter of Governor Samuel Ashe of North Carolina, a member of that distinguished group after whom Ashe County and Asheville were named. Through her maternal ancestors, Miss Young is a descendant of Sir James Yeamans, founder of Charleston, South Carolina, and through her paternal grandmother, whose name she bears, is connected with the well-known Strudwick family. Miss Young made her first appearance in print with a Christmas story, published in the *Times-Democrat,* of New Orleans, a paper noted

for the encouragement it has always given to young Southern writers. This story appeared over the *nom de plume* of Eli Shepperd, and over this signature Miss Young's work continued to appear until her first book, 'Plantation Songs,' was published in 1901, by R. H. Russell. This book at once received high commendations, both North and South. The Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican* thus noted it:

"That a negro song may be as sweet and attractive as if one of a more favored race were singing, has been proved by Paul Laurence Dunbar. Chestnut has shown that romance is as true with black as with white. Joel Chandler Harris has done much to illume these features of the negro's character. Nothing has been done in this line before quite so good as this volume of plantation songs, by Eli Shepperd (Martha Young)."

Said the *Journal,* of Montgomery, Alabama:

"The book is as fresh as the breath of a crab-apple blossom in springtime. As Herrick shrined in meter the rural life of Devon hundreds of years ago for the delight of posterity, the author of 'Plantation Songs' has gathered and put away in literary lavender, with a picturesque touch, the gay and pathetic, the humorous and quaint scenes and events of negro life in the Alabama fields and swamps of to-day."

In 1902, the same firm brought out 'Plantation Bird Legends,' which confirmed her fame as one of the foremost dialect writers of America. "Her dialect verse," wrote Uncle Remus, "is the best written since Irwin Russell died. Some of it is incomparably the best ever written."

The Pittsburgh *Gazette* said:

"What the Brothers Grimm did, taking from the lips of unlettered peasants the folk-tales of the fore-time, and setting them down for the delight of children in all ages, has been done by Martha Young in her 'Plantation Bird Songs.'"

Several of her songs have been set to music by noted composers, and enjoy wide popularity.

Miss Young's next book was in an entirely different vein, for it was a child's book, entitled 'Somebody's Little Girl.' This was pronounced by the reviewers a most pleasing and perfect picture of a child's mind and heart.

This book, with her quaint legends, gave its author a place with the children by the side of Uncle Remus. Her other books are 'Fifty Folk-lore Tales' and 'In a Southern Garden.'

In another realm Miss Young has won high encomiums, for she is acknowledged as peculiarly gifted in the oral interpretation of her

own productions. Her rendering of the negro dialect has been pronounced well-nigh perfect, and her readings in general give delight to both cultivated and popular audiences. Whether to a fashionable audience at the Waldorf-Astoria, a scholarly gathering in some university hall, to children in the public schools, or to a general audience, she brings fun and pathos, universal satisfaction and pleasure. A part of the impression she makes is due to her graceful, petite and attractive person. Her manners are charming, her conversation brilliant.

Miss Young has spent most of her life in her home in the little town of Greensboro, Alabama, but she has given to it variety by years in college, seasons in New York, and travels abroad. She is an ardent lover of nature, living much in the open, in the full enjoyment of riding and driving. There is not a wild flower of our woods and fields that she does not know and love.

Anne Reese Locke

MY LADY'S BANJO

From 'Plantation Songs for My Lady's Banjo and Other Negro Lyrics and Monologues,' New York, R. H. Russell, 1901.

Take you this tinkling instrument,
Strung up with gay and mad intent,
Strum it with dainty finger-tips—
It is a jester full of quips—
This gay banjo.

To the most sentimental sigh
With tittering tones it will reply,
And only laughter need expect
The answer that it would elect
From this banjo.

'Tis not a thing for serenades
Beneath the windows of fair maids:
No whit cares it for vows or tears;
It cuts sighs short—a pair of shears—
This bright banjo.

Yet to the maid of Africa,
The ebon maid of Zanzibar,
Its twanging measures might suggest
Love thoughts she'd deem the tenderest—
Her swain's banjo.

For hear the dusky lover sing,
Shooting his fancies on the wing,
An improvised, absurd love-song;
He fits it as he goes along
To his banjo.

THE WORLD'S HYMN

From 'Plantation Songs for My Lady's Banjo and Other Negro Lyrics and Monologues,' New York, R. H. Russell, 1901.

Oh, in dat awful day
De moon in blood 'll drip away,
Wile winds will arise,
Rise wid breaf of all dat dies.

What will de Sinner-man do dat Day?
He will go to his home to be driven away—
Driven away!
Driven away!

Skies gittin' grey wid gloom:
John takes his shinin' broŏm—
John sweeps hit far and nigh,
Sweeps de stars from out de sky.

What will de Elder-man do dat Day?
He will go to his home and dey 'll ax him to stay—
Ax him to stay!
Ax him to stay!

In dat one hour Day
Oceans 'll bile away;
Birds 'll forgit to fly
All livin' 'bleeged to die.

What will de Hypocrit do dat Day?
He will knock at de do' and be driven away—
Driven away!
Driven away!

Dat Day what 'll light de sky?
De sun 'll rise des one hour high,
Den down dat sun will fall—
Come in, Seekers! Come in all!

What will de Church-Leader do dat Day?
He will tap at de do' and dey 'll ax him to stay—
Ax him to stay!
Ax him to stay!

Den when de Archangel sing
He 'll hide his face behin' his wing;
Prayers 'll roll from sho' to sho'
And Praise 'll rise ter set no mo'.

Sinner and Hypocrit *'fo'* dat Day,
Can't you come in and plead to stay—
Plead to stay?
Plead to stay?

UNCLE AARON'S GREETING

From 'Plantation Songs.' Copyright, R. H. Russell, New York, and used here by permission of the publisher and author.

What! Come back from Santiago?
And wearin' his arm in a sling—
Lawsy marcy, ole 'oman, hear dat!
Don't dat beat ev'ything?
Take my hat off the peg, Jerushy,
I ain't had it down for a year;
Git my long-tail-black out de chist dar.
You! Handle dat coat wid keer:
Dat coat done been th'oo th'ee sessions—
Ole master, his pa and his son—
You hatter have 'spec' for a coat
Dat's been th'oo de years like dis one.

Hu! Yu! Den, I'm stiff in de jints,
But walkin' 'll limber me some.
Git my cane out de cornder, Jerushy;
Now call dem boys: Lewis! oh, Lum!
Come go wid gran'pa to de Gre't House—
And come quick, you lazy young coons;
Yo' Marse Tom is done come fum de wars
Des teetotally kivered wid wounds!
I feel now sorter like a gen'leman,
Dar's virtue in dis coat, I believe,
To make me feel most like a scholar
Wid de larnin' dat ole master leave
A-hangin' around in dese pockets,
Or maybe slipped up in de sleeve.
I feel now as proud as a sojer
Off a day on a bravery leave.

On The Path

Hol' up, chillen, de ole man 'bleeged to rest:
Lemme set on dis log des a spell,
I must wait twel my strengt' rises some'at—
Good you cotch me—I most might a-fell!
How quiet de fiel's and de country,
As still as de ole gin in June.
Dis a cu'us war anyhow,
Our war wa'n't played to dis tune!
Des Marse Tom, and some one or two mo',
Few several gone to de fight—
Marcy! in *our* war my master
And four hund'rd 'listed one night!
Ev'y one had his several hosses,
Nigger boy, nigger cook, nigger man;
Besides from dis ve'y plantation
Mos' a whole endurin' brass ban'.
And us melt and roll into bullets
Ev'y tea-pot and plantation bell,
And us took ev'y plow off de stock
When later us needed mo' shell.
And all day de ladies picked lint,
A-singin' to keep back de tears,

And de Quarter folks tried to raise corn
Wid a passel er scrubby ole steers,
'Caze our hosses all gone to de front,
And our mules gone pullin' de guns,
And dar wa'n't a white man to be seen—
To de front—all—fathers and sons!
Well times is obliged to change,
And de ole ways is mos' wo' out:
Young folks, and new ways, and new wars—
Wonder what dis new war is about:
Never heard of no Spanyards in my time—
De Lord must have made 'em sence!
In Cuba? Freein' mo' niggers?
Dar's enough on dis side er de fence—
A passel er skittish, free darkeys
What won't let de ole folks larn 'em sense.

At The Great House

Marcy me! What's dat on de tower?
A Yankee flag des as sho' as I'm born!
Heah, chillen, slip down and hide
Right heah in dis high, rustlin' corn—
Dem Yankees sho' found dat Marse Tom
Had des done come home for a spell,
And dey done come and done took dat boy
To deir Dry 'Tugas Prison, or hell!
Dey done raise deir flag on *our* house!
Gracious me! What else is dey done?
I 'spec' neither man nor mouse
Is left—not nairy a one!
Is you crep' up and took a nigh look, Lum?
Des tell de ole man what you see—
Ole Marse and ole Miss on de gallery,
As easy as easy can be?
Don' tell *me; Is* dat flag a-flyin'
What I think dat I think I see?
Yas. And Lewis, you say dat Marse Tom
Is come out on de front porch, too?
Is you tryin' to fool yo' gran'daddy,
Or tellin' him truf for true?

Well, come and le's go 'long and see
If dey is done surrender or not—
Is my Master done give up de place
Widout even parley or shot!

When He Sees His Young Master

Lord, boy! Lord, chile! Lord, honey—
Our boy wid his arm in a sling—
Didn' I teach you to ride! You—Sonny!
Didn' I bait yo' fust hook? Ev'ything—
And to think you done been to de wars!
Yit dese arms can clarsp you onct mo'—
Bless de Lord for dis day, little massa!
Fer dis day!—But he-he! Ho-ho!
My soul, boy—De brass and de buttons—
Sojer-straps!—and des one heavy fight?
But—What's dis I see? Gracious me!
Tell me does my ole eyes see right?
Is—my boy heah got on de Blue?
Shoo—den—no—I scursely kin ax it—
Is you 'serted—and left us for true?
Don't you know dem grey cloze in de chist
In camphire laid up in de loft?
Don't you know how us cried when us fold 'em?
Even Marse hid a sob wid a cough.
Come heah! Boy! Tell me what is you done done?
Is I done load yo' fust musket
For you to be feared of a gun?
Huh! You laughin' at dis ole nigger?
Den tell me what all er dis mean,
'Caze dat flag and dese cloze is de beatenes'
Things my ole eyes even seen.
You say dat you follered Joe Wheeler
To de rifle pits down in Caney?
And you say Wheeler rallied 'em on
And won de whole glorious day!
Now, boy, dat talkin' sound good
In de good ole-fashion way.
But you say Wheeler rallied his men
Round *dat* flag, and led men from New York?

Den I sholy believe my senses
Gwine ac' like a mustang—and balk!
And us all one country now,
Same as had no great war at all?
Des call it de "late onpleasantness"—
Gone like fust frost in de fall—
Well, boy! Time changes and changes,
Changes may be for better and all,
But you ca'n't 'spec' a stupid ole nigger
To stretch his mind round de whole ball.
All I know is: Wid things gwine like you say
Den us nigh to de Golden Sho'
Whar dey eats des butter and honey
And whar Yankees ain't Yankees no mo'.

MISTER FROG'S NOTE OF REGRET

From 'Fifty Folk-lore Fables.' Copyright, and used here by permission of the author.

Mister Frog he been long time studyin' dat he ought to git married. Evenin's mighty long and lonesome him settin' on a mossy log on de side er de stream. D'rectly he 'gun to speak 'bout it sholy was wrong to put off gittin' married so long and he say:

'S wrong
To put it off
S' long
'S wrong!

All the little frogs hearin' Mister Frog say dat he is done wrong for to put off gittin' married so long, dey give him de answer:

Yas 'tis! Yas 'tis!
Yas 'tis!

Dey keep up sech a 'larmment dat dey git Mister Frog 'sturbed in his mind and he collude dat he'll ax de nex' thing dat come along to marry him, and he couldn't a-done no better 'caze de nex' thing he seed comin' was a little bit er brown bird, one des as bright as a mustee gal wid mollyglaster hair. No sooner did Mister Frog ax dat little bit er brown bird

would she marry him dan dat little brown bird give him de answer:

Yes, I will!
Yes, I will!

Den de Frog and de Whip-po'-will dey was engaged to be married, and de whole plantation knowed it.

But Mister Frog he been so long time bachelor dat he don't like to set de weddin' day. Ever' time Miss Whip-po'-will ax Mister Frog when is dey gwine to git married Mister Frog he say:

Le's put 't off
Le's put 't off
Twel you come from de Norf!

Den Miss Whip-po'-will she go to de Norf, whar she do stay de most portion part of de year. Soon as she come back she go to de swamp edge and she ax Mister Frog ag'in when is dey gwine set de weddin' day and Mister Frog he 'low ag'in:

Le's put't off!
Le's put't off!

Den Miss Whip-po'-will ax him: How long is he gwine put off de weddin' day. Mister Frog he give her de answer:

Ten. Ten. Ten.

He don't say if he mean ten year or ten mont' or ten days or ten minutes, or what. Den Miss Whip-po'-will she git mad and she 'buse Mister Frog, and she 'fuse Mister Frog, and she say she lucky to loose Mister Frog. Now ever' Spring er de year when Mister Frog study 'bout how nigh he come to marryin' dat nice little bit er brown bird he set on a mossy log on de side er de creek and he say to hisse'f:

Oh, I wish dat I had!
Oh, I wish dat I had!

Miss Whip-po'-will she flirt her wing and she fly higher up de woods slope and she say:

Well! You could,
But you wouldn't!
Well! You could,
But you wouldn't!

Ever' Spring er de year you hear dem two at dat:

Oh, I wish dat I had!
Oh, I wish dat I had!

And Miss Whip-po'-will answer him back:

Well! You could,
But you wouldn't!

HOW RED BIRD WON HIS COLOR

From 'Fifty Folk-lore Fables.' Copyright, and used here by permission of the author.

Away back days de red bird was as plain a color grey as de dove is to-day. He could hide hisse'f den des as commodious in de dry grass as any grey bird can to-day, he wa'n't dem days no sech a fire-red, red-rose bird as he is now, mo'n dat he wa'h't den sech a love-sign-bird as he is now.

How is he a love-sign-bird?

Dis how: If a gal see a red bird and don't make no 'miration 'bout she see him den dat gal gwine sho see her true love 'fo' next incomin' Saddy night.

One long time ago in bird matin' season Mister Red Bird done choose hisse'f a mate, little grey bird des like hisse'f. Him and her was singin' in de deep woods, singin' together, flyin' apart and den singin' together ag'in like birds does do, when dey heard sech a runnin' and breakin' th'oo de bushes. Mister Red Bird he fly for to see what can de matter be.

Dar in de deep woods he see Br'er Deer des runnin', he done des done pull his head out de honey hole whar Br'er Rabbit done fool him to stick it, and dar go Br'er Deer th'oo de wile woods, ain't see whar he gwine, his face all skint and red and raw and a-drippin' blood.

Mister Red Bird he got a mighty trimblin', tender heart and he feel so 'stressous for Br'er Deer dat he fly right up to him, and right up and down Br'er Deer's bleedin' face he fly, wipin' de blood offer Br'er Deer's face wid his wings. Up and down he flutter, wipin' Br'er Deer's face twel he git de blood stanch same as if Br'er Deer's face been wipe off wid cob-webs. Blood don't drip in Br'er Deer's eyes no mo' and Br'er Deer he can

see de way clear to git safe home. But Mister Red Bird—dar.

When he done got th'oo wid wipin' off Br'er Deer's face wid his wings he didn't have a dry grey feather on him. He was teetotal blood-red all over. He was 'mersed in blood. He been blood-red ever sence. He's de reddest thing that goes, he's des as red as any rose.

MISTER BLUE BIRD'S DEBT

From 'Plantation Bird Legends.' Copyright, R. H. Russell, New York, and used here by permission of the publisher and author.

Havin' debts is de hongriest business dat dar is. Debts des eats inter you wid de mos' growin' appetite dat dar is: You keep payin', dey keep weighin'. All de time yo' end er de scale go up, and dey end er de scale go down. You gotter put in dat intrus'—puss-cent de 'Vancin' Men call it. It may be puss-cent when it git to dey pocket, but it's dollars when it leaves dis nigger's ole knit sock! Puss-cent, lawyer's fee, co't-cost, 'cordin' fee, mortgages—and now dey done put on something dat dey call de revenue! Well. Dar 's al'a's something new to pay. Ev'y year calls for de ole time pay and de new also. Dat way Mister Blue Bird talks all de year round, yet he keep a-singin' in de sunshine. Fust bird in de Spring dat you hear singin' hit's him, singin' like he don't owe a cent, but he owe de worst sort of a debt he do, he owe for his livin'. He been owin' dat debt sence de worl' was made, and he gwine be owin' it twel de worl' git wizzled.

You ax me who he owe?

He owe Cap'n Sparrer. He owe him wid all dat intrus' puss-cent, lawyer's fee, mortgagee, 'cordin'-fee and all Summer long de sparrers is a hollerin' at Mister Blue Bird:

Pay! Pay! Pay!
Ain't you gwine to pay!
When you gwine to pay!
Pay! Pay! Pay!

Anyhow Mister Blue Bird he 'ford ev'ry year to git him a bran, new blue suit er cloze!

He's al'as fust man at de Spring 'Vival, and he's al'as dressed bran-broom-new!

Whar he git dem new cloze?

Now chillen, don't you ax me dat. Maybe de 'Vancin' man let him sell de seed, sech a good price is de cotton seed now!

Maybe Miss Blue Bird runs her a outside patch—I don't know, and you don't know and it ain't none er our business nohow!

But 'tain't long 'fo' fine as he do look he 'gin to git hongry and den he 'gin to be blue!

Den he swing on a limb and he sing low to Mis' Blue Bird:

Oh, la! Lu!
I feel blue—
What us gwine do
When de corn give out—?
Oh, la! Lu!

Now Mis' Blue Bird she ain't never so blue as he is, and she ain't studyin' 'bout nothin' but dat nest and dem eggs er hern, so she whistle back sorter keerless to him:

Can't you borrow
From Cap'n Sparrow?

Mister Blue Bird he mighty quick to take a idea like dat and he whistle back more jobly to her:

Oh, la! Lu—
Dat suit me, dat suit you—
Dat's what I'll do, dat's what I'll do!
Dat's des what I'll do!
Oh, la! Lu!

And dat's des what he do do, and I 'spec' while he's gittin' fat offer borrowed money he forgit all about dat puss-cent he gotter:

Pay! Pay! Pay!

Well if he do he ain't de fust one dat done des dat way. But you watch him in de Fall er de year—he busy den payin' on dat debt, he got no time to put up any nex' year providins for himself and his folks, he's busy payin' on dat debt. Des as

soon as de shuck 'gin to git dry on de ear Cap'n Sparrow he set Mister Blue Bird on de old rail fence on de side er de big road for to be dey sparrers' watchman. He watch for dem sparrers whilst dey steal Mister Man's corn. And des as soon as he see any pusson comin' down de big road he whistle to dem sparrers:

You! You! You!
Better had a-flew!
Mister Man'll catch you!
Catch you! Catch you!

Up flash de flock er sparrers, Mister Blue Bird right in behind 'em. Umph-humph, owin' debts is gwine to keep you behind.

You ax me chillen won't he never git dat debt payed? Naw. Not long as he do live and hard as he do work can he do mo' dan des keep up de intrus' and all de time Cap'n Sparrer, and his fambly, and his folks, and his cousins and his kin keeps right in behind Mister Blue Bird hollerin':

Pay! Pay! Pay!
When you gwine to pay!
Pay! Pay! Pay!

MAMAS OR JUST LADIES

From 'Somebody's Litle Girl.' Copyright, and used by permission of the author.

. . . THERE were yet stranger things for Bessie Bell to learn.

She had not for long played with those many little girls in all sorts of clothes, and with larger girls, and with boys—some with short-striped-stocking-legs and some with long-striped-stocking-legs—before she heard one child say: "Mama says she will take me to Sweet Fern Cave to-morrow."

Or perhaps it was another child who said: "Mama won't let me wade in the branch."

Or another child said: "Mama says I can have a party for all the little girls and boys on the mountain next Friday!"

Then another little child said: "My Mama has made me a beautiful pink dress, and I will wear that to your party."

Mama? My Mama?

Bessie Bell leaned against the little fluted post of the gallery to the cabin where she and Sister Helen Vincula lived, and thought a great deal about that.

And Bessie Bell wondered a great deal what that could mean:

Mama? My Mama?

There were strange new things in this world.

Bessie Bell almost forgot to remember now, because every day was so full of such strange new things to know.

Mama? My Mama?

Bessie Bell did a great deal of thinking about that.

One day the little children were playing at building rock chimneys.

There was not much sand there for little children to play in, so that the children often built rock chimneys, and rock tables, and rock fences.

As they were playing one little girl suddenly left the playground and ran, calling: "Mama! Mama! Come here: come this way, and see the chimney we have built!"

Bessie Bell turned quickly from play and looked after the little girl who was running across the playground to where three ladies were standing.

The little girl caught the dress of one of the ladies, and came pulling at her dress and bringing her across the ground to see the stone chimney, and the little girl kept saying:

"Look, Mama! See, Mama! Isn't it a grand chimney? Won't it 'most hold smoke?"

Bessie Bell stood still with her little hands—they were beginning to be round pink little hands again, now—clasped in front of her and wondered.

"See, Mama! Look, Mama!" cried the little girl.

"Why does she say: Mama?" asked Bessie Bell, because she just wondered, and wondered—and she did not know.

"Because it *is* her Mama," said a child who had just brought two more rocks to put on the chimney.

"Oh," said Bessie Bell.

That lady who *was* the little girl's Mama looked much as all the ladies looked.

"Are all Ladies Mamas?" asked Bessie Bell.

She hoped the child who had brought the two rocks would not laugh, for Bessie Bell knew she would cry if she did.

The little girl did not laugh at all. She was trying so carefully to put the last rock on top of the stone chimney, she said: "No, Bessie Bell: some are Mamas, and some are only just Ladies."

There. There it was again: Only-Just-Ladies.

Bessie Bell wondered how to tell which were Mamas, and which were Ladies—just Ladies.

Very often after that day she watched those who passed the cabin where she and Sister Helen Vincula lived, and wondered which were Mamas—

And which were Ladies.

There was no rule of old or young by which Bessie Bell could tell.

Nor was it as one could tell Sisters from Just-Ladies by a way of dress. For Sisters, like Sister Helen Vincula, wore a soft white around the face, and soft long black veils, and a small cross on the breast of the dress: so that even had any not known the difference one could easily have guessed.

But for Ladies and Mamas there were none of these differences.

But Bessie Bell looked and looked and wondered, but her eyes brought to her no way of knowing.

Bessie Bell could at length think of only one way to find out the difference, and that was to ask—to let her ears help her eyes to bring to her some way of knowing.

One day, a dear old lady with white curls all around under her bonnet stopped near the playground and called Bessie Bell to her and gave her some chocolate candy, every piece of candy folded up in its own white paper.

Bessie Bell said: "Thank you, ma'am."

Then as the lady still stood by the playground Bessie Bell asked her: "Are you a Lady, ma'am?"

"I have been called so," said the lady, smiling down at Bessie Bell.

"Or are you a Mama?" asked Bessie Bell.

"Ah," said the lady; "I am a Mama, too, but all my little girls have grown up and left me."

Bessie Bell wondered how they could have done that,

those little girls. But she saw, and was so glad to see, that this lady was very wise, and that she understood all the things that little girls wonder about.

But though there was a difference, a very great difference, between Mamas and Ladies it was very hard to tell—unless you asked.

One day a large fat lady took Bessie Bell on her lap. That was very strange to Bessie Bell—to sit on top of anybody.

And the lady made a rabbit, and a pony, and a preacher, all out of a handkerchief and her nice fat fingers. And then she made with the same handkerchief and fingers a Mama holding a Baby.

Then Bessie Bell looked up at her with her wondering eyes and asked: "Are you a Lady—"

"Bless my soul!" cried the lady. "Do you hear this child? And now, come to think of it, I don't know whether I am a lady or not—"

And the lady laughed until Bessie Bell felt quite shaken up.

"Or are you a Mama?" asked Bessie Bell, when it seemed that the lady was about to stop laughing.

"So that is it?" asked the lady, and she seemed about to begin laughing again.

"Yes, I am a Mama, and I have three little girls about as funny as you are."

Another time a lady passed by the cabin where Bessie Bell stood leaning against the little fluted white post of the gallery, and said:

"Good morning, Bessie Bell. I am Alice's Mama."

That made things so simple, thought Bessie Bell. This lady was a Mama. And she was Alice's Mama.

Bessie Bell wished that all would tell in that nice way at once whether they were Mamas or Just-Ladies.

The next lady who passed by the cabin also stopped to talk to Bessie Bell.

And Bessie Bell asked: "Are you a Mama or Only-Just-A-Lady?"

"I am only just a lady," the lady said, patting Bessie Bell's little tiny hand. And it was easy to see that, in Bessie Bell's mind, though Only-Just-Ladies were kind and sweet, Mamas were far greater and more important beings.

One night, when Sister Helen Vincula had put Bessie Bell to bed in the small bed that was not a crib-bed, though like that she had slept in before she had come to the high mountain, Bessie Bell still lay wide awake.

Her blue eyes were wide open and both of her pink little hands were above her head on the pillow. She was thinking, and thinking, and she forgot that she was thinking her thinking aloud, and she said:

"Alice has a Mama. Robbie has a Mama. Katie has a mama. Where is Bessie Bell's mama? Never mind: Bessie Bell will find a mama."

Then Sister Helen Vincula, who was wide awake, too, said:

"Ah me, ah me."

Bessie Bell said: "Sister Helen Vincula, did you call me?"

Sister Helen Vincula said: "No, child: go to sleep."

LIFE

Strong, leonine, laid out along the sand,
  The Sphinx, with face perfect as Nilus flower,
  Subtile lips, fresh as rosebuds in a shower;
Yet her years more than man's knowledge hath spanned—
Ancient, alluring, love-inspiring, grand—
  Charming men ever with mysterious power,
  Uttering wondrous riddles hour by hour,
In simple wisdom tangling all the land:

So Life lies stretched along the sands of time.
  Eyes old as wisdom in her blossom face—
Each man's adored one e'en till he must die—
And, lo, she asks in mellow, mystic rhyme
  Enigmas of the passing human race—
Fretting us with her riddles: Whence? How? Why?

POESY

It is a subtile breath that blows through verse,
  A thing too fine and delicate to name,
As faint as are the dreams that dawns disperse—
  Yet this the buoyant breath that blows to fame.

ALABAMA DAISIES

Fresh Alabama daisies, blue and bright,
With heaven's hue upon their petals set,
Gold of the sun and blue of sky well met—
These shall for me be symbol of life—light
With all the wealth of heaven, yet bedight
With earth's virescent livery, warm, dew-wet,
Caught close to earth by fresh green grasses' net—
Blue eyes upturned to the loftiest height.
So Life be bright, though in secluded ways,
As this small circlet, full as circled morn:
So, too, my life, look ever up and on,
Lifting unadunted eyes to heaven's rays,
Nor failing all the while earth to adorn—
A gracious, unmarred memory when gone.

THE RED-WINGED BLACK-BIRD

Gay little whistler in the tree,
Blowing a bugle: "Tu-ru-lee—"
Wearing epaulets rosy red,
Dapper cap on his saucy head:

He was a soldier once—My word!
Gay little bugler, brisk Black-Bird;
His wars are over, and peace is so sweet
Still at evening he blows: Retreat!

AN EASTER DAWN

Like some vast cosmic egg, a Day
Breaks on the crystal rim of Time:
A golden ball it does display
Wrapped in a morn as white as rime.

A WINTER DAWN

Two hours space the battle raged—
The hosts of Day and Dark engaged—
Till blanched the forces of the Night
Before the Morning's spears of light.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF PLANTATION LOVE MAKING

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The Proposal

A very shy fellow was dusky Sam,
As slow of speech as the typical clam.
He couldn't make love to his Angeline
Though his love grew like the Great Gourd Vine
So he brought the telephone to his aid
To assist in wooing the chosen maid:
"Miss Angeline? Dat you?" called he.
"Yas.—Dis Angeline—Dis me—"
"I—des wanter say—dat I does—love you—
Miss Angeline—does you love me, too—?"
"Why—yas—Of course I loves my beau—
Say. What's de reason you wants to know?"
"Miss——hold de wire—Will you marry me? True—?"
"Yas. Course I will—
Say. Who is you?"

The Strangeness of It

After de war it seemed to Uncle Dan
Dat keepin' a boardin' house was a good plan.
He went to Mobile and he opened one dar,
And de niggers flocked to it from nigh and far.
One day ole Dan come in from de city,
And de sight he seed it sho' was a pity—
His daughter Lu, on de porch he found her,
Settin' wid a boarder's arm around her!
Ole Dan he 'sclaim: "What you doin', Lu?
Gal, I puffec' shamed er you!

You tell dat nigger now to his face
For to take his arm from around yo' waist—"
"Tell him yo'se'f," say Lu; "dat nigger he
Is des a puffec' stranger to me!"

The Marriage License

You got back, Massa, from de town—
You fotch my ma'y'age license down?

Dat license reads for Sal and me?
Dat's a pity, Massa, 'caze you see

Since you been gone I change my min'
And conclude I'll marry Adeline—

Des you take dem license and change de name
And lemme marry on dem all de same.

You can't do dat? Cost me two dollars mo'?
Oh, no, sah! Massa, no, sah—No—

Des leave de name dat's writ dar Sal's
'Caze dar ain't two dollars' diffunce 'twixt dem gals!

De Quality

At Christmas my ole Mistis she
Give th'ee dinners, don't you see!
She hand de invites out to me
And I totes 'em round on de nag, Barbee.
To de fust us axes de Quality,
Dem wid blue blood and ancestree,
To de nex' us bid de Bob-Quality—
Dem what ain't, but 'ud like to be!
To de last us call de Commonality—
Plain folks 'dout no trimmin's dee.
Can't talk 'bout what used to be,
Ain't got nothin' but raw money.
But, oh, la! now sence niggers is free,
De rail on top is de Commonality,
De nex' in line is de Bob-Quality—
And de fine ole Quality—Whar is dee?

STARK YOUNG

[1881—]

ROBERT ADGER LAW

STARK YOUNG, one of the most promising among present-day Southern poets, was born in Como, Mississippi, October 11, 1881. His father is Alfred Alexander Young, now a practicing physician in Oxford, Mississippi, and his mother, who died during Stark Young's childhood, was, before her marriage, Mary Stark. The family is of Scotch-Irish descent.

Mr. Young's boyhood in Como passed without special incident. He attended public and private schools in the village and studied with a view to a college education. In 1895 the family moved to Oxford, Mississippi, where the State University is located. Two years later, before he had reached his sixteenth birthday, Stark Young became a student of that institution.

During his university course Mr. Young showed a decided bent toward literature, though not especially toward poetry. He was editor-in-chief of the college annual, and also served as one of the editors of the *Magazine*. For certain work in early English he won the prize offered by the Early English Text Society of London. At the same time he took care not to give undivided attention to his studies or his literary work. He was interested in practically all phases of college life, and for his Greek letter fraternity, the Sigma Chi, he possessed an enthusiasm which has not yet died away. In 1901 he was graduated from the University of Mississippi with the A.B. degree.

In the autumn of the same year Mr. Young went to New York to enter the graduate school of Columbia University, from which he received the Master of Arts degree in 1902. But the year in the metropolitan city meant much to him outside of his collegiate labors. Coming from a small college town in a remote district of the South to the never-ceasing whirl of New York; becoming acquainted with certain teachers of literature like Brander Matthews, William P. Trent, G. R. Carpenter, and J. E. Spingarn; and through their personal interest being brought into certain literary and artistic circles formed by the select of the great city, his intellectual horizon was rapidly broadened and his poetic impulses were stirred. Many of his shorter poems were written at this time or are a reflection of his life at this period.

Believing that what talent he possessed lay in the field of literature, he next essayed the task assumed by so many other ambitious young writers, of journalistic work in the metropolis. After a few months of the usual unremitting and unsatisfying labor, however, he gave up the trial and went to a cabin camp in the North Carolina mountains. His experience there corresponds to what, in a mystic's life, is denominated as a period of prayer and meditation. By this time Mr. Young had become thoroughly convinced that his true vocation was to be that of a poet, and he went about to prepare himself for this profession by the study of such varied masters as Catullus, Malory, Spenser, and Matthew Arnold. One night in camp appears in these lines:

> "The log burns low and bluishly,
> And shadows from the rafters' gloom
> Into the corner crannies hie,
> And haunt the open of my room.
> The flickering hearth-flames fall and leap,
> Slow dropping round the eaves of sleep
> The rain falls silently."

This devotion to the study of his art is typical of the man. Since then he has never renounced his calling.

With this same plan in view Mr. Young in 1903 went abroad, traveling mainly in Italy and in England, which countries he has visited in two subsequent years. Many weeks he spent in Fiesole, the suburb of Florence, so closely associated with the Brownings, and afterward journeyed through Tintagel in Cornwall, famous in Arthurian legend and beautiful in itself. Soon after his return to America he went to teach in his *alma mater* as assistant in rhetoric and composition.

Professor David Horace Bishop, to whose intimate personal friendship and discriminating criticism Mr. Young's poetry owes a great deal, was called to the chair of English in the University of Mississippi at the same time, so that Mr. Young worked for three years under his immediate direction. Meeting with success in his class-room, the younger instructor next year was given more congenial work in teaching literature. In October, 1907, he was elected instructor in English in the University of Texas at Austin, which position he still holds. As a teacher he has met with unusual success, inspiring in his students a genuine love for the best in literature, whether in the form of prose or poetry. One feels in his presence and in all that he does, his sense of good taste, and his sincere appreciation of the beautiful, not only in literature but in

all art. His strong personality attracts many friends and holds them. Though he is not, like many versifiers, ashamed of his poetic gifts, those who know him best recognize at the same time his possession of unusually sound judgment and uncommon executive ability. His skill in the direction of a students' dramatic club has won general acknowledgment. To have achieved what he has done before completing his twenty-eighth year augurs well for the future.

Mr. Young's published work lies chiefly in two volumes, 'The Blind Man at the Window,' a collection of miscellaneous short poems, and 'Guenevere,' a five-act Arthurian drama in blank verse. Others of his short poems have been printed in magazines, and he is constantly writing more which he does not seek to print. Another play still in manuscript, 'Madretta,' deserves special notice.

'The Blind Man at the Window' discloses its author as distinctly a scholar in verse, and a scholar of broader and deeper learning than has been found at all frequently in the annals of Southern literature. Herein lies both the strength and the weakness of Mr. Young's verse. His lines are polished and rarely fall below a certain high level. His interests are extremely broad, touching not only the life of several distinct sections of America, but that of Europe as well. He shows plainly the influence of Malory, of Coleridge, of Keats, of Tennyson, of Browning, and many other great poets, in thought and in phrasing. Besides, a casual turning of the pages sufficiently indicates experimentation in various metrical forms—blank verse, the sonnet diversely rhymed, the simple ballad meter, the iambic tetrameter in couplets, the triolet. These facts clearly point to a larger grasp of the poet's technique and a wider intellectual vision than have been given to almost any other poet distinctly belonging to the South. At the same time one feels genuine passion striving for expression in scarcely any of these poems. There is lacking in them the vigor, the spontaneity, and the strong individuality that may be felt in cruder verse. Much of this is undoubtedly due to long continued closet study without a large experience of the vicissitudes of actual life.

To classify the poems, about sixty all told, in the collection under review, is a difficult matter, especially since the principle on which they are arranged is not easily visible. A large number of them are pure lyrics, sounding a note distinctly recollective of Tennyson's earlier verse. Many of these contain no striking thought, but merely suggest a passing mood. Such, for example, is the "Hamlet," printed below. These lines carry in them no important message, nor are they intended to convey any novel interpretation of the most frequently discussed character in English literature, but in themselves they do possess unusual melody in the combination of vowel sounds. Of the

same type is another Tennysonian "Song," which closes with the lines:

"My lady with her yellow hair
Is in her dark grave lying.
And I'll go weep and tune my lute
To the winter wind's drear crying."

Here, again, one must acknowledge a conventional theme, with possibly an over-conscious simplicity of phrasing, but the melody is genuine. Similar in nature are certain ballads found in another part of the volume mentioned—"The Ballad of My Lady Jehanne," "Ballad of the Round Table," "The Ballad of the Bells of Boscastle," "The Bairn," and "Gordia." Here most readers will think they discern the influence of Keats and Coleridge rather than that of the older folk ballads. To the present critic Mr. Young's art appeals more strongly in this group of poems than anywhere else in the volume. His lyric gifts have full play, and the simple narrative style shuts out the moral element that sometimes clogs his poetic expression. "Gordia" is the best example of this class of poems, perhaps the most artistic piece of work in the book. A few lines may be quoted:

"The fishers on the lone dun sand
Will never see his figure looming,
The moon, it riseth on the strand,
The great waves booming, booming!

"It was an idle, weary day.
Their dim-flared lanthorns with them bringing,
Homeward they turn them one by one,
'Jesu pity him,' they say,
'For this with her wild, witch's singing
Gordia hath done.' "

The subtle suggestion of the supernatural in the verse, and the dramatic close, make it effective.

Other poems in this collection bring out Mr. Young's attitude toward friendship, toward bits of rural scenery in Mississippi and Cornwall, toward Spenser and the Elizabethans. Distinctly personal are "To My Sister" and "Written at My Mother's Grave." Still others contain philosophical reflections on present and future life, while the "Ode in Mississippi's Troubled Hour," is a too little restrained presentation of the opinion of many Southerners on the negro question. In this last poem, especially, Mr. Young is out of his proper *habitat*. His temperament is not that of the logical rea-

soner, and hardly fits him for the utterance of profound sentiments connected with philosophical or social problems. Consequently his musings on such subjects will fail to grip most of his readers. But one must recognize in these poems, as in all his work, the qualities of frankness and utter sincerity, together with a desire to experiment with all types of poesy until his own best medium of utterance is made clear.

The poetic drama of 'Guenevere' needs no lengthy treatment. Aside from the poetic nature of the drama, one is chiefly interested in the character of Guenevere, who is best portrayed in her own words:

> "Would God had either made us as we yearn to be
> Or else had made us as we are without the yearning."

The theme of the play is the strife between flesh and spirit, in which the spirit is finally victorious.

In the unpublished 'Madretta' we have practically the same theme in a far different setting. The intensely spiritual heroine finds little response to her nature in that of her husband, and is tempted to flee to "Nouvelle Orléans" with an adventurer. Fortunately she checks herself in time, and the tragic ending of the play really marks a victory for the things of the spirit.

To pass judgment upon the work of a living writer, and to estimate his rank is a hazardous proceeding. At this time a critic cannot speak with certainty as to Mr. Young's final standing among Southern poets. But one conclusion will be reached by all those who know and admire his verse; that he has not yet reached maturity. Taking into account what he has done, the seriousness with which he regards his task, his opportunities of education and travel, his increasing desire to gain technique, his persistent striving for the ideal, one is led to hope for much whenever the full fruition shall come.

Robt. Adger Law.

HAMLET

From 'The Blind Man at the Window.' Copyright, by Stark Young, and used here by permission of the author.

Drearily, drearily over the world
  Saileth the silver moon,
Wearily, wearily waves uphurled
  Around the sallow dune
Lap in the spaces where shadows flee
Breaking the silences born of the sea.

A dreamer of dreams enhungered sate,
  And bared his soul like an olden harp,
While steadily blew the winds of Fate,
  Blew unceasingly bleak and sharp
  Over the strings of his harp.

LAST LEAVES

From 'The Blind Man at the Window.'

When I pass out
Let me not be a broken leaf that dies
And falls at night down through the inmost gloom,
But catch the colour of the evening skies
And drift out on the after-glow and bloom
As I pass out.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE

From 'The Blind Man at the Window.'

It was in the early spring you fell asleep,
For I brought violets to your dear hands
Next day when they had laid you in the still
Dark room. And now from travelling many lands,
From many a stranger shore of level sands,
Made musical with waves, I come to fill
My weary eyes with my own native scene.

And now once more the spring brings everywhere
The warm south wind, these quiet trees are green,
And all along the ancient graveyard wall,
Amid the tangled sedge, the daisies bear
Their crowding stars. So all the memories
I have of you are green and fresh and pure,
Of that sweet childhood season when the flower
Blows fair, ere petals fall and the mature
Flesh-fruit of manhood, ripening to its hour
Cumbers the plant. Listen! the dove's voice
In the distant brake sounding her sad pain,
Sadly I hear, and in her mournful note
I catch the measure of my sorrow's strain.

Had I but had you longer, mother, then
Haply my hours and deeds should miss you more,
But then my heart should have you always near,
Having your words and ways heaped up in store,
Sweet company for many a weary year.
Such as I have are but the clambering
Upon your patient knees to kiss your lips,
Or look long in your blue eyes wondering,
Or put the dark hair from your gentle brow,
Feeling a wondrous sweetness steal somehow
From out your hands through all my little frame.
Once I remember, when my terrier died,
Through all the long stretches of the night I cried,
And when at last I slept, they say I fell
Amoaning in my childish sleep; but you
Closed not your eyes, but held me always well
Pressed into your heart and kissed my face
As a mother can. And then the swift years flew,
Seating grim manhood in the innocent place,
And many-mouthèd cares are knocking at the gate,
Yet though I have no comforter so strong,
I would not call you from your well-won peace,
From the sweet silence of rich death. The wrong
Men did upon your shoulders heavy sat,
Your summer of goodness had too full increase
And brought an early harvest of your life.

Would call? What mummery! Too well I know
That those we love and those we hate must go,
Down the dim avenues of death must pass,
Out to the fields of the great forever—lo,
Are gone from us like shadows on the grass
To the dark region of their last abode.

The Mississippi hills are blue and faint,
The air grows stiller and the sounds more sweet,
The gray shades cluster round each marble saint,
And in the long box walks the shadows meet.
And on your grave, rich-ripe with golden days,
Nasturtium cups are lit with level rays
From the low-sunk sun. Still would I be a child,
And come with flowers here for your dear praise,
And with *Good morrow, Mother,* pause to tell
The marvels of the day—nay, nay, I know,
I only fancy, mother, ere I go
To say *Farewell forever,* and *farewell.*

SONNET

From 'The Blind Man at the Window.'

I saw a blind man at his window sitting
At dusk, and always his poor eager face
Turned upward where the sweepers voiced the space
And rustled all the dim air with their flitting.
He could not see the wind move o'er the ground,
Nor the faint yellow light upon the hill,
But only leaned his poor hands on the sill
To draw the lovely evening from the sound.
Dear God, within this window to the sky,
From shadowed chamber of our life we watch,
Likewise eager and blind, and haply catch
Now airy strain or angel wing brushed by,
Or silence rich from the glory of thy day,
And, sightless, only hear and feel and pray.

LOVE AND SLEEP

From 'The Blind Man at the Window.'

A silent castle on a gloaming hill,
Dark cypresses against a sky that fades,
And drowsy homing birds that circling fill
The air with wings, from out the shades
Chirps and low flutterings and the stir of leaves,
The droning choir of flies above the moat,
Dull-dropping water and a pasture bell,
Lone calling dove with sorrow-laden throat,
I thought on all, but sleep wrought not her spell.
Then came a blank before mine eyes, aflight,
And lo! I saw a fairer land, the moon,
Watched o'er a pathless sky of summer night,
And one sang softly that the hills did swoon,
And drew her near and smiled and beckoned me—
And then I knew I slept and dreamed of thee.

THE MOTHER

From 'The Blind Man at the Window.'

The sick mother sat at her window singing,
  Rockaby, sing rockaby,
And the long day closed and the dark came bringing
  Night and dun sky.

She bent her poor arms where he had lain
  And fancied she saw him, and sang her song,
Sleep, little one, but never again
  Her voice shall reach him, dead so long.

Lower and lower she bent her head,
  Rockaby baby, when the winds blow,
Over her poor vacant arms, and said,
  "Mother is with you," faint and low.

And the years went back without spot or stain,
  All the long years since she lost her child,
And peace came after long grief and pain,
  And her still lips smiled.

And when she was dead some little space,
They found her and wept, till the moonlight fell
Upon the glory of her face,
"Dear God," they said, " 'tis well, 'tis well."

SONNET

From 'The Blind Man at the Window.'

It is a solace of mine own, dear friend,
That in thine absences I have thee still.
No red sun sinks behind the wooded hill,
No pale moon rises in the eastern bend,
But I must look and question in the end
If thou too lookest from thy window sill,
And let'st that same old human hunger fill
Thy heart. No low-sung evening songs but send
Mine ear alistening for thy voice to ring.
To all my journeys among books I bring
Thy thoughts and words that I be not alone.
So shall I have thee most when thou art gone,
When speech nor glance nor motion break the free,
Deep-moving converse that I hold with thee.

MEDITATION

From 'Guenevere.' Copyright, by Stark Young, and used here by permission of the author.

He that is wise doth choose the thoughtful life
As a clever woman findeth the right color.
Long is the night to him that cannot sleep,
Long is the journey to the weary man,
And long is the span of life to the foolish. Take
Some quiet hour at sundown in some peaceful
Place, and look about the vineyard
Of thy soul. The moon is silver clear by night,
The water glimmers in the sun, but be
Thou shining in thy meditation.

ON A DISAPPOINTING FRIENDSHIP

Hitherto unpublished.

Within the orchard plot I found
High on a bough an apple fair
That seemed of all most sweet and sound.
With zest I tried to reach it there,
And hoped to bring it down to me;
And striving hard, I made it fall.
I snatched it up, *me hercule,*
A rotten pippin after all!

STANZAS

Hitherto unpublished.

How distant seems the hour when did pass
The autumn glory west from land to sky,
And in the falling sun the plumy grass
Powdered the hill with light. Now day doth die,
Save where yon summit still the sun holds high,
Celestial pharos in a dark lagoon.
Dimness is all. The sky doth draw more nigh
Unto its marriage with the land, and soon
All faint, appear the lone star and the hornèd moon.

And lo from the east comes night the sower, swift,
Bending his steps across the azure mead,
Flings with wide motion from his palm uplift
Upon the enamelled void the starry seed,
Like golden corn about his footsteps lead.
Who counteth them? Unnumbered—as a rain
Dropped within some vale with silent speed,
Stars sown in whirlwinds, that all search is vain,
Our eyes but seem to lose, and find, and lose again.

And sudden from a dim world drawing near,
Among the rest a meteor sprung now,
Bolder than all, like some fierce charioteer
With hair blown backward from his burning brow,

Shoots through the course of heaven, now sinks low.
Hither from out the dark he came and on
Into the dark he went—I know not how,
Nor mid what starry coursers sets his sun,
Nor what bright goal awaits him when his race is run.

THE ALAMO

Is then Thermopylæ come from the shade
Of ancient death and grand oblivion?
Ere dawn they charge. Stand, little garrison!
On, fail not God and Texas! They have made
The wall—hold then your church and carronade
The loop-holes flame, the aqueducts will run
Crimson with blood—ye fight a score with one.
The smoke dies down, your glory cannot fade.
The rising sun finds death and silence there.
Beside the wall Travis lies slain, and nigh
The chapel glorious Crockett, fallen among
The hostile carnage and our few. Hear,
O Mexico! This is no victory,
For from these veins are wells of freedom sprung!

THE GARDEN OF PSYCHE

Dim delightful gardens lie
  In the regions of the air,
But rainbow visions smile and die,
  And who hath found a place so fair,
Found a garden half so sweet
As sweet Psyche's cool retreat?

Ah, Psyche, still I hear thee sing,
  Sweet Psyche of the golden throat!
The venomed years have lost their sting,
  Remembering thy note.
Thou art Beauty's only mate,
Together ye do keep the gate,
The garden of the soul divine,
Ah, may I keep that garden mine!

Then while I paused amid the sighing strings,
A vaporous silver filled the leafy way
Where Psyche stood, and from behind, her wings
Shimmered like dawn upon a virgin spray.
It was the hour of day and the sweet season
When love and gentle thought fills up the reason;
The rosy meadows wait the starry light,
The whitlow grass, like snowflakes on the hill,
Stirs not a flower; and Earth lies rapt and still,
Dreaming the soft majesty of night.

Slowly she came along the twilight path:
"I know the world lies heavy on thy heart
And man's short aim hath tired thine eye, and hath
Made thee despise the archer with the dart.
The garden of the soul may soothe thy mind,
And where thou wilt that garden thou mayst find.
Speak then thy case. My God hath fashioned me
So that I am not touched by this desire,
And from the place to which thou dost aspire,
I come, that I may lend myself to thee."

"Though yet," I said, "day goeth after day,
And men go blindly forth to reap and sow,
Think not I hold their labours cast away,
Or theirs a petty harvest—well I know
Each stroke and every deed must find somehow
Its place in the end, that every weary brow
Sweats to some purpose in the evolving plan.
Yet from the struggle must I turn my face,
Men have forgot the goal to love the race,
The world becomes the master of the man.

"Thou knowest I cannot set to little themes,
Sprung though they be from out the common heart,
True, haply, but yet momentary gleams,
And often smacking somewhat of the mart.
Busy me not with passions of a day,
Give me to climb where godlike rule hath sway,

Give me to wrench the torch from their high might!
What though I fail, yet shall I feel no fear,
Seeing that then the garment I may wear
That on the last grand day will be so bright.

"Certain, O Psyche, certain hath the wind
Brought to me rumours of some Presence here,
The friendly stars assure me and unbind
From round my heart the doubt and weary fear.
Dear is the thought of little wings whose flight
Returneth to my eaves: and in the night
To hear amid the grass a moment's stir
Warmeth in me a spark of brother love,
Knowing some kindred atomy doth move
Whose tiny life enacts a worshipper.

"Yet sometimes how I weary of the load!
Is it not hard, O Soul, that I should feel
The loneliness in Poesy's abode?
From common walks I hear the laughter peal—
They are good men, yet wherefore should they tread,
Careless and free the path where some have bled?"
And Psyche answered, "Yea, line after line
They gather happy fruit unto the shore
Where ends life's orchard—thou hast that and more,
The flower and the sweet they too are thine.

"Beauty and thou mayst walk together
And she instill into thy mind
Fresh secrets of the wind and weather,
The burden of the singing wind.
And she shall woo thy roving eye
With gleams of her divinity:
The halo round the cactus' leaf,
And pale primroses dewy cool,
The mosses hung above the pool
With swing and shadow on the reef.

"She spreads her veils along the lawn,
And out beyond the bowered trees
Her robe across the heaven drawn
Glows soft and tender promises.

The moonlight on those eyelids lies
Where she doth dream of Paradise.
And she is thine, her going hence,
Her nearing hand is thine to reach,
Man knoweth naught but she might teach,
She is God's breath upon the sense.

"God's smile is turned to thee. To Him doth burn
The sunset on the altar of the earth;
The organ wind is His; and grim and stern,
His hand on their wet manes, with rein and girth,
He holds the plunging horses of the sea.
The sovran lord of lordly death is He;
The wave the general flood doth yield unto,
The flying leaf to the wind, light unto dark,
And man to death—beat upward like the lark,
Let God drink up thy soul as sun doth dew!

"Stretch forth the wings of thine eyes till they do cleave
The viewless pole, and gazing thou shalt see
A one-day's shadow that will pass and leave
Whiter than day thy soul's infinity.
Thy flame is but a spark struck from the whole,
Thy body but a shadow on thy soul,
Thy flesh is but a crucible where lie
Obscured and mingled ores of good and sin,
And on it plays the purging fire wherein
Thy life is changed to immortality."

While she made end, the round moon rising bright
Entered the listening wood, and every breeze
Was hushed, and lo!—where she had stood, the light
Hung like a silver mist among the trees.

CHARLES ALPHONSO SMITH

LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE

VOLUME XIV

COMPILED BY

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

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GENERAL PREFACE

THE purpose and plan of this volume of 'The Library of Southern Literature' may be gathered by a reference to the table of contents. It does not contain the left-overs from the preceding thirteen volumes but serves rather as their complement. The history of a nation's literature or of a part of a nation's literature cannot be adequately written if the compiler confines himself to the names of the known master-builders. Such a method would exclude ballads and folksongs. It would exclude the countless short poems and incisive sayings, the songs and stories that wander unattached through literature but that none the less embody and in time re-create a people's ideals. Even when the name of the writer is known, the poem may assume an individuality apart from that of the poet. The poem lives but has not bulk enough to entitle its author to a place among poets. "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixie," for example, reflect history and have helped to make history. They belong, therefore, to literature, though their authors may not be entitled to formal recognition among American poets.

This volume, then, has an individuality of its own. While it is related to the preceding volumes, it has also a certain completeness in itself.

To all who have rendered assistance in the compilation of this volume I wish to record my grateful indebtedness, especially to Professor Hugh Mercer Blain, of the Louisiana State University; Professor Morgan Callaway, Jr., of the University of Texas; Mr. Madison Cawein and Colonel R. T. Durrett, of Louisville, Ky.; Superintendent Lawton B. Evans, of Augusta, Ga.; Mr. F. P. Gamble, of Atlanta, Ga.; Professor Lancelot Minor Harris, of the College of Charleston; Mr. J. Wallace Hoyt, of Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Mary B. Jenkins, of Natchez, Miss.; Mr. Lucian Lamar Knight, of Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Susan P. Lee, of Lexington, Va.; Mr. G. C. McKinley, of Milledgeville, Ga.; Mr. W. B. Meacham, of Fort Mill, S.C.; Mr. George Michie, of Charlottesville, Va.; Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, of Frankfort, Ky.; Professor H. O. Murfee, of

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It should be needless to say that selections have been admitted into this volume solely on their merits.

C. Alphonso Smith

University of Virginia, Charlottesville,
February 22, 1910.

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FUGITIVE AND ANONYMOUS POEMS

The Southern States have contributed a large number of poems that belong under this head. In the case of anonymous poems and poems of disputed authorship, efforts have been made to ascertain the real facts and to present them impartially. No poem written by an author already represented in the preceding volumes has been admitted into this volume. The reader will not make the mistake, therefore, of expecting to find in this section of Volume XIV all or even a majority of the fugitive poems that the South has produced. The authors of such poems were frequently better known as prose writers than as poets and are represented, therefore, in Volumes I to XIII.

FUGITIVE AND ANONYMOUS POEMS

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT

By THADDEUS OLIVER

["The authorship of this poem," says Mr. Rossiter Johnson, in his 'Famous Single and Fugitive Poems,' "has been disputed, but there is now no reason to doubt that it belongs to Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers, who resided in Orange, New Jersey, and died October 10, 1879." The authorship has also been claimed for Lamar Fontaine, of Texas. The evidence seems conclusive, however, for Thaddeus Oliver, of Twiggs County, Georgia. The poem was first published unsigned on October 21, 1861, "in a Northern newspaper." In *Harper's Weekly*, of November 30, 1861, it reappeared with Mrs. Beers's initials attached. Mr. Oliver, however, wrote the poem in August, 1861, and read it to several friends in camp with him in Virginia. In a letter dated "Camp 2d. Ga. Regt. near Centreville, Va., October 3, 1861," Mr. John D. Ashton of Georgia, writing to his wife, says: "Upon my arrival at home, should I be so fortunate as to obtain the hoped for furlough, I will read you the touching and beautiful poem mentioned in my letter of last week, 'All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night,' written by my girlishly modest friend, Thaddeus Oliver, of the Buena Vista Guards." See also the 'Southern Historical Society Papers,' Volume VIII.]

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'T is nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ah! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

THE BOATMAN'S SONG

By GENERAL WILLIAM ORLANDO BUTLER.

[General Lew Wallace, in his recently published Autobiography, mentions this as one of his favorite poems. A life of General Butler (1793-1880), "the Kentucky soldier-poet," was written by Francis Preston Blair, Sr., in 1848, the year in which General Butler was a democratic candidate for Vice-President.]

O boatman! wind that horn again,
For never did the listening air
Upon its ambient bosom bear
So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain!
What tho' thy notes are sad and few,
By every simple boatman blown,
Yet is each pulse to nature true,
And melody in every tone.
How oft in boyhood's joyous day,
Unmindful of the lapsing hours,

I've loitered on my homeward way
By wild Ohio's bank of flowers;
While some lone boatman from the deck
Poured his soft numbers to the tide,
As if to charm from storm and wreck
The boat where all his fortunes ride.

Delighted, Nature drank the sound,
Enchanted, Echo bore it round,
In whispers soft and softer still,
From hill to plain and plain to hill,
Till e'en the thoughtless frolic boy,
Elate with hope and wild with joy,
Who gambolled by the river's side
And sported with the fretting tide,
Feels something new pervade his breast,
Change his light steps, repress his jest,
Bends o'er the flood his eager ear,
To catch the sounds far off, yet dear—
Drinks the sweet draught, but knows not why
The tear of rapture fills his eye.
And can he now, to manhood grown,
Tell why those notes, so simple and lone,
As on the ravished ear they fell,
Bound every sense in magic spell?
There is a tide of feeling given
To all on earth—its fountain, heaven—
Beginning with the dewy flower
Just ope'd in Flora's vernal bower,
Rising creation's orders through,
With louder murmur, brighter hue.
'Tis sympathy. Its ebb and flow
Give life its hue, its joy, and woe.
Music, the spirit that can move
Its waves to war or lull to love,
Can cheer the sailor mid the wave,
And bid the warrior dare the grave,
Inspire the pilgrim on the road,
And fire his soul to claim his God.

Then, boatman, wind that horn again;
Though much of sorrow mark its strain,
Yet are its notes to sorrow dear;
What tho' they wake fond memory's tear?
Tears are sad memory's sacred feast,
And rapture oft her chosen guest.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG

By HARRY McCARTHY

[Like "Dixie," this famous song originated in the theater and first became popular in New Orleans. The tune was borrowed from "The Irish Jaunting Car," a popular Hibernian air. Harry McCarthy was an Irishman who enlisted in the Confederate Army from Arkansas. The song was written in 1861. It was published by A. E. Blackmar who declared that General Ben Butler "made it very profitable by fining every man, woman, or child who sang, whistled, or played it on any instrument, $25." Blackmar was arrested, his music destroyed, and a fine of $500 imposed upon him.]

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty, with treasure, blood, and toil;
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far:
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brethren kind were we and just;
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. [CHORUS.]

First gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida,
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. [CHORUS.]

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner of the right,
Texas and fair Louisiana, join us in the fight:
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesman rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. [CHORUS.]

And here's to brave Virginia! The Old Dominion State
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate;
Impelled by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. [CHORUS.]

Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given—
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven. [CHORUS.]

Then, here's to our Confederacy; strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer—
So cheer again for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gained the Eleventh Star.

THE BOY SOLDIER

By A LADY OF SAVANNAH

He is acting o'er the battle,
With his cap and feather gay,
Singing out his soldier-prattle,
In a mockish, manly way—
With the boldest, bravest footstep,
Treading firmly up and down,
And his banner waving softly,
O'er his boyish locks of brown.

And I sit beside him sewing,
With a busy heart and hand,
For the gallant soldier's going
To the far-off battle land—
And I gaze upon my jewel,
In his baby spirit bold,
My little blue-eyed soldier,
Just a second summer old.

Still a deep, deep well of feeling,
In my mother's heart is stirred,
And the tears come softly stealing
At each imitative word!
There's a struggle in my bosom,
For I love my darling boy—
He's the gladness of my spirit,
He's the sunlight of my joy!
Yet I think upon my country,
And my spirit groweth bold—
Oh! I wish my blue-eyed soldier
Were but twenty summers old!

I would speed him to the battle—
I would arm him for the fight;
I would give him to his country,
For his country's wrong and right!
I would nerve his hand with blessing
From the "God of battles" won—
With His helmet and His armor
I would cover o'er my son.

Oh! I know there'd be a struggle,
For I love my darling boy;
He's the gladness of my spirit,
He's the sunlight of my joy!
Yet in thinking of my country,
Oh! my spirit groweth bold,
And I wish my blue-eyed soldier
Were but twenty summers old!

"THE BRIGADE MUST NOT KNOW, SIR!"

[The first three stanzas of this anonymous poem have reference to the scene of the wounding of Jackson; the last three relate to the burial. The poem is dated 1863.]

"Who've ye got there?" "Only a dying brother,
Hurt in the front just now."
"Good boy! he'll do. Somebody tell his mother
Where he was killed, and how."

"Whom have you there?" "A crippled courier, Major,
Shot by mistake, we hear;
He was with Stonewall." "Cruel work they've made here;
Quick with him to the rear!"

"Well, who comes next?" "Doctor, speak low, speak low, sir;
Don't let the men find out!
It's STONEWALL!" "God!" "The brigade must not know, sir,
While there is a foe about!"

Whom have we here—shrouded in martial manner,
Crowned with a martyr's charm?
A grand dead hero, in a living banner,
Born of his heart and arm:

The heart whereon his cause hung—see how clingeth
That banner to his bier!
The arm wherewith his cause struck—hark! how ringeth
His trumpet in their rear!

What have we left? His glorious inspiration,
His prayers in council met;
Living, he laid the first stones of a nation;
And dead, he builds it yet.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

[This poem seems to have appeared first in the *Metropolitan Record.* Neither it date nor its author is known. Professor A. W. Long, in his 'American Poems, 1776-1900' (pp. 358-359), compares it interestingly with "The Conquered Banner" by Father Ryan: "Although lacking both the passionate and musical qualities of Father Ryan's poem, this anonymous lament has more dignity and restraint; but the feeling is none the less sincere. Both poems, it is to be noted, accept the outcome of the war calmly and regard it as final—accept it without bitterness, but with pride for gallant deeds and sorrow for the dead."]

No more o'er human hearts to wave,
  Its tattered folds forever furled:
We laid it in an honored grave,
  And left its memories to the world.

The agony of long, long years,
  May, in a moment, be compressed,
And with a grief too deep for tears,
  A heart may be oppressed.

Oh! there are those who die too late
  For faith in God, and Right, and Truth—
The cold mechanic grasp of Fate
  Hath crushed the roses of their youth.

More blessèd are the dead who fell
  Beneath it in unfaltering trust,
Than we, who loved it passing well,
  Yet lived to see it trailed in dust.

It hath no future which endears,
  And this farewell shall be our last:
Embalm it in a nation's tears,
  And consecrate it to the past!

To mouldering hands that to it clung,
  And flaunted it in hostile faces,
To pulseless arms that round it flung,
  The terror of their last embraces—

To our dead heroes—to the hearts
  That thrill no more to love or glory,
To those who acted well their parts,
  Who died in youth and live in glory—

With tears forever be it told,
  Until oblivion covers all;
Until the heavens themselves wear old,
  And totter slowly to their fall.

A CONFEDERATE NOTE

[The authorship of this unique poem is still in doubt. In the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., there is a Confederate note with these lines inscribed upon it and signed by Miss M. J. Turner of North Carolina. There is no proof, however, that this is the original copy. The authorship has been ascribed also to Mrs. R. E. Lytle of Louisville, Kentucky, and to Major S. A. Jonas of Aberdeen, Mississippi. The probabilities favor the latter. It is to be hoped that the republication of the poem in 'The Library of Southern Literature' will lead to a new investigation and final settlement of the question of authorship.]

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
  And naught in the water below it—
As the pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
  Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear,
  To the tale that this trifle will tell
Of liberty born of a patriot's dreams,
  Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
  And too much of a stranger to borrow,
She issued to-day her promise to pay,
  And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
  Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a "promise" to pay,
  And each patriot soldier believed it.

Keep it—it tells our history o'er,
  From the birth of the dream to the last—
Modest, and born of the angel Hope,
  Like our hope of success, it passed!

DIXIE

By DAN D. EMMETT

[The origin of the name is still in doubt. Three theories have been proposed. First, that the name is in some way related to the Dixon of Mason and Dixon's Line. Second, that a New Jersey farmer, named Dixie, employed negro labor on his estate which soon became a miniature Southland, the words "Dixie Land" referring at first to his plantation. The third and more probable conjecture relates the name to the famous Citizens' Bank of Louisiana. Twenty years before the Civil War this bank was the great financial institution of the Lower South. Its best known issue was a ten dollar note with the French word "Dix" engraved upon it. These bills were termed "Dixies," and, as they were known in all the States, people began to speak of the South as Dixie's Land or Dixie Land.

Whatever the origin of the name, the song spread from New Orleans through the South, just as "John Brown's Body" spread from Boston through the North. The words were written by Mr. Dan D. Emmett for Bryant's Minstrels in 1859. The "walk-around" was popular in New York but did not become the Marseillaise of the South until it was sung by Mrs. John Wood in the fall of 1860 in New Orleans. The following is the original version of Emmett.]

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
  Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land,
In Dixie land, whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
  Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land,

CHORUS:

Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray, hooray,
In Dixie land I'll take my stand
To lib an' die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Ole missus marry Will-de-weaber,
William was a gay deceaber,
  Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,
  Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
[CHORUS.]

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat it did not seem to greab 'er,
  Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
[CHORUS.]

Dere's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
  Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabbel,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabble,
  Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
[CHORUS.]

DIXIE

BY MRS. FANNIE MURDAUGH DOWNING

[Mrs. Downing was born in Virginia in 1835 and died in 1894. She was the author of many poems, "Dixie" being the best known.]

Created by a nation's glee,
With jest and song and revelry,
We sang it in our early pride
Throughout our Southern borders wide;
While from ten thousand throats rang out
A promise in one glorious shout,
  "To live or die for Dixie!"

How well that promise was redeemed
Is witnessed by each field where gleamed,
Victorious like the crest of Mars,
The banner of the Cross and Stars;
The cannon lay our warriors low,
We fill the ranks and onward go
  "To live or die for Dixie!"

To die for Dixie! Oh, how blessed
Are those who early went to rest,
Nor knew the future's awful store,
But deemed the cause they fought for sure
As heaven itself; and so laid down
The cross of earth for glory's crown
  And nobly died for Dixie.

To live for Dixie! Harder part!
To stay the hand, to still the heart,
To seal the lips, enshroud the past,
To have no future—all o'ercast;

To knit life's broken threads again,
And keep her mem'ry pure from stain,
  This is to live for Dixie!

Belovèd land! Belovèd song!
Your thrilling power shall last as long,
Enshrined within each Southern soul,
As Time's eternal ages roll:
Made holier by the test of years,
Baptizèd with our country's tears,—
  God and the right for Dixie!

A LAMENT FOR DIXIE

By ALBERT PIKE

[General Albert Pike's "Dixie," reproduced in Volume IX of 'The Library of Southern Literature,' though not so popular as a song is better known in anthologies of American verse than Emmett's lines. It is not an attempt to supplant the older version but to write an entirely new version and one that would better advance the cause of the South in the early sixties. The following poem was written by General Pike in 1868.]

Southrons, conquered, subjugated,
Mourn your country devastated!
  Mourn for hapless, hopeless Dixie!
Homes once happy, desolated,
Church and altar desecrated;
  Mourn for fallen, ruined Dixie!

CHORUS:

Lament the fall of Dixie!
  Alas! Alas!
On Dixie's land we'll sadly stand,
  And live or die for Dixie,
    Endure! Endure!
  All ills endure for Dixie!
    Endure! Endure!
  All ills endure for Dixie!

Mourn your dead whose bones lie bleaching,
Courage to the living teaching;
  Wail, but still be proud for Dixie!

Mourn your Southland, crushed and trampled,
Bearing sorrows unexampled;
Wail, but still be proud for Dixie! [CHORUS.]

Prey despoiled and victim bleeding,
Not to man for mercy pleading,
Unto God alone cries Dixie:
Cross of anguish bravely bearing,
Crown of thorns submissive wearing,
Patient and resigned is Dixie. [CHORUS.]

All our States lie fainting, dying,
Each to each with sobs replying,
Each still loving, honoring Dixie:
By the accurst scourge lacerated,
By her freed slaves ruled and hated,
She is still our own dear Dixie. [CHORUS.]

Dear to us our conquered banners,
Greeted once with loud hosannas;
Dear the tattered flag of Dixie;
Dear the field of Honor glorious,
Where, defeated or victorious,
Sleep the immortal Dead of Dixie. [CHORUS.]

Conquered, we are not degraded,
Southern laurels have not faded;
Mourn, but not in shame, for Dixie!
Deck your heroes' graves with garlands,
Till the echo comes from far lands,
"Honor to the dead of Dixie!" [CHORUS.]

All is not yet lost unto us—
Baseness only can undo us;
Mourn—you cannot blush—for Dixie!
Kneeling at your country's altar,
Swear your children not to falter,
Till the right shall rule in Dixie. [CHORUS.]

If her fate be sealed, we'll share it;
By our shroudless dead we swear it;
  Ours the life or death of Dixie!
By her Past's all-glorious story,
By her loyal Martyrs' glory,
  We will live or die with Dixie! [CHORUS.]

Shall there to our Night of Sorrow
Be no glad and bright To-morrow?
  Is hope, even, lost to Dixie?—
Every dark night has its morning,
Long, though, oft, delayed its dawning:
  Wait! be patient! pray for Dixie!

CHORUS:

Hope for dawn for Dixie!
  Endure! Endure!
On Dixie's land we'll fearless stand,
  And hope and pray for Dixie.
    Endure! Endure!
  All ills endure for Dixie!
    Endure! Endure!
  All ills endure for Dixie!

ON CHANGING THE WORDS OF DIXIE

By MINNA IRVING

[Many attempts have been made to popularize new versions of "Dixie," but the associations of the old song are too strong. Almost the only change commonly made is the insertion of the words by Will S. Hays, the song writer of Kentucky:

"Look away down South in the land of cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom."

A proposition to write new words for Dixie occasioned a determined protest a few years ago from the Missouri State Encampment. Hearing of this, Miss Minna Irving, of Tennessee, wrote the following lines.]

What! change the words of Dixie,
  The good old song we sang
When leaden bullets marked the time,
  And silver bugles rang?
The lines that find an echo
  In every Southern heart,
The strains that melt our very souls
  Until the tear-drops start?

You might as well make over,
In something strange and new,
The prayer we lisped at mother's knee
When fell the evening dew.
The moth to dust and powder
Has turned the coat of gray,
But Dixie lives on every lip,
The Southern Marseillaise.

"Away down South in Dixie!"
Calls up a vision bright
Of moonlight where the Suwanee flows,
And cotton fields by night;
And rows of tall palmettos
Against the starlit sky;
And, Oh! to live in Dixie land,
In Dixie land to die!

Beneath the starry ensign
That high above our heads
Its splendor to the morning breeze
In fadeless beauty spreads:
The banner from whose glories
The South no more shall sever,
I take my stand in Dixie land,
For Dixie's word forever.

THE NEW DIXIE

By MARIE LOUISE EVE

[No study of the versions of "Dixie" would be complete that did not include "The New Dixie" by Miss Marie Louise Eve. It deserves a wider recognition than it has yet received. Miss Eve was born in Augusta, Georgia, in 1848. In 1879 she won a prize of a hundred dollars for her poem, "Conquered at Last," which was written to express the gratitude of the South for the aid so generously extended by the North in the yellow fever epidemic of 1878.]

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
Her scenes shall fade from my memory never;
For Dixie's land hurrah forever;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.

CHORUS:

I wish I was in Dixie;
Away, away;
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie.
Away, away,
Away down South in Dixie.

Her lot may be hard, her skies may darken;
To Dixie's voice we'll ever hearken;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
The coward may shirk, the wretch go whining,
But we'll be true till the sun stops shining,
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
[CHORUS.]

By foes begirt and friends forsaken,
The faith of her sons is still unshaken;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
For Dixie's land and Dixie's nation,
We'll stand and fight the whole creation;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
[CHORUS.]

The Dixie girls wear homespun cotton,
But their winning smiles I've not forgotten;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
They've won my heart and naught surpasses
My love for the bright-eyed Dixie lasses;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
[CHORUS.]

Then up with the flag that leads to glory;
A thousand years 'twill live in story;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.
The Southron's pride, the foeman's wonder,
The flag that the Dixie boys march under;
Look away, away, away down South in Dixie.

CHORUS:

I'll give my life for Dixie;
Away, away;
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die for Dixie.
Away, away,
Away down South in Dixie.

HATTERAS

By JOSEPH W. HOLDEN

[These lines were included by Longfellow in his edition of 'Poems of Places' (1876-1879). The author, Joseph W. Holden, a son of Governor William W. Holden, was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1844. He was a student at the University of North Carolina for a short time, a Confederate soldier, Mayor of Raleigh, and Speaker of the House of Representatives. He died in 1874.]

The Wind King from the North came down
Nor stopped by river, mount or town;
But, like a boisterous god at play,
Resistless, bounding on his way,
He shook the lake and tore the wood,
And flapped his wings in merry mood;
Nor furled them till he spied afar
The white caps flash on Hatteras Bar,
Where fierce Atlantic landward bowls,
O'er treacherous sands and hidden shoals.

He paused, then wreathed his horn of cloud,
And blew defiance long and loud:—
"Come up, come up, thou torrid god
That rulest the Southern sea!
Ho! lightning-eyed and thunder-shod,
Come, wrestle here with me!
As tossest thou the tangled cane,
I'll hurl thee o'er the boiling main!"

The angry heavens hung dark and still,
Like Arctic night on Hecla's hill;
The mermaids sporting on the waves,
Affrighted, fled to coral caves;

The billow checked its curling crest,
And trembling, sank to sudden rest;
All ocean stilled its heaving breast.

Reflected darkness weird and dread,
An inky plain the waters spread—
So motionless, since life was fled.
Amid this elemental lull,
When nature died, and death lay dull—
  As though itself was sleeping there—
Becalmed upon that dismal flood,
Ten fated vessels idly stood,
  And not a timber creaked!
Dim silence held each hollow hull,
Save when some sailor in that night,
  Oppressed with darkness and despair,
Some seaman, groping for the light,
  Rose up and shrieked!

They cried like children lost and lorn,
"O Lord deliver while you may!
Sweet Jesus, drive this gloom away!
Forever fled, O lovely day!
I would that I were never born!"
For stoutest souls were terror-thrilled,
And warmest hearts with horror chilled.

"Come up, come up, thou torrid god,
Thou lightning-eyed and thunder-shod,
And wrestle here with me!"
'T was heard and answered: "Lo! I come from azure
    Carribee,
To drive thee cowering to thy home,
And melt its walls of frozen foam!"
From every isle and mountain dell,
From plains of pathless chaparral,
From tide-built bars, where sea birds dwell,
He drew his lurid legions forth,
And sprang to meet the white-plumed North.

Can mortal tongue in song convey
The fury of that fatal fray?
How ships were splintered at a blow,
Sails shivered into shreds of snow,
And seamen hurled to death below!
Two gods commingling bolt and blast,
The huge waves at each other cast,
And bellowed o'er the raging waste;
Then sped like harnessed steeds afar
That drag a shattered battle-car
Amid the midnight din of war!

False Hatteras, when the cyclone came,
Thy waves leapt up with hoarse acclaim,
And ran and wrecked yon argosy!
Fore'er nine sank! That lone hulk stands
Embedded in thy yellow sands.

A hundred hearts in death are stilled,
And yet its ribs, with corpses filled,
Are now caressed by thee!
Smile on, smile on, thou watery hell,
And toss those skulls upon thy shore;
The sailor's widow knows thee well;
His children beg from door to door,
And shiver while they strive to tell
How thou hast robbed the wretched poor!

Yon lipless skull shall speak for me:
"This is Golgotha of the sea,
And its keen hunger is the same
In winter's frost or summer flame.
When life was young—adventure sweet—
I came with Walter Raleigh's fleet,
But here my scattered bones have lain
And bleached for ages by the main.
Though lonely once, strange folk have come,
Till peopled is my barren home.

"Enough are here. O heed the cry,
Ye white-winged strangers sailing by!
The bark that lingers on this wave
Will find its smiling but a grave.
Then, tardy mariner, turn and flee;
A myriad wrecks are on thy lee!
With swelling sail and sloping mast,
Accept kind Heaven's propitious blast!
Oh, ship, sail on! Oh, ship, sail fast,
Until, Golgotha's quicksands passed,
Thou gainest the open sea at last!"

"I'M CONSCRIPTED, SMITH, CONSCRIPTED"

By ALBERT ROBERTS

[Albert Roberts, whose pseudonym was "John Happy," was formerly president of the American Newspaper and Publishing Company, of Nashville, Tennessee. "Twenty years ago," said Colonel Watterson in 1882, "he was the liveliest of the young journalists of the South; and did more to brighten the camp-fires of both armies than any of his contemporaries." The poem is, of course, a parody, and a very clever one, of General William Haines Lytle's "Antony and Cleopatra."]

I'm conscripted, Smith, conscripted.
Ebb the subterfuges fast,
And the sub-enrolling marshals
Gather with the evening blast.
Let thine arms, O! Smith, support me,
Hush your gab and close your ear,
Conscript-grabbers close upon you,
Hunting for you—far and near.

Though my scarred, rheumatic "trotters"
Bear me limping short no more,
And my shattered constitution
Won't exempt me as before;
Though the Provost Guard surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must to the "front" to perish,
Die the great conscripted still.

Let not the seizer's servile minions
  Mock the lion thus laid low!
'Twas no fancy drink that "slewed" him—
  Whiskey straight-out struck the blow.
Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
  Ere he's hurried quite away,
He, who, drunk with bust-head whiskey,
  Madly threw himself away.

Should the base, plebeian rabble
  Dare assail me as I roam,
Seek my noble squaw Octavia,
  Weeping in her widowed home;
Seek her, say the guards have got me
  Under their protecting wings,
Going to make me join the army,
  Where the shell and Minie sings.

I'm conscripted, Smith—conscripted—
  Hark! you hear that grabber's cry—
Run, old Smith, my boy, they'll catch you!
  Take you to the front to die.
Fare thee well! I go to battle,
  There to die, decay, and swell;
Lockhart and Dick Taylor guard thee,
  Sweet Octavia—Smith!—farewell!

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO

[This poem has been described as "a wind-driven waif upon the great sea of American newspapers." It has been the subject of numerous newspaper controversies, the authorship being ascribed with equal confidence to Philo Henderson, of North Carolina, and to Benjamin Franklin Taylor, of Lowville, N.Y.].

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River of Time,
  As it flows through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broad'ning sweep and a surge sublime
  As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
With the summers like buds between;
And the years in their sheaves—how they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a magical isle up the River of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
There's a song as sweet as a vesper chime—
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of the isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—Oh, we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There's a fragment of song that nobody sings,
And part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the fragrance she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be that beautiful isle
All the day of our life until night,
And when evening comes with her beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of souls be in sight!

THE JACKET OF GRAY

By MRS. CAROLINE A. BALL

[The author of these popular lines was a native of South Carolina. Her poem was first published in 'The Jacket of Gray, and Other Fugitive Poems,' Charleston, 1866.]

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside;
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier-boy wore.

Can we ever forget when he joined the brave band
That rose in defence of our dear southern land,
And in his bright youth hurried on to the fray,
How proudly he donned it—the jacket of gray?

His fond mother blessed him, and looked up above,
Commending to Heaven the child of her love;
What anguish was hers mortal tongue can not say;
When he passed from her sight in the jacket of gray.

Months passed, and war's thunders rolled over the land,
Unsheathed was the sword, and lighted the brand;
We heard in the distance the sounds of the fray,
And prayed for our boy in the jacket of gray.

Ah vain, all in vain were our prayers and our tears,
The glad shout of victory rang in our ears;
But our treasured one on the red battle-field lay,
While the life-blood oozed out on the jacket of gray.

His young comrades found him and tenderly bore
The cold lifeless form to his home by the shore;
Oh, dark were our hearts on that terrible day,
When we saw our dead boy in the jacket of gray.

Ah! spotted and tattered and stained now with gore,
Was the garment which once he so proudly wore;
We bitterly wept as we took it away,
And replaced with death's white robe the jacket of gray.

We laid him to rest in his cold narrow bed,
And graved on the marble we placed o'er his head,
As the proudest tribute our sad hearts could pay—
"He never disgraced the jacket of gray."

Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier-boy wore.

A KENTUCKIAN KNEELS TO NONE BUT GOD

By MRS. MORGAN L. BETTS

[Colonel William Logan Crittenden, of Kentucky, was executed by the Cubans, August 16, 1851. As the leader of his band he was shot first, but refused to kneel, saying, "A Kentuckian kneels to none except his God, and always dies facing the enemy." Mrs. Betts's lines were first published in *The Maysville Flag*, of Maysville, Kentucky. They have been republished in Collins's 'History of Kentucky' (1882), Mrs. Fannie Porter Dickey's 'Blades o' Bluegrass' (1892), A. C. Quisenberry's 'Lopez's Expedition to Cuba, 1850-1851' (1906), and John Wilson Townsend's 'Kentuckians in History and Literature' (1907). "Although not the best poem of this forgotten Kentucky singer," says Mr. Townsend, "it is the most popular one, and upon it her fame will rest."]

Ah! tyrants forge your chains at will—
  Nay! gall this flesh of mine:
Yet, thought is free, unfettered still,
  And will not yield to thine!
Take, take the life that Heaven gave,
  And let my heart's blood stain thy sod.
But know ye not Kentucky's brave
  Will kneel to none but God?

You've quenched fair freedom's sunny light,
  Her music tones have stilled,
And with a deep and darkened blight,
  The trusting heart have filled!
Then do you think that I will kneel
  Where such as you have trod?
Nay! point your cold and threatening steel—
  I'll kneel to none but God.

As summer breezes lightly rest
  Upon a quiet river,
And gently on its sleeping breast
  The moonbeams softly quiver—
Sweet thoughts of home light up my brow
  When goaded with the rod;
Yet, these cannot unman me now—
  I'll kneel to none but God.

And tho' a sad and mournful tone
  Is coldly sweeping by;
And dreams of bliss forever flown
  Have dimmed with tears mine eye—
Yet, mine's a heart unyielding still—
  Heap on my breast the clod;
My soaring spirit scorns thy will—
  I'll kneel to none but God.

LAFAYETTE

By DOLLY MADISON

[This sonnet has been recently discovered. It is reproduced in Burton Egbert Stevenson's 'Poems of American History.' Boston, 1908.]

Born, nurtured, wedded, prized, within the pale
  Of peers and princes, high in camp—at court—
  He hears, in joyous youth, a wild report,
Swelling the murmurs of the Western gale,
Of a young people struggling to be free!
  Straight quitting all, across the wave he flies,
  Aids with his sword, wealth, blood, the high emprize!
And shares the glories of its victory.
  Then comes for fifty years a high romance
Of toils, reverses, sufferings, in the cause
  Of man and justice, liberty and France,
Crowned, at the last, with hope and wide applause.
  Champion of Freedom! Well thy race was run!
  All time shall hail thee, *Europe's noblest Son!*

LORENA

[The author of this song was not a Southerner, but few songs are more intimately associated with Confederate camp life. See the history of "Lorena" in *Bob Taylor's Magazine*, June, 1906.]

The years creep slowly by, Lorena;
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena;
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.
But the heart throbs on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh;
Oh! the sun can never dip so low
Adown affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena,
Though mine beat faster far than thine,
A hundred months—'twas flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed,
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells chimed.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our loving prospered well!
But then, 'tis past; the years have gone,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, Lost years, sleep on,
Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storms.

The story of the past, Lorena,
Alas! I care not to repeat;
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
They lived, but only lived to cheat.
I would not cause e'en one regret
To rankle in your bosom now—
"For if we try we may forget,"
Were words of thine long years ago.

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena—
They are within my memory yet—
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
'Twas not the woman's heart which spoke—
Thy heart was always true to me;
A duty stern and piercing broke
The tie that linked my soul with thee.

It matters little now, Lorena,
The past is in the eternal past;
Our hearts will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a future, oh, thank God!
Of life this is so small a part—
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

By STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

[No collection of poems reflecting Southern life and sentiment would be complete without at least one selection from Stephen Collins Foster. He was born in Lawrenceburg, now a part of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, July 4, 1826, and died January 13, 1864. "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home" (or "Swanee River"), "Old Black Joe," and "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground" are treasured in the memory and sung by thousands in the South who know nothing of the author. A handsome monument has been erected to Mr. Foster in Louisville, Kentucky.]

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By-'n'-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door:—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door:
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part:—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road:—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

MORGAN'S WAR SONG

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BASIL W. DUKE

[About July 1, 1862.]

Ye sons of the South take your weapons in hand,
For the foot of the foe hath insulted your land,
Sound, sound the loud alarm!
Arise, arise and arm!
Let the hand of each freeman grasp the sword to maintain
Those rights which once lost he can never regain,
Gather fast neath our flag, for 'tis God's own decree
That its folds shall still float o'er a land that is free.

See ye not those strange clouds which now darken the sky?
Hear ye not that stern thunder now bursting so nigh?
Shout, shout your battle cry!
Win, win this fight or die!
To your country devote every life that she gave
Let the land they invade give their armies a grave,
Gather fast neath our flag, for 'tis God's own decree
That its folds shall still float o'er a land that is free.

From our far Southern shores now arises a prayer
'Tis the cry of our women fills with anguish the air,
Oh! list that pleading voice!
Each youth now make his choice!
Now tamely submit like the coward and slave
Or rise and resist like the free and the brave,
Gather fast neath our flag, for 'tis God's own decree
That its folds shall still float o'er a land that is free.

Though their plunder-paid hordes come to ravage our land
Give our fields to the spoiler, our homes to the brand,
Our souls are all aglow!
To face the hireling foe!
Give the robber to know that we never will yield.
While the arm of one Southron a weapon can wield,
Gather fast neath our flag, for 'tis God's own decree
That its folds shall still float o'er a land that is free.

On our hearts, and our cause, and our God we rely,
And a nation shall rise or a people shall die,
Form, form the serried line!
Advance our proved ensign!
What our fathers achieved, our own valor can keep,
And we'll save our fair land or we'll sleep our last sleep,
Gather fast neath our flag, for 'tis God's own decree
That its folds shall still float o'er a land that is free.

. . . . . .

Kentucky, Kentucky, can you suffer the sight
Of your sisters insulted, your friends in the fight?
Awake, be free again!
Oh, break the tyrant's chain!

Draw the sword you once drew but to strike for the right
From the homes of your fathers drive the dastards in flight,
Gather fast neath our flag, for 'tis God's own decree
That its folds shall still float o'er a land that is free.

NEWES FROM VIRGINIA

By RICHARD RICH

[This poem was published in England, in 1610, under the title of "Newes from Virginia: The Lost Flocke Triumphant, with the Happy Arrival of that Famous and Worthy Knight, Sir Thomas Gates, and the Well Reputed and Valiant Captaine, Mr. Christopher Newporte, and Others, into England." The original is in the Huth Library, London, and is adorned with the woodcut of a ship.]

It is no idle fabulous tale, nor is it fayned newes:
For Truth herself is heere arriv'd, because you should not muse.
With her both Gates and Newport come, to tell Report doth lye,
Which did divulge unto the world that they at sea did dye.

Tis true that eleaven months and more, these gallant worthy wights
Were in the shippe Sea-venture nam'd depriv'd Virginia's sight.
And bravely did they glide the maine, till Neptune gan to frowne,
As if a courser prowdly backt would throwe his ryder downe.

The seas did rage, the windes did blowe, distressèd were they then
Their ship did leake, her tacklings breake, in danger were her men.
But heaven was pylotte in that storme, and to an iland nere,
Bermoothawes call'd, conducted them, which did abate their feare.

But yet these worthies forcèd were, opprest with weather againe,
To runne their ship betweene two rockes, where she doth still remaine.
And then on shore the iland came, inhabited by hogges,
Some foule and tortoyses there were, they only had one dogge.

To kill these swyne, to yield them foode that little had to eate,
Their store was spent, and all things scant, alas! they wanted meate.
A thousand hogges that dogge did kill, their hunger to sustaine,
And with such foode did in that ile two and forty weekes remaine.

And there two gallant pynases did build of seader-tree;
The brave Deliverance one was call'd, of seaventy tonne was shee.
The other Patience had to name, her burthen thirty tonne;
Two only of their men which there pale death did overcome.

And for the losse of these two soules, which were accounted deere,
A sonne and daughter then were borne, and were baptized there.
The two and forty weekes being past, they hoyst sayle and away;
Their ships with hogs well freighted were, their harts with mickle joy.

And so unto Virginia came, where these brave soldiers finde
The English-men opprest with griefe and discontent in minde.
They seem'd distracted and forlorne, for those two worthyes losse,
Yet at their home returne they joyd, among'st them some were crosse.

And in the mid'st of discontent came noble Delaware;
He heard the griefes on either part, and sett them free from care.
He comforts them and cheres their hearts, that they abound with joy;
He feedes them full and feedes their soules with God's word every day.

A discreet counsell he creates of men of worthy fame,
That noble Gates leiftenant was the admirall had to name.

The worthy Sir George Somers knight, and others of commaund;
Maister George Pearcy, which is brother unto Northumberland.

Sir Fardinando Wayneman knight, and others of good fame,
That noble lord his company, which to Virginia came,
And landed there; his number was one hundred seaventy; then
Ad to the rest, and they make full foure hundred able men.

Where they unto their labour fall, as men that meane to thrive;
Let's pray that heaven may blesse them all, and keep them long alive.
Those men that vagrants liv'd with us, have there deservèd well;
Their governour writes in their praise, as divers letters tel.

And to th' adventurers thus he writes be not dismayed at all,
For scandall cannot doe us wrong, God will not let us fall.
Let England knowe our willingnesse, for that our worke is goode;
Wee hope to plant a nation, where none before hath stood.

To glorifie the lord tis done, and to no other end;
He that would crosse so good a worke, to God can be no friend.
There is no feare of hunger here for corne much store here growes,
Much fish the gallant rivers yield, tis truth without suppose.

Great store of fowle, of venison, of grapes and mulberries,
Of chestnuts, walnuts, and such like, of fruits and strawberries,
There is indeed no want at all, but some, condiciond ill,
That wish the worke should not goe on, with words doe seeme to kill.

And for an instance of their store, the noble Delaware
Hath for the present hither sent, to testifie his care
In managing so good a worke, to gallant ships, by name
The Blessing and the Hercules, well fraught, and in the same

Two ships, are these commodities, furres, sturgeon, caviare,
Blacke walnut-tree, and some deale boords, with such they laden are;
Some pearle, some wainscot and clapbords, with some sassafras wood,
And iron promist, for tis true their mynes are very good.

Then, maugre scandall, false report, or any opposition,
Th' adventurers doe thus devulge to men of good condition,
That he that wants shall have reliefe, be he of honest minde,
Apparel, coyne, or any thing, to such they will be kinde.

To such as to Virginia do purpose to repaire;
And when that they shall hither come, each man shall have his share.
Day wages for the laborer, and for his more content,
A house and garden plot shall have; besides, tis further ment

That every man shall have a part, and not thereof denaid,
Of generall profit, as if that he twelve pounds ten shillings paid;
And he that in Virginia shall copper coyne receive,
For hyer or commodities, and will the country leave

Upon delivery of such coyne unto the Governour,
Shall by exchange at his returne be by their treasurer
Paid him in London at first sight, no man shall cause to grieve,
For tis their generall will and wish that every man should live.

The number of adventurers, that are for this plantation,
Are full eight hundred worthy men, some noble, all of fashion.
Good, discreete, their worke is good, and as they have begun,
May Heaven assist them in their worke, and thus our newes is done.

THE OLD CANOE

["While the authorship of this beautiful poem has been credited to General Pike, it has also been denied that he wrote it, and he himself is said to have stated that the honor did not belong to him but to a young lady, whose name has never been mentioned, to the knowledge of the editor of this volume." ('General Albert Pike's Poems,' Fred W. Allsopp, Publisher: Little Rock, Arkansas, 1900, page 87). The poem first appeared in a short-lived paper published before the War, in Little Rock.]

Where the rocks are gray, and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and lank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,—
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wing that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with its dull *tu-whoo,*
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
The twilight-wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of its rusty chain;
Like the weary march of the hands of Time
That meet and part at the noontide chime,

As the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand!
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies thick.
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
Ere the blossom waved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

RESIGNATION

By ST. GEORGE TUCKER

[The author of these lines was born on the island of Bermuda, July 10, 1752, and died in Nelson County, Virginia, November 10, 1828. The poem was a favorite with John Adams and may be found in nearly all anthologies of American verse.]

Days of my youth,
  Ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth,
  Ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth,
  Your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth,
  Ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth,
  All your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth,
  Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth,
I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth,
I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth,
You much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth,
Bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth,
You have led me astray;
Strength of my youth,
Why lament your decay?

Days of my age,
Ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age,
Yet awhile can ye last;
Joys of my age,
In true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age,
Be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age,
Dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age,
Be ye fixed on your God.

THE SOLDIER BOY

[This poem was written in Lynchburg, Virginia, May 18, 1861, and signed H. M. L. It has been frequently republished but the name of the author remains unknown.]

I give my soldier boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well;
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not: but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling, base or low,
I give my soldier boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear the lucid flood
  In which its tempering work was done;
As calm, as cool, as clear of mood
  Be thou whene'er it sees the sun;
For country's claim, at honor's call,
  For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
  I give my soldier boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
  The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
  Are gone with all their flame and noise;
And still the gleaming sword remains.
  So when in dust I low am laid,
Remember by these heartfelt strains
  I give my soldier boy a blade.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

By MISS MARIE RAVENEL DE LA COSTE

["There are many famous poems," says Miss Rutherford, in 'The South in History and Literature,' "that appeared during the war, written by persons who possibly did not write more than one isolated poem. So far as we know this was true of Marie de la Coste, of Savannah, Georgia, the author of "Somebody's Darling." As it was written at the time when loved ones were daily dying in hospital wards, the poem touched tender chords of sympathy, and at once became one of the loved Confederate poems, was put into every scrap-book, and recited on every school stage." Miss La Coste (not Costa) is still living and is a distinguished teacher of French.]

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls
  Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
  Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling, so young and brave,
  Wearing still on his pale, sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
  The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
  Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould,
  Somebody's darling is dying now.

Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush every wandering silken thread,
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer both soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand has rested there;
Was it a mother's soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best! He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there—
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies—with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

SONG

By DR. JOHN SHAW

[Dr. Shaw, a surgeon in the Navy, was born at Annapolis, Maryland, May 4, 1778, and died at sea, January 10, 1809. An edition of his poems was published in Philadelphia in 1810.]

Who has robb'd the ocean cave,
To tinge thy lips with coral hue?
Who from India's distant wave,
For thee those pearly treasures drew?
Who, from yonder orient sky,
Stole the morning of thine eye?

Thousand charms, thy form to deck,
From sea, and earth, and air are torn;
Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
On thy breath their fragrance borne.
Guard thy bosom from the day,
Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth can ne'er impart;
Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air, a heart.
Fairest! wouldst thou perfect be,
Take, oh take that heart from me.

SONG OF THE TEXAS RANGERS

Air: The Yellow Rose of Texas

[This song has been widely circulated through the newspapers. Its authorship has been ascribed to Mrs. Maud J. [Fuller] Young, of North Carolina and Texas; but the question is still an open one.]

The morning star is paling,
The camp-fires flicker low;
Our steeds are madly neighing,
For the bugle bids us go.
So put the foot in stirrup,
And shake the bridle free,
For to-day the Texas Rangers
Must cross the Tennessee.

With Wharton for our leader,
We'll chase the dastard foe,
Till our horses bathe their fetlocks
In the deep blue Ohio.

Our men are from the prairies,
That roll broad and proud and free,
From the high and craggy mountains
To the murmuring Mexic sea;
And their hearts are open as their plains,
Their thoughts as proudly brave
As the bold cliffs of the San Bernard,
Or the Gulf's resistless wave.
Then quick into the saddle,
And shake the bridle free,
To-day with gallant Wharton,
We cross the Tennessee.

'Tis joy to be a Ranger!
To fight for dear Southland;
'Tis joy to follow Wharton,
With his gallant, trusty band!
'Tis joy to see our Harrison,
Plunge like a meteor bright
Into the thickest of the fray,
And deal his deathly might.
Oh! who'd not be a Ranger,
And follow Wharton's cry!
To battle for his country—
And, if it needs be—die!

By the Colorado's waters,
On the Gulf's deep murmuring shore,
On our soft green peaceful prairies
Are the homes we may see no more;
But in those homes our gentle wives,
And mothers with silv'ry hairs,
Are loving us with tender hearts,
And shielding us with prayers.

So, trusting in our country's God,
We draw our stout, good brand,
For those we love at home,
Our altars and our land.

Up, up with the crimson battle-flag—
Let the blue pennon fly;
Our steeds are stamping proudly—
They hear the battle-cry!
The thundering bomb, the bugle's call,
Proclaim the foe is near;
We strike for God and native land,
And all we hold most dear.
Then spring into the saddle,
And shake the bridle free,
For Wharton leads, through fire and blood,
For home and Victory!

THE SOUTHERN REPUBLIC

By OLIVIA TULLY THOMAS

[The author of this once celebrated poem was a Mississippian. She is not known to have written anything else.]

In the galaxy of nations,
A nation's flag's unfurled,
Transcending in its martial pride
The nations of the world.
Though born of war, baptized in blood,
Yet mighty from the time,
Like fabled phœnix, forth she stood—
Dismembered, yet sublime.

And braver heart, and bolder hand,
Ne'er formed a fabric fair
As Southern wisdom can command,
And Southern valor rear.
Though kingdoms scorn to own her sway,
Or recognize her birth,
The land blood-bought for Liberty
Will reign supreme on earth.

Clime of the Sun! Home of the Brave!
Thy sons are bold and free,
And pour life's crimson tide to save
Their birthright, Liberty!
Their fertile fields and sunny plains
That yield thee wealth alone,
That's coveted for greedy gains
By despots—and a throne!

Proud country! battling, bleeding, torn,
Thy altars desolate;
Thy lovely dark-eyed daughters mourn
At war's relentless fate;
And widows' prayers, and orphans' tears,
Her homes will consecrate,
While more than brass or marble rears
The trophy of her great.

Oh! land that boasts each gallant name
Of Jackson, Johnson, Lee,
And hosts of valiant sons, whose fame
Extends beyond the sea;
Far rather let thy plains become,
From gulf to mountain cave,
One honored sepulchre and tomb,
Than we the tyrant's slave!

Fair, favored land! thou mayst be free,
Redeemed by blood and war;
Through agony and gloom we see
Thy hope—a glimmering star;
Thy banner, too, may proudly float,
A herald on the seas—
Thy deeds of daring worlds remote
Will emulate and praise!

But who can paint the impulse pure
That thrills and nerves thy brave
To deeds of valor that secure
The rights their fathers gave?

Oh! grieve not, hearts; her matchless slain
Crowned with the warrior's wreath,
From beds of fame their proud refrain
Was "Liberty or Death!"

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

By FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

[When the British fleet in 1814 approached Fort McHenry at Baltimore, Francis Scott Key was on board. He had gone to intercede with Admiral Cockburn for the release of Dr. William Beanes. Key watched the battle from his own ship during the whole night and did not know till morning, when he saw the American flag still floating, that Fort McHenry had not capitulated. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written immediately afterward. The stanzaic structure was suggested by the popular air "To Anacreon in Heaven." In 1859 a volume of Key's poems was published in Baltimore with an introductory letter by his brother-in-law, Chief Justice Taney, but the contents add nothing to the author's fame. The only other popular poem that he ever wrote was the hymn beginning "Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee."]

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bomb bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
  Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
  Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto,—*"In God is our trust!"*
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

By JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER

[This poem is found in practically all anthologies of American verse and has ta'cen its place as perhaps the most graphic and condensed pen-portrait of Jackson that has been made. Mr. Palmer was born in Baltimore, Maryland, April 4, 1825, and died in 1906. He was the author of many volumes of prose and verse.]

Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails;
  Stir up the camp-fire bright!
No growling if the canteen fails;
  We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
Here burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song,
  Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the queer slouch hat
  Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
  So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Bluelight Elder" knows 'em well.
Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of shell,
Lord, save his soul! We'll give him"—well,
  That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
  Old Massa's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff.
  Attention! it's his way.

Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God,
"Lay bare thine arm! Stretch forth thy rod.
Amen." That's Stonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in,
Steady the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! We're with him before morn—
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning; and, by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen! whipped before.
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar.
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score
In Stonewall Jackson's way.

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band.
Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's way.

WE ARE OLD-TIME CONFEDERATES

[This song, modeled on "The Old-Time Religion," is a favorite at Confederate reunions and on Memorial Days. It can hardly claim an author but has been gradually built up and added to, year after year, by successive singers.]

We are a band of brothers,
We are a band of brothers,
A band of Southern brothers,
Who fought for Liberty.

CHORUS:

We're old-time Confederates,
We're old-time Confederates,
We're old-time Confederates,
They're good enough for me.

Jeff Davis was our leader,
Our only chosen leader,
Our true and faithful leader,
He was good enough for me.

Lee and Johnston were our chieftains,
Bragg, Beauregard, and Johnson,
These were glorious chieftains,
They were good enough for me.

We follow'd Stonewall Jackson,
The Christian soldier Jackson,
The terror-striking Jackson,
He was good enough for me.

We fought with Hood and Gordon,
With Longstreet, Polk, and Cleburne,
With Ewell, Hill, and Hardee;
They were good enough for me.

We rode with Stuart, Hampton,
With Fitz Lee, Duke, and Morgan,
With Forrest and Joe Wheeler,
They were good enough for me.

We wore ourselves out fighting,
We wore ourselves out fighting,
We wore ourselves out fighting,
For Southern liberty.

Now our country is united,
Now our country is united,
Now our country is united,
It's good enough for me.

We must all meet in heaven,
We must all meet in heaven,
We must all meet in heaven,
To rejoice eternally.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

[This famous English ballad is still sung in the mountains of Polk County, North Carolina. It was sent by Miss Emma M. Backus to Professor George Lyman Kittredge, of Harvard University, who reproduced it in his 'English and Scottish Popular Ballads' (1904). Many of these old ballads survive in the South and their collection would be a genuine service to literature. A beginning has been made by Professor Henry M. Belden, of the University of Missouri. The late Professor John Bell Henneman, of the University of the South, collected ten of these ballads in Eastern North Carolina.]

There was a lady fair and gay,
And children she had three:
She sent them away to some northern land,
For to learn their grammeree.

They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
About three months to a day,
When sickness came unto that land
And swept those babies away.

There is a King in the heavens above
That wears a golden crown:
She prayed that He would send her babies home
To-night or in the morning soon.

It was about one Christmas time,
When the night was long and cool,
She dreamed of her three little lonely babes
Come running in their mother's room.

The table was fixed and the cloth was spread,
And on it put bread and wine:
"Come sit you down, my three little babes,
And eat and drink of mine."

"We will neither eat your bread, dear mother,
Nor we'll neither drink your wine;
For to our Saviour we must return
To-night or in the morning soon."

The bed was fixed in the back room;
On it was some clean white sheet,
And on the top was a golden cloth,
To make those little babies sleep.

"Wake up! wake up!" says the oldest one,
"Wake up! it's almost day.
And to our Saviour we must return
To-night or in the morning soon.

"Green grass grows at our head, dear mother,
Green moss grows at our feet;
The tears that you shed for us three babes,
Won't wet our winding sheet."

REPRESENTATIVE POEMS

The specimen poems in this division represent recent or current poetical activity in the South. They consist chiefly of contributions to newspapers and journals or of extracts from complete volumes. Some of them have attained wide popularity and bear their credentials with them. Others are the expression of tendencies in the South and are interesting as representing different phases of literary activity rather than as embodying assured achievements. The limits of space have prescribed the omission of many representative poems that might well have been inserted.

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REPRESENTATIVE POEMS

THE JEFFERSON MONUMENT

(On the Campus of the University of Missouri)

BY EDWARD A. ALLEN

['Missouri Literature,' 1901]

The granite of his native hills,
  Mother of monumental men,
Virginia gave, whose page her Plutarch fills
  With undiminished deeds of sword and pen.

More fitting far than molten bronze,
  Or polished marble carved by art,
This monument of him who broke the bonds
  That bound in fetters every human heart.

The column rises in all lands,
  When sinks the soldier to his rest;
This cenotaph of rustic plainness stands
  To him who gave an empire to the West.

Not with the blood of thousands slain,
  With children's cries and mothers' tears;
The statesman's wisdom won this vast domain
  With gain of honest toil through peaceful years.

The highest honor of his State
  And of his country came unsought;
It was not this, O men, that made him great,
  Of this is nothing on the tablet wrought.

His pen declared his country free,
  Equal and free his fellow-man:
Freedom in church and state, the right to be,
  If Nature wills, the first American.

'Tis well the shaft by him devised
  Rests here in Learning's classic shade;
To be her patron was by him more prized
  Than all the honors that the nation paid.

Oh, may his spirit linger near,
As by old Monticello's slope;
Inspire Missouri's sons who gather here
With all the scholar's love, the patriot's hope.

And He who holds the nation's fate
Within the hollow of His hand
Preserve the Union ever strong and great,
And guide the statesmen of our native land.

ON BOARD THE DERELICT

By YOUNG E. ALLISON

[This poem appeared first in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* of 1898.]

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
—(Cap'n Billy Bones his song.)

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
The mate was fixed by the bos'n's pike,
The bos'n brained with a marlinspike,
And Cookey's throat was marked belike
It had been gripped
By fingers ten;
And there they lay,
All good dead men,
Like break-o'-day in a boozin'-ken—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of a whole ship's list—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Dead and bedamned—and the rest gone whist! —
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

The skipper lay with his nob in gore,
Where the scullion's axe his cheek had shore—
And the scullion he was stabbed times four.
And there they lay
And the soggy skies
Dreened all day long
In up-staring eyes—
At murk sunset and at foul sunrise—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em stiff and stark—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Ten of the crew had the Murder mark—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
'Twas a cutlass swipe, or an ounce of lead,
Or a yawning hole in a battered head—
And the scuppers glut with a rotting red.
And there they lay—
Aye, damn my eyes!—
All lookouts clapped
On paradise,
All souls bound just the contra'wise—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em good and true—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Every man Jack could ha' sailed with Old Pew—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
There was chest on chest full of Spanish gold,
With a ton of plate in the middle hold,
And the cabin's riot of loot untold.
And they lay there,
That had took the plum,
With sightless glare
And with lips struck dumb,
While we shared all by the rule of thumb—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

More was seen through the stern-light screen—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Chartings undoubt where a woman had been—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
A flimsy shift on a bunker cot,
With a thin dirk slot through the bosom spot,
And the lace stiff-dry in a purplish blot.
Or was she wench . . .
Or some shuddering maid? . . .
That dared the knife
And that took the blade?
By God! she was stuff for a plucky jade!—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight,
With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight,
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight—
With a yo-heave-ho!
And a fare-you-well!
And a sullen plunge
In the sullen swell,
Ten-fathoms deep on the road to hell—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

TRISTRAM AND ISOULT.

By MARTHA W. AUSTIN

['Tristram and Isoult,' 1905. Copyright by the author and used here by permission. Selection from Part III, Scene 1.]

Isoult Blanche Mains

The casement—wilt thou have it closed?

Tristram

Nay, let it stay, I fain would see the stars
And feel the fitful, faint, salt-breathing airs.
My spirit is so still I know that Death
Hath come. I am too weak for pain or love.
The wind of Destiny drops to a calm.

What are we but a column of towering dust
Raised by a breath of passion in the waste,
And when the wind hath passed we fall to dust
Again . . . Think you Isoult, I might be helped
Into the air, forth on the Battlements?

Isoult Blanche Mains

I'll call thy men and they shall carry thee.
(She calls without)
Brian—Boris—Uwaine—Meliot!

(*Enter four retainers. They support Tristram from the room. He leans heavily on them. Isoult Blanche Mains goes to the window and looks out.*)

It hath grown dark, I can no longer see.
The moon will be to-night—she steps from out
The middle sea and stands a moment-long
Still on the threshold of the world: the world
That empty seems of any save of her.
The air is full of her, as one we love
When he is near will fill the room, until
We scarce draw breath for his mere presence. So
The moon fills all; and then she walks the path
Straight o'er the sea, and all the little waves
Jump up to kiss her silver feet.

(*She takes up the harp that leans against the casement, sweeping it with her fingers.*)

Last night
I heard the sea-wind sighing in the strings
As if a sorrow audible did haunt,
For hands that ne'er shall touch its soul again.
My harp, those songs of his live in thee still.
(She sings.)

Sea-Swallow that didst bear her on thy wings
To old Tintagil, hold of Cornish kings,
Sea-Swallow bring her thence again to me,
We will take refuge now, we driven three,
We will take refuge with the friendly sea,
Sea-Swallow.

Sea-Swallow, bear us from the king-owned earth
To those wild realms unruled that gave us birth,
To the waste regions of the restless brine,
Whose life and freedom will I claim for mine,
Whose life and freedom shalt thou claim for thine,
Sea-Swallow.

Sea-Swallow, her sole throne shall be thy prow,
The blowing spray shall crown Queen Isoult's brow,
The warming East shall find her Morning's guest,
The sunset leave us loitering to the West,
The sunset leave thee to thy starry quest,
Sea-Swallow.

Sea-Swallow, hasten ere it be too late,
The Queen is wearied of her empty state,
Come let us lay our lives in the winds' hand
For mine is wasting in the woeful land,
And thine is wasting on the idle strand,
Sea-Swallow.

(*As the last chords die out Isoult Blanche Mains looks up and sees La Belle Isoult standing on the threshold. For a moment, in silence the two steadfastly regard each other.*)

Queen Isoult

I heard the harp—I thought that it was he—
Where is he?

Isoult Blanche Mains

On the battlements, without—
Yet stay an instant. It was I who sent
For thee.

Queen Isoult

How good—how generous—thou art!
Complete thy goodness—lead me to him—quick!

Isoult Blanche Mains

I ask one grace—that thou wilt stand there still,
And let me look at thee. For I must see
What power is in thee to eat men's hearts

And leave the husks. Thou'rt very beautiful,
Yet other women have some beauty, too—
But none those eyes that say—"Within me is
Some dread, sweet mystery. Wilt thou not seek
And find it out?" And at the summons, men
Plunge in and tread thy spirit's labyrinth
With tenuous clue—nor even reach the heart
Of it—of thee—save one—Tristram. What found
He there? For he has never since come back.
Something there is unseized, unseizable
Men die to win. My husband didst thou take,
And my young brother died for love of thee,
When with my lord he went unto thy court
And came too near the passion of you twain;—
Died of that nearness, scorched by the great fire
That could not give him warmth. That tender slip
Of youth transplanted, withered at thy sun,
And yet, and yet, in spite of all my wrong,
Facing thee thus, as I stand here, I do
Not hate.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

By JOHN PAUL BOCOCK

['Book Treasures of Mæcenas,' 1904. By permission of Mrs. John Paul Bocock.]

Sweet as she sat in the twilight dim
Echoed the strains of her Christmas hymn,
Swelling soft through the cozy gloom
And the wreathed grace of the firelit room,
Swelling and falling; and still it rang
To the tune of the song that the angels sang:

"Now, O Lord, for Thy tender grace,
For the deathless love in Thy pitying face,
For the pangs Thou hast borne that we might not bear,
For the blessed sense of Thy constant care—
For Thy dear sake be our sins forgot;
Change our hearts, Thou who changest not!

"Help us, Lord, in the dark and cold,
To feed Thy lambs. From the sheltering fold
Some have wandered and lost their way,
Some have found that the wolves betray,
Some its shelter have never known—
And yet, and yet they are all Thine own!

"Now, in the glow of the Christmas-tide,
For the sake of that tree on which Thou hast died,
May there be never a Christmas tree
But is blessed with the love we would learn from Thee
For the poor, and the weak, and the lost—for them,
As for us, rose the Star over Bethlehem."

IN THE LIBRARY

By JOHN PAUL BOCOCK

['Book Treasures of Mæcenas,' 1904. By permission of Mrs. John Paul Bocock.]

Here in immemorial peace
Sorrow finds a swift surcease,
And Care knits her "ravelled sleeve"
With the dreams that poets weave.

Here the vines that Virgil trained
Hang with clusters purple-veined;
Here the ilex starts to view
Murmuring songs that Horace knew;

And that famed Bandusian font,
Crystal-clear, as was its wont,
Bubbles over with the glee
Of a lilt to Lalagé.

Here, from its Arcadian wood,
Pan, half seen, half understood,
Pipes his wild, bewitching strain
Till the Dryads dance again.

Charlemagne comes hunting here,
Roland, too, and Oliver;—
Hark! the music of that horn
"On Fontarabia's echoes borne."

Old-world phantoms, dearer far
Than the new world's creatures are—
Let the glittering riot pass,
Hic manet felicitas.

THE HEART OF FIRE

By WALTER KEMPER BOCOCK

['The Antiphon to the Stars,' 1907. By permission of Mrs. R. B. Willis.]

Spoke the Volcano:
"The curse is upon me!
Once I was glorious,
Bathed in the sunlight;
Storms were below me;
Peaceful my summit.
Thousands ascended,
Craving the vision
Which I could show them.
Millions admired me,
On their horizon.

"Now the foundations
Tremble below me.
Earth is unsettled;
Hell's fiends are raging
Penned in my bosom.
Heaven is hidden by
Terrible darkness.
There is no firmament;
Day is abolished.
Midnight is starless,
Save when the tempest
Bursts from Inferno,
Showering the world with
Firebrands and lava,
All of my verdure
—Flowers and forests—
Burning to blackness;
Leaving me hideous,
Desolate, barren!"

Slept the volcano
Ages and ages.
Sunshine was bathing
All of his landscapes.
Higher his summit;
Precious the metals
Mined from his bosom;
Green were the forests,
Fair were the flowers,
Healthgiving waters
Flowed from his fountains.
Said the Great Spirit:
"Heaven surrounds thee!
Hell that o'erwhelmed thee
Was of thy making."

IMPERATOR ORBIS

By WALTER KEMPER BOCOCK

['The Antiphon to the Stars,' 1907. By permission of Mrs. R. B. Willis.]

I, it is I, who divide the world to my faithfullest vassals;
I who devour the cannibals, shedding the blood of the bloody;
Carving the continents up into slices to give to the nations:
Sorting the islands out to my police of the navies;
Swaying the sceptre of olive for them that peaceably hear me;
Emperor over all empires, servant of every republic.

Throneless and crownless I sit in an office upstairs or a cellar.
I have no parliament house, no hall for my sessions of congress,
Domeless my Capitol, save for yonder blue vault of the heavens;
Nevertheless the Czars, the Kaisers, the Kings,and the Sultans,
Presidents, ministers, generals, admirals, governors, speakers,
Keep their ears to the ground, and trembling do as I bid them.

I was begotten of Order, but nursed at the bosom of Freedom!
Ever I seek to keep the peace with both of my parents.
Little care I for the forms of constitutions and charters;
Was it not I that these my swaddling garments were made for?

Skilful am I to cut them up when I have outgrown them,
Making my vesture over to suit my work and my season.
I am the world's perpetual court of high arbitration;
Most of my cases are settled without the aid of another.
I am election day, the polling place, and the ballot.
I am the stock exchange, the lecture room, and the pulpit.
I am the stage and the players, the orchestra, also the people.
All of these things am I; my name is Public Opinion.

GOD BLESS YOU, DEAR

By WILLIAM PAGE CARTER

['Echoes from the Glen in Divers Keys,' 1904.]

If I should say to-night, "God bless you, dear,"
And stretch my hand to touch your sun-burst hair,
And say, and say, "Good night!" Oh, would you hear?
And if I said, "Sweetheart!" Oh, would you care?
From out God's holy realms, Oh! would you hear,
If I should say to-night, "God bless you, dear?"

If I should say to-night, "I'm tired, dear,"
And stretch my hand to lay it in your own,
And say, and say, "Sweet rest!" Oh, would you hear?
And if I said "I'm tired," would its tone
Go up behind the stars, and would you hear,
If I should say to-night, "God bless you, dear?"

If I should say to-night, "The years are drear,"
And send my tears to fill the ocean's home,
And say, and say, "Oh, life!" then would you hear?
And if I said "Sweet death!" Oh, would you come
And lead me to the Master's feet and hear
Me say to-night, to-night, "God bless you, dear?"

THE ANGEL OF MARYE'S HEIGHTS

By WALTER A. CLARK

[In this poem the author narrates an act of heroism performed by Richard Kirkland, of Kershaw's Brigade, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13, 1862. Mr. Clark was born at Brothersville (now Hephzibah), Georgia, in 1842, and is the author, among other publications, of "Lost Arcadia, or the Story of Old Time Brothersville." He was a Confederate soldier and belonged to the famous Oglethorpe Infantry.]

A sunken road and a wall of stone
And Cobb's grim line of grey
Lay still at the base of Marye's hill
On the morn of a winter's day.

And crowning the frowning crest above
Sleep Alexander's guns,
While gleaming fair in the sunlit air
The Rappahannock runs.

On the plains below, the blue lines glow,
And the bugle rings out clear,
As with bated breath they march to death
And a soldier's honored bier.

For the slumbering guns awake to life
And the screaming shell and ball
From the front and flanks crash through the ranks
And leave them where they fall.

And the grey stone wall is ringed with fire
And the pitiless leaden hail
Drives back the foe to the plains below,
Shattered and crippled and frail.

Again and again a new line forms
And the gallant charge is made,
And again and again they fall like grain
In the sweep of the reaper's blade.

And then from out of the battle smoke,
There falls on the lead swept air,
From the whitening lips that are ready to die
The piteous moan and the plaintive cry
For "Water" everywhere.

And into the presence of Kershaw brave,
There comes a fair faced lad,
With quivering lips, as his cap he tips,
"I can't stand this," he said.

"Stand what?" the general sternly said,
As he looked on the field of slaughter;
"To see those poor boys dying out there,
With no one to help them, no one to care
And crying for 'Water! Water!'

"If you'll let me go, I'll give them some."
"Why, boy, you're simply mad;
They'll kill you as soon as you scale the wall
In this terrible storm of shell and ball,"
The general kindly said.

"Please let me go," the lad replied.
"May the Lord protect you, then,"
And over the wall in the hissing air,
He carried comfort to grim despair,
And balm to the stricken men.

And as he straightened the mangled limbs
On their earthen bed of pain,
The whitening lips all eagerly quaffed
From the canteen's mouth the cooling draught
And blessed him again and again.

Like Daniel of old in the lions' den,
He walked through the murderous air,
With never a breath of the leaden storm
To touch or to tear his grey clad form,
For the hand of God was there.

And I am sure in the Book of Gold,
Where the blessèd Angel writes
The names that are blest of God and men,
He wrote that day with his shining pen,
Then smiled and lovingly wrote again
"The Angel of Marye's Heights."

TO MR. H. W. MORAN

By HENRY MAZYCK CLARKSON

['Songs of Love and War,' 1898.]

You wonder, my friend, why so seldom I print
The fanciful thought which I weave into verse;
You flatter my Muse by your delicate hint
Of fame in the future, or gold in my purse:
You ask why I write, if but few are to read;
You talk of the wasting of talent and time;
I covet not fame, am accustomed to need,
And men do not offer their riches for rhyme.

Consider the lark! How he rises on wing,
And mounts to the sky through ethereal air!
He sings as he soars; 'tis his nature to sing,
To warble his notes tho' no listener be near:
I seek not for fortune, I sigh not for fame,
I follow my Muse into forest or street;
In sorrow, in gladness, I sing all the same,
I sing because singing itself is so sweet.

COLD WATER

By NEEDHAM BRYAN COBB

['Poetical Geography of North Carolina and Other Poems,' 1887.]

Come, weary, thirsty mortals,
Who 'neath life's burdens sink,
Come, try this sparkling nectar,
And ask your friends to drink.

'Tis not from sim'ring still-worms,
Where, over smoking fires,
'Mid stifling pois'nous vapors
The bruisèd grain expires.

'Tis not from sick'ning odors
Of putrefying corn
And rye and wheat and barley,
This beverage is born.

But up in lofty mountains,
Where mighty rivers rise
In leaping, laughing rivulets
Just born of humid skies;

Where storm clouds brood and thunder,
And lightnings leap and flash,
And glittering granite boulders
Fall headlong in the crash—

Or where the red deer wander
O'er grassy glen and glade,
And rippling rills meander,
This beverage was made.

'Twas brewed in grand old ocean
Where tossing sea-gulls scream;
When hurricanes are howling,
And livid lightnings gleam—

When waves are surging wildly,
The sea in anger roars,
And wrecks and shells and sea-weeds
Are dashed upon the shores.

From clouds upon the mountains,
From mists of lowly fens,
From froth of briny billows,
From rills amid the glens—

From all the mighty rivers,
From every glassy lake,
From every dew and raindrop
That falls upon the brake,

From every foggy hill-top,
  From every dewy plain,
Our Maker is distilling
  This beverage for man.

It glistens in the raindrops;
  It dances on the hills;
It laughs along the rivulets,
  And sings among the rills;

Then, creeping through the meadows,
  It glides into the brooks,
Where lazily it lingers
  In many muddy nooks.

Till, meeting other waters,
  It rushes on its way,
And in the mighty river
  It marches to the sea.

There with the briny billows
  It mingles in the main
To be distilled in sea-fog
  And dew and mist again,

Then rising from the ocean,
'Tis blown o'er hill and plain,
To feed again the mountain springs
  And water man's domain.

No poison from it bubbles;
  No headache from it comes;
It starves no wives and children;
  It desolates no homes;

But shining in the ice-gem,
  Or sparkling on the grain,
Gleaming in the glacier,
  Or singing in the rain,

Sleeping in the dew-drop,
  Or dancing in the hail,
Or dressing up the wintry woods
  In sleety coats of mail,

Sporting in the cataract,
  Or sinking 'neath the sod,
It everywhere, in every form,
  Reflects the love of God.

REUNION

By JOSEPH TYRONE DERRY

['The Strife of Brothers,' 1906. Copyright, The Neale Publishing Company, and used here by permission. Book VII, lines 439-458.]

May North and South, each chastened in her turn,
From past a lesson of forbearance learn,
And wage through courts and ballots all their fights
For Fed'ral government or for State rights.
Days of fraternal strife; thank God, are past!
Ne'er to return, we trust; nor let there last
Heart-burning thoughts of those embittered years,
Gloomy with force, oppression, wrong and tears,
When the mailed hand of unrelenting Hate
Was raised to crush each prostrate Southern State,
Till the great Court Supreme in might arose
And checked the haughty power of Freedom's foes,
While Northern ballots to our rescue came
And from Columbia's shield effaced the shame
Of sov'reign States by sister States oppressed,
And gave from tyranny a grateful rest.
But in our nation's heart let there remain
Remembrance of each deed without a stain,
Whether of Northern or of Southern son,
On field by Fed'ral or Confed'rate won.

A GALAXY OF SOUTHERN HEROES

By ORION T. DOZIER

['Poems,' 1905. Copyright, The Neale Publishing Company, and used here by permission.]

And o'er yon Old Dominion State,
Star gemmed, her crown with glory shines,
With Southern pride I here avow
That nowhere on this earth's confines
Can there be found another land
Which can so many heroes claim,
And bright amid her brightest stars
Shines glorious Stonewall Jackson's name.

And glittering like a royal gem
Above my own fair Georgia high,
I see another brilliant star,
As bright as ever decked the sky,
Intrepid, brilliant Gordon, brave,
The patriot, statesman, warrior grand,
Of Southern manhood, brightest type,
An honor to his native land.

Nor less resplendent is the light
Of him, old South Carolina's star,
Whose fiery soul was made by God
To blaze amid the storms of war;
And high on fame's eternal height,
With all the glorious and sublime,
Wade Hampton's name, in glory set,
Will shine while roll the wheels of time.

Now see yon grand majestic stream,
The great mid-continental sea,
Whose course no human force can check,
With currents deep yet flowing free,
Unswerving in its onward sweep,
Proud Mississippi, king of streams,
See, and behold while gazing there
A fitting type to me it seems

Of him whose grand and kingly soul—
  Too strong for tyrant bonds to quell,
Too deep for prejudice to mar,
  Too broad to curb by prison cell—
Proud, God-like man, I breathe his name
  With reverence and with deathless love—
Jeff Davis, brightest star of fame,
  May heaven rest his soul above.

But where, oh! where, my wavering muse,
  Where wilt thou lead me in thy flight
To find a type or simile
  Of him, the grandest, noblest knight
That ever sword from scabbard drew?
  Not in the land Columbus gave
Canst thou a likeness for him find;
  Then seek beyond old ocean's wave

Where God His grandest works designed;
  Go view the Alps and Pyrenees,
Then onward to the Himalayas,
  Where great Mount Everest, rising, sees
All other mountains far below,
  His own grand form enrobed with cloud,
His royal head God crowned with snow—
  Yes, go and view this mountain proud—

This great majestic, towering king—
  The grandest, highest of the world—
God's monument of strength and power,
  Defying every storm that's hurled,
All lightning blows from rival foes;
  Yes, go and you this mountain see,
Then tell me if thou yet hast found
  A prototype of Robert Lee!

HAIL, ST. PATRICK'S DAY

By ORION T. DOZIER

['Poems,' 1905. Copyright, The Neale Publishing Company, and used here by permission.]

Hail! all hail, St. Patrick's day!
And hail to Erin's glory,
A matchless land of heroes grand,
Who live in song and story.
Oh, patron saint of wondrous land,
Thy name shall be immortal,
And light the way through endless day
To Heaven's blessèd portal.

Oh, sainted man of wondrous mind,
Filled with inspiration,
By Heaven lent and Heaven sent,
To civilize a nation.
And where on earth is there a land
Today that does not claim
On history's page some saint or sage—
Some glorious Irish name?

And hail! all hail! to that green flag,
Old Erin's sacred treasure;
A thousand years through strife and tears
And bloodshed without measure,
It floats today without a stain,
An alien though it be,
A tale to tell of freedom's knell,
As doth the flag of Lee.

Yes, hail! all hail! to Erin's flag,
Exiled though now it be,
In other climes and other times
That flag shall yet be free,
And float as proudly to the breeze
As when unfurled of yore,
For Fates decree it shall be free
And float for evermore!

Then hark! oh, hark, ye Irish sons!
Behold your country bleeding,
While saints above and sires you love
With you her cause are pleading,
And bid you, by the sacred ties
Of all that's dear on earth,
To break in twain the tyrant's chain,
And free your land of birth.

Then grasp, oh, grasp the glorious flag
That bears no blot of shame,
And swear by love of God above
And by St. Patrick's name,
That you will ne'er forsake its cause
Till it in triumph waves,
That o'er the foam you'll bear it home,
Or bear it to your graves.

MOTHER-LOVE

(A Lullaby)

By PATTIE WILLIAMS GEE

['The Palace of the Heart and Other Poems of Love,' 1904. By permission of Miss Gee.]

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The Sun to kiss the mighty Sea stoops low
And o'er the world the weird shadows blow
So deep;
But Mother's love sinks lower than the shadows
And sweepeth broader than the ocean's billows;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Life lies in mortal grief where sorrows throng
And press upon the heart so strangely long,
So deep;
But Mother's love is longer than life's sorrow,
A love o'erleaping each unseen tomorrow;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Around thy rest a holier love doth flow,
More tender than the mother-love can know,
More deep;
And He who all the babies' gold curls numbers
Will fold thee close when tired earth-love slumbers;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

THE TEST OF LOVE

By PATTIE WILLIAMS GEE

['The Palace of the Heart and Other Poems of Love,' 1904. By permission of Miss Gee.]

Wherein is love?
In that calm will content to toil at Poverty's behest,
While twilight falls on fragile hands folded in well-won rest:
Therein is love!

Wherein is love?
In that heroic soul aflame for camp and martial strife,
Some humble burden bearing through a dull and care-worn life:
Therein is love!

Wherein is love?
In that immortal thought the poet never could recall,
Which was forever lost in pity o'er a woman's fall:
Therein is love!

Wherein is love?
In that lone heart dwelling in heights above life's primal laws:
Its human longings crushing to exalt a righteous cause:
Therein is love!

Wherein is love?
Since Christ for man once paid on Calvary the bitter price,
There hath been nothing holier than stern self-sacrifice:
Wherein—wherein, indeed, is love!

THE TWINS
(VITA ET MORS)

By J. M. GIBSON

[*Houston Chronicle*, Houston, Texas, September 23, 1907.]

There are two cities side by side,
  One racked with tumult, noise and riot;
The other where Peace doth abide,
  In solemn quiet.

In one we meet the sad and gay,
  With cries of woe, or shouts of laughter;
In one is silence, night and day,
  Now and hereafter.

In one fair mortals come and go,
  With dauntless mien and graceful traces;
The other none but men of woe,
  With pallid faces.

There are two nymphs who, side by side,
  Through earth's wide corridors are wending;
One woos us with a lip of pride,
  With sorrow blending.

One loudly calls us to her arms,
  With kisses warm and bright eyes beaming;
And with cold lips the other charms
  To moveless dreaming.

To one we rush with giddy brain,
  Although we know she doth dissemble;
And to the last we go in pain
  And weep and tremble.

The first is but a phantom beam,
  A constant sorrow and delusion;
The other, one long Angel dream
  In sweet seclusion!

With one we cling and pray to stay,
  Though all her ways are ways of sorrow,
And say, "Oh, give me but today,
  Come thou tomorrow."

To one we cling although the wine
  Within red lips may burn and blister,
And curse the cup of sleep divine
  Brought by her sister.

With one the bloody cross of pain,
  The harlot's mockery of laughter,
And our mad songs—and prayers in vain
  That follow after.

For her—whose joy is but of shame,
  Whose smile is lust of shine and shower;
And words but songs of moth and flame,
  'Neath Death's watch tower.

We seek not oft the silent maid,
  We kiss the hand of changing riot;
We dread the city in the glade,
  And dread its quiet.

There softliest the moonbeams creep,
  There vespers seem afraid to dally
With mournful song, where sentries keep
  Watch in a valley.

No sound of bird in midnight singing,
  No merry sound of feast and riot,
No timbrel note in gladness ringing,
  But Holy quiet.

The cedar grove there rears its head,
  As though enwrapped in endless slumber
Above the bosoms of the dead
  In countless number!

Even the insect world is still—
The cheerful note of noisy cricket
"Ne'er trills from out the rotting sill
Of gate or wicket!"

We see nearby the yew tree shade,
The faces of pale lilies bending,
And climbing rosebuds faint and fade
O'er young love's ending.

No voice, no sigh—no whispered prayer,
Only a spell of an unseen vision,
Holding the breath of summer there—
Strange indecision.

No message from dead lips of dust,
Whether of love or hate expected;
No heart enthrills the marble bust
With tears erected.

No dream beats back with shining wings,
The silence ever grand and solemn—
The shadow which unspeaking clings
About the column.

White sentries, marble slabs, around
Their pale mementos ever keeping,
Of mortals in this camping ground
Forever sleeping.

They keep the virtues of the dead
Of each fair mortal gone before us,
Who to the bride of death was led
With sorrow's chorus.

That carven slab in this fair place,
The empty urn unloved of flower,
A withered violet in the vase
Mark love's last hour.

Those chiseled words are crumbling fast,
  Which speak somewhat of transient glory,
And Parian wreath not long shall last
  To tell life's story.

Only a time the dream stands ward,
  A sculptured marble sentry keeping,
In faith's lone watch—where passion's bard
  Placed angels weeping.

Oh! side by side two cities stand,
  One full of tumult, noise and riot,
The other motionless and grand,
  At Peace and quiet!

Two sisters who in turn must wed
  Or claim and kiss each wistful mortal,
To one we cling till we are led
  Through death's dark portal.

And then all solemnly and last,
  We come to her whose lips are breathless,
Whose arms will sweetly hold us fast,
  For death is deathless.

THE BATTLE OF HAMPTON ROADS

By OSSIAN D. GORMAN

[The author of this poem, now Superintendent of the Public Schools of Talbot County, Georgia, was a witness of the scenes described. The battle was fought March 8, 1862, and was the first engagement between ironclads. The poem appeared shortly afterward in *The Macon Daily Telegraph*, of which Mr. Gorman was then a correspondent.]

Ne'er had a scene of beauty smiled
  On placid waters 'neath the sun,
Like that on Hampton's watery plain
  The fatal morn the fight begun.
Far toward the silvery Sewell shores,
  Below the guns of Craney Isle,
Was seen our fleet advancing fast,
  Beneath the sun's auspicious smile.

Oh, fatal night! the hostile hordes
Of Newport camp spread dire alarms;
The Cumberland for fight prepares—
The fierce marines now rush to arms.
The Merrimac, strong cladded o'er,
In quarters close begins her fire,
Nor fears the rushing hail of shot,
And deadly missiles swift and dire,
But, rushing on 'mid smoke and flame,
And belching thunder long and loud,
Salutes the ship with bow austere,
And then withdraws in wreaths of cloud.

The work is done. The frigate turns
In agonizing, doubtful poise—
She sinks! she sinks! along the deck
I heard a shrieking, wailing noise.
Engulfed beneath those placid waves
Disturbed by battle's onward surge,
The crew is gone; the vessel sleeps,
And whistling bombshells sing her dirge.

The battle still is raging fierce;
The Congress, "high and dry" aground,
Maintains in vain her boasted power,
For now the gunboats flock around,
With "stars and bars" at mainmast reared,
And pour their lightning on the main,
While Merrimac, approaching fast,
Sends forth her shell and hot-shot rain.

Meantime the Jamestown, gallant boat,
Engages strong redoubts at land—
While Patrick Henry glides along,
To board the Congress, still astrand.
This done we turn intently on
The Minnesota, which replies
With whizzing shell to Teaser's gun,
Whose booming cleaves the distant skies.

The naval combat sounds anew;
The hostile fleets are not withdrawn,
Though night is closing earth and sea
In twilight's pale and mystic dawn.
Strange whistling noises fill the air;
The powdered smoke looks dark as night,
And deadly, lurid flames pour forth
Their radiance on the missiles' flight;

Grand picture on the noisy waves!
The breezy zephyrs onward roam,
And echoing volleys float afar,
Disturbing Neptune's coral home.
The victory's ours, and let the world
Record Buchanan's name with pride;
The crew is brave, the banner bright,
That ruled the day when Hutter died.

CHANSON LOUIS XIII

By MRS. CHARLOTTE PRENTISS HARDIN

[*Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1908.]

I

Nay, I cannot love you so—
Now you choose a dragging measure
Full of pauses, stepping slow
At the flying heels of pleasure.
Come from out your high-walled gloom,
Let us make a holiday
In the meadow's pleasant room
Where the sliding shadows play.
Here in golden splendor high
Butterfly loves butterfly:
Shall they live and love forever?
Never, never!

II

Still and still you sigh and plead,
Still and still I love you,
While the little breezes speed
Butterflies above you.

Still you love me, while the sun
  Stands so high above us:
Butterflies, when day is done
  Who will think to love us?

III

While there's azure in the sky
Butterfly loves butterfly.
Fluttered pinions in the air
Catch the sunlight, hold it there.
  Over the soft-lifting breeze
Now the drooping branches sigh—
  Love me now! Beneath the trees
Spread the lightest couch of love,
But above
Let there be no canopy
  To obscure the shining skies
Or the shadows, flitting by,
  Of the dancing butterflies.

IV

Still and still you sigh and plead,
  Still and still I love you,
While the little breezes speed
  Butterflies above you.
Still you love me, while the sun
  Stands so high above us:
Butterflies, when day is done
  Who will think to love us?

HAVE YOU HEARD THE SOUTH A-CALLING?

By H. E. HARMAN

['In Love's Domain and the Call of the Woods,' 1909. Stone and Barringer Company, Charlotte, North Carolina. By permission.]

Have you plucked the snowy daisies in the Spring?
Then a memory of their sweetness yet must cling
  To the Past with all its treasure—
  To the Past's untainted pleasure
That in your soul forevermore will sing.

Have you watched the snowy daisy fields at night?
Every stem with heart of gold and petals white,
With the moonlight on them streaming
And half the stars a-dreaming,
And Love beside you walking in the light.

Have you heard the mock-bird singing soft and low?
In the stillness of the night-time, singing slow,
With a harvest moon a-clinging
To the sky where stars are flinging
Worlds of light because they love the daisies so.

Then you've heard the South a-calling in the Spring
When the crocus comes a-blooming, dainty thing;
No matter where you wander,
O'er these memories you'll ponder
When you hear the South a-calling in the Spring.

YELLOW-HOUSE CANYON

By JAKE H. HARRISON

[*Dallas News*, Dallas, Texas.]

Just a seam upon the surface,
Just a scar across the plain,
Just a rift that shows erosion,
Or a slight eruptive pain;
When the world was young and plastic,
And its face was tender, quite;
Possibly the smile of rapture,
At the words: "Let there be light!"

You are, yet, a slight depression,
Visible but at a span,
Just a rill to carry water,
For the use of beast and man;
Still you wind across the prairie,
Like a "love vine" in its crooks,
Passing in your ceaseless turnings,
Many green and pleasant nooks.

And the minnows in your waters,
  Frolic through the livelong day,
Stirring water-cress and grasses,
  In their never-ending play.
Break the silence of your musing,
  Tell me when you first began,
Tell me, do! whence came the waters,
  Which at first adown you ran.

And what creatures came to greet you,
  On this wide-expanding plain,
Tasting first your rippling waters,
  Came again, and then again;
Blessing you, as all must bless you,
  Who your liquid blessings taste,
Blessings, which for countless ages,
  Seemingly, have run to waste.

Long before the red man sought you,
  Long before the bison came,
Long before the deer beheld you,
  You were rippling here the same,
As you are this present moment;
  Minnows sporting in you too;
Tell me, then, what creatures sought you,
  First, to life and strength renew?

Ah, you smile, but you are silent,
  Nature's secrets you must keep;
Men may ponder and conjecture—
  Speculation aye was cheap—
Yes, the ages now behind you,
  Providence would have you hold—
By the tongues that could reveal them,
  Nature's secrets are not told!

Wander on, ye rippling wavelets,
  While the minnows in you play,
Wander down this winding fissure,
  Then away, away, away,

To the ocean in its grandeur;
Then in clouds return again,
Blessing thirsty-throated prairies,
With your sweet, refreshing rain.

Never resting, thus you travel,
Down the canyons, through the air,
First as misty clouds of moisture,
Then as rippling wavelets fair;
Always moving, never idle,
Blessing earth, and beast, and man;
Yet a servant of Dame Nature,
In her all-embracing plan!

THE BLUE-BACK SPELLER

By MISS FANNIE E. S. HECK

['Select Poetry of North Carolina,' 1904, compiled by Rev. Hight C. Moore.]

I'd been mighty busy plowin',
When there came a half a peck
Of letters, sent from Raleigh,
And askin' me, direct,
To come and take a hand with them
At spellin' in a Bee,
For helpin' on a set of folks
They called the Y. M. C.

I'd been a famous speller
In the days of Auld Lang Syne,
But that was thirty years ago,
And I hardly thought to shine;
But Charlie Cook said "Risk it,"
And I was n't loth to show
That the good old blue-back speller
Is one thing that I know.

The house was well-nigh crowded
When the time came for the Bee,
And, after some persuadin',
There came up along with me

M.D. and D.D. doctors
And M.A.'s full a score,
And editors and teachers,
And of lawyers several more.

'T was funny then to see 'em,
As the hard words came like hail,
A pausin' and a stammerin'
And a turnin' almost pale.
But, law! it all came to me
Like it used to long ago,
And I saw the blue-back speller,
With each long and even row.

And I gave 'em, with the column,
The place, the side, the page,
For I saw those words like faces
Of old friends that do not age;
But those learned folks kept droppin'
Like the leaves off any tree,
And at last there was n't standin'
But a D.D. up with me.

And then there came a poser,
And the doctor he went down,
And a shout went up that startled
Half the sleepy folks in town.
But I did n't care for prizes—
The thing that made me glad
Was to down 'em with the blue-back
I studied when a lad.

THE KINVAD BRIDGE

By WILLIAM HURD HILLYER

['Songs of the Steel Age,' 1907. By permission.]

At the end of the path that all men tread, at the end of the road called Time,
Where the land slopes off to the cliffs of death, and the dolorous vapors climb,

Over the cloudy gulf of hell and the chasm of dim despond,
The Kinvad Bridge swings frail and far to the heavenly heights beyond.
Nine javelins wide is the Kinvad Bridge when passeth a righteous soul;
Royally ample and safe it leads to the distant shining goal;
But when others come to the cliffs of death—ah, yes, the bridge is there—
But oh, what a narrow thread that spans the gray gorge of despair!

THE PASSING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

December 31, 1900

By WILLIAM HURD HILLYER

['Songs of the Steel Age,' 1907. By permission.]

Misty and sad the stars, and the wind a requiem sigheth:
To-night is the last of the year, and to-night the Century dieth.
Century greatest of all—magician and ruler sublime—
Grandest of all that have passed along the Appian Way of Time;
Vast was his triumph, and splendid with silver and gold and steel;
Proudly he rode, with the Thunderbolt chained to his chariot wheel.
Dark and deserted the streets; but across in the neighboring square
The windows are blazing with light where mingle the brave and the fair.
They are dancing the old year out; there is music and laughter within—
Cadence of mel'sonant flute and lilt of the wild violin.
But listen! the dolorous bell! At last it is striking the hour:
Vibrant and full and clear it sounds from the gray church tower.
And the song of the viol and flute dies out with a sigh in the gloom,
And solemnly stroke after stroke peals forth the Century's doom,

Twelve! and the bird called Midnight, that flies at the edge
of to-day,
Passes, formless and silent, swift on his westward way:
And the East Wind, suddenly rising, blows fresh from Atlantic
deeps,
And over the continent wide the Twentieth Century sweeps!

Many there are who tell us that man's best moments are o'er,
Saying, "The rose of his pride shall wither to bloom no more."
Not so; for the day draws nigh, by the Hebrew seer foretold,
When Peace shall interpret the Law, and Love shall be better
than gold.
And though there be sickness and famine, and wars and rumors
of wars,
Yet still through the darkness the future shines forth in the
steadfast stars.
So hail, thou cycle of hope!—Remember, the world is young!
There are victories yet unattained, there are songs that are
still unsung!

FRUITION

By CHARLES WILLIAM HUBNER

['Poems and Essays,' 1881. By permission.]

Let thy life be like the day,
Dying 'mid the sunset's roses—
Fairest when about thy way
Death's eternal shadow closes;

Let it be like summer time,
Season of supernal splendor!
Full of promises divine,
Love, and joy, and music tender;

Like the autumn let it be,
When the world's aglow with beauty—
Rich with golden sheaves, for thee
Ripened in the field of Duty.

TO A MOCKING BIRD

By CHARLES WILLIAM HUBNER

['Wild Flowers,' 1877. By permission of Authors' Publishing Co., N.Y.]

Sweet bird! that from yon dancing spray
Dost warble forth thy varied lay,
From early morn to close of day
  Melodious changes singing,
Sure thine must be the magic art
That bids my drowsy fancy start,
While from the furrows of my heart,
  Hope's fairy flowers are springing.

As changeful as the sounds thy throat
Sets on the charmèd winds afloat,
Till valleys near and hills remote
  Attest thy peerless powers,
Have been to me the sights and scenes,
The cloudy thoughts and starry dreams,
The winter and the summer gleams,
  Of life's ephemeral hours.

But all thy sad or merry lays,
Sweet bird! in thy Creator's praise
Thou pourest from the trembling sprays,
  With love's delicious art;
Thus, too, will I, whate'er my fate—
In sorrow prone, or joy elate—
To God my being dedicate,
  And give to Him my heart.

WHEN SHE COMES

By JOSEPH W. HUMPHRIES

[*Detroit Free Press*, May 7, 1905.]

Like a princess spring will greet her,
  When she comes;
And her loyal friends will meet her,
  When she comes;

Brighter skies will bend above her,
And the flowers—they will love her,
Birds the secret will discover,
When she comes;

Time will fly on wings of pleasure,
When she comes;
Joy will be a golden treasure,
When she comes;
Life will give its gentlest graces,
Home seem dearest place of places,
Love shall be where her sweet face is,
When she comes.

GRANDMA'S SLIPPERS

By MRS. B. W. HUNT

[These lines by Mrs. Hunt, of Eatonton, Georgia, appeared first in *Judge* but have been frequently reproduced.]

Ah, little shoes, with huge rosette,
And heel, "La Marie Antoinette";
So you have danced the minuet
With courtly Marquis La Fayette!
A hundred years you've lain so still
(The thought comes with a sudden thrill),
I wonder if you could forget
Again to dance the minuet!

For I tonight, in old brocade
And petticoat with silver braid,
With patches, powder, and pomade,
Shall wear you to the masquerade.
My grandma's slippers! And I muse
When you last danced, oh, dainty shoes,
'Twas with bright sword and epaulet;
Your partner, Marquis La Fayette!

A hundred years! What interlude
Since that far time! And I intrude
Upon your garret solitude
That you may dance with modern dude!

No! Back within your ancient case
With by-gone gowns and yellow lace,
I reverent lay each little shoe,
No modern man shall dance with you.
Small slippers, you shall not disgrace
The memory of that time and place
When last, with flashing jewels set,
You led the reel with La Fayette!

EL DORADO

A. D. 1540

By JOHN S. KENDALL

The golden glory of the morn
  Fast fades to dewy night;
Then swift the darkling hours march
  Into the hurrying light.
Still burns the desert under foot,
  Still lures the magic West,
To where the wealth of India
  Shall crown our weary quest.

A thousand leagues of battle,
  A thousand days of pain,
The cry of stricken comrades,
  The parched bones of the slain—
All these we leave behind us,
  Forgotten by the way:
Somewhere beyond the desert lies
  The Land of Holiday!

Dark forests pressed upon us,
  Strange rivers barred the path:
In vain the bitter tempest broke
  In impotence of wrath.
Through want and danger, toil and gloom,
  We struggle on and on,
So only is the Lavish Land
  Of peace and plenty won!

But sometimes, when I lie awake,
  My rusty mail unbraced,
My dinted sword and battered shield
  Beside my pillow placed,
I question—what if baleful chance
  To our undoing move?
What if that distant Land of Gold
  A ghastly phantom prove?

And then my inmost soul responds
  With valiant words and true,
And bids me follow to the end
  These roads forever new;
For whether at their end we find
  Or gold or worthless dross,
We've dared a great adventure,
  And the issue is not loss!

We've known the joy of battle;
  We've borne the flag of Spain
Where never man has been before,
  Nor man may come again;
We've drained the utmost wine of life,
  Yea, to the last strong lees—
What guerdon hath the East to give
  Comparable with these?

Each seeks the thing he values most,
  To garner or to spend.
Some call it El Dorado,
  And some The Journey's End;
Some call it silken robes and gems
  To sparkle in the sun;
But I—the Quest alone I seek,
  The joy of brave deeds done!

'LONE WITH GOD

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

[Originally published in *The Houston Daily Post* prior to 1905.]

When mamma tucks the covers in an' leaves me comfy there,
An' I lissen to 'er footsteps softly goin' down the stair,
Then th' chair I put my clothes on looks so blurry in th' night
That I crawl beneath th' cover an' I almost die of fright;
An' I shiver 'neath th' cover an' I all squinch up an' hark!
I gits lonesome when I'm all alone with God an' in th' dark.

She leans down an' she kisses me an' then she says: "Good night."
She says brave tads like I am doesn't need to have no light;
An' then th' house gits silent an' still, 'ist like a grave,
An' when th' darkness guthers round I wish I wa'n't so brave,
Fer th' wind outside my winder groans an' whimpers like a snark;
You 'ist know 'at I gits lonesome 'lone with God an' in th' dark!

Seems like mamma oughter sense it, that I git 'most skeered tu death,
An' I squinch up an' I huddle down an' try tu hold my breath;
When I hear th' wind go: "Whoo-ee!" an' th' stairs begin tu squeak,
Then th' goose-flesh sticks out on me an' th' tears is on my cheek!
An' I know th' ghosts are ha'ntin', for I hear the watch-dog bark;
Gee! I sure do git crawly 'lone with God an' in th' dark!

Bet yu need God, too, at nighttime! Yu don't need Him in th' day
When th' sun's a-shinin' gorgeous an' yu wanter run an' play;
But yu need Him right close to yu when you're almos' dead o' fright
An' th' Goggle-eyes are grinnin' an' a-blinkin' in th' night—

When th' watchdog is a-whinin' an' yu 'ist lays still an' hark—
My! I sure am skeered an' lonesome 'lone with God an' in th' dark.

Funny how things looks so diffrunt! Playin' hooky seems a sin,
An' yu swear 'f yu live till mornin' that yu'll never go ag'in
When th' other fellers coax yu, an' yu wont sneak off tu swim,
An' yu whisper: "Now I lay me—" an' yu promise things tu Him,
An' yu say yu'll keep yer soul white, an' with nary smudge ner mark,
Fer a feller feels plum lonesome 'lone with God an' in th' dark.

LONGING FOR TEXAS

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

[Published in *The Houston Daily Post* about the year 1903.]

No, it isn't hot in Texas; and the cool night dews are falling,
And the katydids are chirping in the grass beside the pool;
And from out the moonlit distances the mocking-birds are calling,
And I know the days are hazy and the nights perfumed and cool.

And I know the jasmine's blooming as it bloomed in all its whiteness,
And my heart is heavy in me—for I'm far away today,
And my spirit lags forever, and my tread has lost its lightness,
And I'm humming "Down in Dixie," and my heart throbs: "Look away!"

Oh, it isn't hot in Texas, for the cool gulf breeze is blowing,
And the cattle all are standing underneath the wide oak trees,
Or are wending slowly homeward from the pasture, lowing, lowing;
And a drone comes softly to me from the honey-laden bees.

And I'm longing, longing, longing for the day of my home-
coming,
For the lowing of the cattle and the shadows on the stream,
For the mocking-bird's far calling, and the laden bees' soft
humming,
And the night-dews falling coolly as the shadows in a dream.

Oh, the rolling, rolling prairies, and the grasses waving, waving
Like green billows neath the gulf breeze in the perfumed,
purple gloam!
Oh, my heart is heavy, heavy, and my eyes are craving, craving,
For the fertile plains and forests of my far-off Texas home.

POCAHONTAS

By J. T. LITTLETON

['The Story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas,' 1907. Copyright, Publishing House of the M.E. Church, South. By permission.]

Sweet Pocahontas, Indian maiden born,
With thine we rank thy noble brother's name,
Full worthy each of an immortal fame;
For when our nation in its lurid morn,
A weakling in the wilderness forlorn,
Was feebly struggling, swift to help ye came
Impelled by innate virtues, put to shame
The haughty Christians who thy people scorn.
Thy life, sweet Indian maid, is fitting theme
For poet's pen or sage's puissant brain;
Its beauty lures us, and we fain would know
Its source. Thought-baffled, as before a dream,
We ope our hearts as earth to summer rain,
Nor seek to know, but gladly drink and grow.

VICTORY

By J. T. LITTLETON

['The Story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas,' 1907. Copyright, Publishing House of the M.E. Church, South. By permission.]

Calmly gazing at his captors
  Dressed in bear skins and raccoon,
On their features doubly frightful,
  Painted with the red puccoon,

More like creatures of the forest,
  With the beast above the mind
(Still the feelings in their faces
  Linked them surely with his kind);

Seeing in them superstition
  Throttling with uncanny hand
Every impulse of their bosoms
  Till it be as weak as sand—

Quickly, as by intuition,
  Reckoning thus with reason clear,
Captain Smith, Virginia's father,
  Casting off all marks of fear,

Drew from underneath his doublet
  Slowly forth his compass-case,
Which he opened, deftly showing
  How beneath its crystal face

Ever northward points the needle.
  Childrenlike, they fain would clutch,
Feel the force that moved the magnet
  Which they saw but could not touch.

Wondrous strange! It was a spirit!
  Was it gracious? Was it wroth?
Though afraid, they hovered 'round it
  As the fire the evening moth.

Gone their wrath for very wonder;
They forebore to strike him down.
In an open council standing,
They preferred to lead him round

To their wigwams for their sachems,
Squaws, papooses—all to see,
As some wizard son of evil
From beyond the mighty sea.

So they led him with great triumph
To their tepees here and there,
While their fears were softly fleeting
As doth happen when the air,

Moisture-laden, filled with specters,
Haunting forest pool and fen,
In the wonder of the starlight
Bringing fear to forest men,

Slowly while the morning dawneth
Passes from the pool and fen,
Bearing strangely and so weirdly
Dream and doubt from hearts of men.

Then the tide began its turning,
First with eddies, ebb and flow,
Rippling here and resting yonder,
Hardly knowing how to go.

Blood of kindred crying vengeance,
Savage justice crying death,
And the savage love of prowess
Softly and with bated breath

Whispering to adopt the white man,
Paint him red and spare his life,
Struggled daily with each other
In a crafty, subtle strife.

Though the odds were sore against him
And the stakes his very heart
Yet the doughty English captain
Calmly played his fearful part—

Calmly, for the red papooses,
For the girls and for the boys,
From the fragrant wood of cedar,
With his penknife fashioned toys.

Winning thus the hearts of children,
Softening thus the mothers' hate;
Trusting God, he simply waited
The unfolding of his fate.

THE OLD NORTH STATE

A TOAST

By MRS. LEONORA MONTEIRO MARTIN

[Written for a banquet of the North Carolina Society of Richmond, Virginia, May 20, 1904.]

Here's to the land of the Long Leaf Pine,
The Summer Land, where the sun doth shine;
Where the weak grow strong, and the strong grow great—
Here's to "Down Home," the Old North State!

Here's to the land of the cotton blooms white,
Where the scuppernong perfumes the breeze at night,
Where the soft Southern moss and jessamine mate,
'Neath the murmuring pines of the Old North State!

Here's to the land where the galax grows,
Where the rhododendron roseate glows;
Where soars Mount Mitchell's summit great,
In the "Land of the Sky," in the Old North State!

Here's to the land where maidens are fairest,
Where friends are the truest, and cold hearts are rarest;
The near land, the dear land, whatever our fate,
The blest land, the best land, the Old North State!

THE PASSING OF THE BRAVE

(GENERAL J. B. GORDON, JAN. 9, 1904.)

By IDA SLOCOMB MATTHEWS

[This poem was read at the meeting of the Louisiana Division of the U.D.C. at Thibodaux, April 13, 1904.]

Patriot, soldier, statesman,
Prince of the race of men,
Cypress and rue for his passing,
Laurel for sword and pen.

Dust for the hand that wrought,
But for the lessons taught
Life without end.

Gloom for the eye that brightened,
Looking where danger lay,
For the voice of the leader—silence,
And a shroud for the coat of gray.

But of the life's high aim
Echoing rings the fame,
Roll upon roll.

Gettysburg, Appomattox,
Yours were the hosts they knew,
The hand of the man was steady
The heart of the man was true.

Mark now the setting sun
Rests its last smile upon
The field where it rose.

Honored the steel he marshaled,
As honored the steel he tried;
Proud to be friend, ours followed,
Proud to be foe, theirs died.

Slowly the ranks pass on,
Softly the horizon
Clasps them and closes.

Oh men, with the souls undaunted,
Seeking the goal of time,
Forward you went—courageous,
Backward you came—sublime.

Hark, now the muffled beat
Signals the slow retreat
Into the ages.

For not with the sword surrendered,
Was the work of the legions done;
They turned from the silenced canon
To a struggle just begun.

Stirred by no banner's flare,
Thrilled by no trumpet's blare
Warm through the blood.

The fireside's pallid embers
What pledges of guerdon had?
Ah, heroes scarred and wasted
Was battlefield more sad?

What though the storm obscures?
Through darkest night endures
Light of the stars.

Great in the glare of warfare,
Grand in the gloom of peace,
You forged from your fetters—freedom,
You wrung from your bonds—release.

Strong where hope onward led,
Stronger where hope lay dead,
Battling, you conquered.

Through the hush of centuries dawning,
From the dusk of centuries dead,
Do prophecies nobler quicken,
Are holier memories shed?

Shafts graven for your ken,
Shrines in the hearts of men—
These your reward.

For we of the South remember,
And we of the South revere;
As the souls of the brave are garnered
We garner their glories here.

Murmured 'twixt earth and sky,
Hear ye the mingled cry
Hail and farewell!

IN KENTUCKY

By JAMES HILARY MULLIGAN

[The author of this widely parodied poem was born in Lexington, Kentucky, November 21, 1844. "In Kentucky" was first read at a banquet held in the Phoenix Hotel, at Lexington, on the evening of February 11, 1902.]

The moonlight falls the softest
In Kentucky;
The summer days come oftest
In Kentucky;
Friendship is the strongest,
Love's light glows the longest;
Yet, wrong is always wrongest
In Kentucky.

Life's burdens bear the lightest,
In Kentucky;
The home fires burn the brightest
In Kentucky;
While players are the keenest
Cards come out the meanest,
The pocket empties cleanest
In Kentucky.

The sun shines ever brightest
In Kentucky;
The breezes whisper lightest
In Kentucky;

Plain girls are the fewest,
Maidens' eyes the bluest,
Their little hearts are truest
In Kentucky.

Orators are the grandest
In Kentucky;
Officials are the blandest
In Kentucky;
Boys are all the fliest,
Danger ever nighest,
Taxes are the highest
In Kentucky.

The bluegrass waves the bluest
In Kentucky;
Yet, bluebloods are the fewest?
In Kentucky;
Moonshine is the clearest,
By no means the dearest,
And yet, it acts the queerest
In Kentucky.

The dove-notes are the saddest
In Kentucky;
The streams dance on the gladdest
In Kentucky;
Hip pockets are the thickest,
Pistol hands the slickest,
The cylinder turns quickest,
In Kentucky.

The song birds are the sweetest
In Kentucky;
The thoroughbreds are fleetest
In Kentucky;
Mountains tower proudest,
Thunder peals the loudest,
The landscape is the grandest—
And politics—the damnedest
In Kentucky.

LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

By WILLIAM MUNFORD

[The author was born in Virginia in 1775, studied at William and Mary College, entered politics, but found time to complete his version of the 'Iliad' a few months before his death in 1825. It was not published till 1846. The following extract is from the sixth book.]

This said, illustrious Hector stretch'd his arms
To take his child; but to the nurse's breast
The babe clung, crying, hiding in her robe
His little face, affrighted to behold
His father's awful aspect, fearing too
The brazen helm, and crest with horse-hair crown'd,
Which nodding dreadful from its lofty cone,
Alarm'd him! Sweetly then the father smil'd,
And sweetly smil'd the mother! Soon the chief
Remov'd the threatening helmet from his head,
And plac'd it on the ground all beaming bright,
Then having fondly kiss'd his son belov'd,
And toss'd him playfully, he thus to Jove,
And all the immortals pray'd: O grant me, Jove,
And other powers divine, that this my son
May be, as I am, of the Trojan race
In glory chief! So let him be renown'd
For warlike prowess and commanding sway,
With power and wisdom join'd of Ilion king!
And may his people say, This chief excels
His father much; when from his fields of fame
Triumphant he returns, bearing aloft
The bloody spoils, some hostile hero slain,
And his fond mother's heart expands with joy!
He said; and plac'd his child within the arms
Of his beloved spouse: she him received,
And softly on her fragrant bosom laid,
Smiling with tearful eyes. To pity mov'd,
Her husband saw; with kind consoling hand
He wip'd the tears away, and thus he spake:
My dearest love! grieve not thy mind for me
Excessively! No man can send me hence,

To Pluto's hall, before the appointed time;
And surely none of all the human race,
Base or e'en brave, has ever shunn'd his fate;
His fate foredoom'd when first he saw the light.
But now, returning home, thy works attend,
The loom and distaff, and direct thy maids
In household duties, while the war shall be
Of men the care; of all indeed, but most
The care of me, of all in Ilion born.

THE MARTIN'S SONG

By WILL D. MUSE

[*Uncle Remus's—The Home Magazine*, August, 1908.]

Dear Heart, to-day, somewhere I heard a mating martin sing,
In his wild flight above my head upon a tireless wing.
And with the note so new and sweet, so plaintive, strange and low,
There seemed to flood within my soul love songs of long ago.

He did not linger in his flight to rest nor yet to sing,
I only caught a fleeting glimpse of polished breast and wing;
But with it came the fragrant scent of climbing roses red,
And with it came the memory of Summer days long dead.

Sweet Summer days and glorious nights, when hearts beat fast and true;
When down the primrose path of Life I wandered, Love, with you;
But now the days of youth are dead—the path of Life is long;
And only memories of all come with the martin's song.

THE BARDS

By JOHN W. OVERALL

['The Louisiana Book', 1894.]

In their high heroic measure,
In their high heroic truth,
Live the bards throughout all ages,
In the quenchless fire of youth;

We revel in their visions,
And we love the songs they sing,
When they strike the harp of glory
Like the Israelitish king.

They have read the starry heavens
These diviners of the stars—
Read Uranus and the Pleiades,
And the fiery planet Mars;
They have soared among the planets,
They have swept the fields of Time;
They have soared up in the spirit—
Bards heroic and sublime!

And they gather from the planets,
Where their spirit-feet have trod,
Light and supernal wisdom,
And a lucid proof of God;
And feel the truth eternal
O'er their yearning spirits steal,
That the Real is the Ideal,
That the Ideal is the Real!

They come, like John the Baptist,
In the wilderness of Thought,
Preaching in the world's Judea
What the holy Teacher taught;
They come with lips of wisdom,
And they strike the sounding lyre—
Lips radiant with the glow of love
And high prophetic fire.

They summon white-browed Helen
From the old-forgotten strife,
And Platea's men, and Marathon's,
To the vestibule of life.
We see the glittering of the steel
Under the Latian stars,
The backs of the Roman eagles
And the red, round shield of Mars.

They tell of brave old legends,
Legends of the priestly age;
Of ladye fair, with golden hair,
Courtly peer and gentle page.
We see the knights and barons,
Coming forth in martial line,
And Richard of the Lion-heart
On the plains of Palestine.

We mark the pennon and the plume,
We see the shivering lance,
And Cressy with its bowmen,
And the troubadours of France.
We mark the knights of Chevy Chase,
We see the banners fly,
And the royal Stuart riding down
To Flodden Hill to die.

Ah! the Past with all its visions
Comes before us in its prime—
All the olden, golden glory
Of the golden, olden time.
Thus in high heroic measure,
And in high heroic truth,
Live the bards throughout all ages,
In the quenchless fire of youth.

Unlike the men who speak alone
For the passing things of time,
The bards speak for all ages
In the lofty words of rhyme.
Not for the coming morrow,
Not for the brief to-day,
Stir the bards the harp's wild pulses,
Sing the bards their noble lay.

And they die not, these heroic bards,
They live on with the stars,
With Uranus and the Pleiades,
And the fiery planet Mars.

They are spirits of Earth and Aiden,
Earth and Aiden hear them sing,
When they strike the harp of glory,
Like the Israelitish king.

AT NIGHTFALL

By ALBERT PHELPS

[*Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1899.]

Sunk is the sun behind the western trees;
And the long shadows melt into the dusk;
The garden-flowers look palely from hushed leaves,
Scenting the breeze with heavy-laden sweets.
Sleep.

Now falls the night, down-sifting through the air
Lulled waftures of soft-dripping silences;
And slumber-breathing darkness shrouds thine eyes.
Sleep.

The idle hands lie folded in the lap,
Forgetting the long travail of the day;
The playthings we call work are all put by;
And all the rankling of the bitter world,
Like a dull snake, coils up itself to sleep;
And peace falls, like a flutter of white doves.
Sleep.

For sin and pain and passion and all ills
That tear the unshielded weakness of our souls;
The power that bids us suffer gives us sleep;
And he that says he has no faith lies down,
And in all faith resigns his soul to sleep;
Sure of the morning and the light again,
Forth ebbs the soul upon the tide of dreams.
Sleep.

And all alike are folded in one love;
And all alike are guided by one will;
And on each heart fall the cool dews of rest.
Sleep.

Love, thou art weary, and thine eyes are wet.
Sleep.

ABSENCE

By LUCIEN V. RULE

['The Shrine of Love and Other Poems,' 1898.]

The western skies are starless now;
No beauty's beacon sweet,
When evening comes, smiles softly down
Where happy lovers meet.

Thus from the heavens of my heart
I miss a tender light:
For she my song, and hope, and cheer.
Is far from me to-night.

CONSTANCY

By LUCIEN V. RULE

['The Shrine of Love and Other Poems,' 1898.]

I love thee when the morning hours
Are joyous, fresh, and new;
I love thee when the noontide calm
Descends the forest through.

I love thee when the sunset skies,
Aflame with glory, burn;
I love thee when the twilight birds
Back to their nests return.

I love thee when the silvery moon
Smiles down on vale and hill;
I love thee when the midnight stars
Are glowing far and still.

I love thee when the dawning east
Proclaims the darkness o'er;
Ah, sweetheart, wouldst thou know the truth?
I love thee evermore.

THE MOTHER'S SONG

By JAMES T. SMITH

['The Louisiana Book,' 1894.]

There lay an atom in a darksome tomb,
And there it grew till in periods nine
It came from its hiding-place of gloom—
A lovely babe with a face divine;
And it cried when it came from its lurking-place,
For it feared to look on its father's face.

But when it gazed all the couch around,
And saw the kind faces that greeted it there,
Its father, its mother, its brother it found,
The grandmother, too, with her silvery hair—
It laughed; and its mother, to hear its voice,
That a man had been born did rejoice, rejoice.

And the babe it grew, grew to a man,
And it looked on the garniture spread for the earth;
The forests, the rivers, the mountains, he'd scan;
And he said, Yes, I feared on the day of my birth,
But now I rejoice that I was brought from the womb,
That terrible place of the darkness and gloom.

Yet he knew not then that his soul had been made
To find yet a higher and higher doom,
Till the vision at night came to him and said,
This world, O man, is thy second womb,
And thou must be born to another place
Before thou canst look on thy Father's face.

For this world is placed 'twixt the day and the night,
That the eye of the man might not be destroyed;
By the sun of that sword he shall see flame in light,
When he's born again from this second void,
And then shall he see the eternal sight,
For there ever is day, and there never is night.

Then shalt thou fear too at thy second birth;
But when thou hast wakened and gazed all around,
And seen all who had formerly loved thee on earth,
'Round thy couch stand and cry, Oh, the lost one is found!
Thou shalt laugh; and thy Father, to hear thy voice,
That a god hath been born shall rejoice, rejoice;
And when all the delights of that heaven are unfurled,
Thou'lt rejoice to have been born from this darksome world.

THE OVERTHROW OF SATAN

By LEONARD CHARLES VAN NOPPEN

['Vondel's Lucifer' translated from the Dutch, 1898. Copyright, The Search Light Information Library. By permission. The extracts are from Act V.]

URIEL: Even as bright day to gloomy night is changed,
Whene'er the sun forgets his golden glow,
So in his downward fall his beauty turned
To something monstrous and most horrible;
Into a brutish snout his face, that shone
So glorious; his teeth into large fangs,
Sharpened for gnawing steel; his hands and feet
Into four various claws; into a hide
Of black that shining skin of pearl; while from
His bristled back two dragon wings did sprout.
Alas! the proud Archangel, whom but now
All Angels honored here, hath changed his shape
Into a hideous medley of seven beasts,
As outwardly appears: A lion proud;
A greedy, gluttonous swine; a slothful ass;
A fierce rhinoceros, with rage inflamed;
An ape, in every part obscene and vile,
By nature lewd and most lascivious;

A dragon, full of envy; and a wolf
Of sordid avarice. His beauteous form
Is now a monster execrable, by God
And Spirit and man e'er to be cursed. That beast
Doth shrink to view its own deformity,
And veils with darkling mists its Gorgon face.

RAFAEL: Thus shall Ambition learn how vain to tilt
For God's own crown. Where stayed Apollion?

URIEL: He saw his tide ebb when his star declined,
And fled: so fled they all. Then, from above,
The celestial ordnance pours forth shot on shot,
With lightning flash and rolling thunders loud,
Causing the monsters that into the light
Have crawled to swell the rout; and pleased are all,
With God's array, to aid in such pursuit!
O! what a whirl of storms in one resolved!
And what a noisy tumult rises round!
What floods sweep by! Our legions, blessed by God,
Advance, and strike and crush whate'er they meet.
What cries of pain now burst forth everywhere,
As from the fleeing hordes one hears, amid
This wild confusion and this change of form
In limbs and shapes, their roars and bellowings.
Some yell, and others howl. What fearful frowns
Those Angel faces wear, the mirrors dread,
Of Hell's infernal horrors. Hark! I hear
Michael return, triumphant, to display,
Here in the light, the spoil from Angels reft.
The choristers now greet him with their songs
Of praise, with sound of cymbal, pipe, and drum.
They come in front, and strew their laurel leaves
'Mid those celestial harmonies around.

CHORUS OF ANGELS. MICHAEL.

CHORUS: Hail to the hero, hail!
Who the wicked did assail;
And in the fight, o'er his might and his standard,
Triumphant did prevail.

Who strove for God's own crown,
From his high and splendid throne,
Into night, with his might, hath been driven.
How dazzling God's renown!
Through flames the tumult fell,
The valiant Michael
With his hand the fierce brand can extinguish:
All mutiny shall quell.
God's banner he doth rear:
Come, wreathe his brow austere.
Now, in peace, shall increase Heaven's Palace:
No discord now we hear.
Then to the Godhead raise,
In His deathless courts, your praise.
Glory bring to the King of all Kingdoms:
His deeds inspire our lays.

MICHAEL: Praise be to God! The state of things above
Has changed. Our Grand Foe has met his defeat;
And in our hands he leaves his standard, helm,
And morning-star, and shield and banners bold.
Which spoil, gained in pursuit, even now doth hang,
'Mid joys triumphant, honors, songs of praise,
And sounds of trump, on Heaven's axis bright,
The mirror clear of all rebelliousness,
Of all ambition that would rear its crest
'Gainst God, the stem immovable—grand fount,
Prime source, and Father of all things that are,
Which from His hand their nature did receive,
And various attributes. No more shall we
Behold the glow of Majesty Supreme
Dimmed by the damp of base ingratitude.
There, deep beneath our sight and these high thrones,
They wander through the air and restlessly
Move to and fro, all blind and overcast
With shrouding clouds, and horribly deformed.
Thus is his fate, who would assail God's Throne.

CHORUS: Thus is his fate, who would assail God's throne.
Thus is his fate, who would, through envy, man,
In God's own image made, deprive of light.

THE BIRDS AND THEIR FALSE LOVERS

By FRANCIS P. WIGHTMAN

['Little Leather Breeches,' 1899. By permission of J. F. Taylor and Company.]

"Well," said the red bird, sitting on a tree—
"I had a mate as well as thee.
But she grew fickle, an' away she fled,
An' ever since then my head's been red!"

"Well," said the blue bird, sitting on a tree—
"I had a mate as well as thee.
But he grew fickle, and away he flew,
And ever since then my head's been blue."

"Well," said the black bird, sitting on a tree—
"I had a mate as well as thee—
But she flew away, and never came back,
And ever since then my head's been black!"

"Well," said the green bird, sitting on a tree,—
"I had a mate ez well ez thee—
But he flew away, an' wuz never more seen,
An' ever sence then my haid's ben green."

"Well," said the brown bird, sitting on a tree—
"I had a mate as well as thee,
But he flew up, and never came down,
And ever since then my head's been brown!"

"Wely," said the gray bird, sitting on a tree—
"I had a mate as well as thee.
But she grew fickle, and flew away,
And ever since then my head's been gray."

OLD DAN TUCKUH

By FRANCIS P. WIGHTMAN

['Little Leather Breeches,' 1899. By permission of J. F. Taylor and Company.]

Ol' Dan Tuckuh was a fine ol' man,
He used t' ride a Durham ram,
Rode 'im down t' de bottom of a hill,

An' ef 'e ain't up, 'e's down there still!
Git out'n de way
Ol' Dan Tuckuh!
Come too late f'r t' git yo' suppuh!

Ol' Dan Tuckuh, he got drunk,
Fell en de fiah an' 'e kick't up a chunk.
A red-'ot coal got in 'is shoe
Great Gran-daddy! how de ashes flew!
Git out'n de way
Ol' Dan Tuckuh!
Come too late f'r t' git yo' suppuh!

Ol' Dan Tuckuh was a fine ol' man—
Washed 'is face innah fryin' pan—
Combed 'is hair withuh wag'n weel,
An' died withuh toothache in 'is heel.
Git out'n de way
Ol' Dan Tuckuh!
Come too late f'r t' git yo' suppuh!

OMENS

By FRANCIS P. WIGHTMAN

['Little Leather Breeches,' 1899. By permission of J. F. Taylor and Company.]

W'en de screech-owl light on de gable en',
En holler "Who-oo, oo-oo!"
Den yo' bettuh keep yo' eye-ball peel,
Kase 'e bring bad luck t' yo'!

W'en de ol' black cat, widde yaller eyes,
Slink aroun' lak she atterer mouse,
Den yo' bettuh tekcayr yo'se'f en frien's,
Kase dey's sholy a witch en de house!

W'en de puddle-duck 'e leave de pon'
En start t' comb 'e fedder
Den yo' bettuh tek yo' omberel,
Kase dey's gwine tubbe wet wedder!

NATURE

By EMMA WITHERS

['Wildwood Chimes,' 1891.]

I sought within men's hollow creeds
A healing for the sorest needs
That vexed my life. They mocked my quest;
The hidden fires within my breast

Burned on. I sought the sylvan meads,
I watched the flight of wingèd seeds,
I found the soul in meanest weeds,
I saw young birds from out the nest
On swift wings soar.

I follow Nature where she leads,
And naught to me are men and deeds;
For in the pathway she hath pressed
I find the benison of rest—
And safe from life's tormenting greeds,
I seek no more.

EVENING

By CARTER W. WORMLEY

['Poems,' 1904.]

I stood at sunset by the solemn sea
And hearkened to its serious refrain;
The sad and muffled murmurs of the main,
Sounding their anthem to eternity.

The dusk of twilight dimmed the weary world,
I lingered yet, though shadows darker fell;
When, at my foot, half buried, lay a shell,
And in its bosom beauty smiled impearled.

In golden youth my soul began a quest
Of happiness, distinction, of renown;
I lingered yet, though shadows darker fell;
When darkness brought its guerdon, and I rest.

PROSE SELECTIONS

THESE selections are intended to represent the prose side of Southern literature somewhat as the two preceding sections have represented the poetical side. No selection has been admitted if the author has been represented in the preceding volumes. Of the several types of prose literature, only the essay, the oration, the short story, and the character sketch could find place here.

PROSE SELECTIONS

THE GROWING SOUTH

By EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

[An address delivered before the Civic Forum in Carnegie Hall, New York City, March 22, 1908. Reprinted from 'Civic Forum Addresses,' season of 1907-1908, No. 7.]

THE most interesting and impressive social movement to be observed in the world to-day, unless it be Russia trying to comprehend democracy, is the spectacle of the American Republic trying to adjust its new self to its old self in such fashion that it shall lose neither the individualism which guarantees freedom, nor the co-operative genius which insures power and progress. To me, at least, the most impressive phase of that struggle is the self-reliant effort of the Southern States of this Union to transform their economic and social life, to master the weapons of an industrial civilization, and to breathe easily the spirit of twentieth century Americanism, without sacrificing their deepest political and social instincts. I am here this evening to tell you something of this transformation.

A Southern man is usually regarded as a sort of ambassador from one court of public opinion to another. My spirit somehow resents this, though I recognize the sectional distinctiveness of the South, and the plain historical and sociological reasons for this distinctiveness. American sectionalism, properly considered, is the story of imperial sections of one vast continent, reaching up after self-consciousness and social and industrial unity, and then reacting upon each other to achieve finally, let us hope, a national unity and a national spirit. The national America of the future will be a country in which the great historic sections, while conscious of their sectionalism and proud of it, will nevertheless understand each other and sympathize with each other.

It is quite idle to deny that there is at present in the South a new sort of sectional consciousness asserting itself, side by side with a growing nationalism. Perhaps my resentment arises from a feeling that the permanent and triumphant Amer-

ica of the future must be a like-minded or national America, and that the coming of this national America is delayed by separate-mindedness in the North and in the West, just as much as in the South, and without as good reasons for it.

My particular theme is the building spirit now at work in the States of the South. To understand the present South, one must have for a background five other Souths, forming a very dramatic and moving story in American life. There is first to be considered the Nationalistic and Imperial South. Up to 1830, it is not always clear to students of American history that the seat of active nationalism and imperialism was in the South. It was the era of the Virginia country gentleman and his kind throughout the South. It is difficult to see how there ever could have been any union without the continental thinking and thrilling nationalism of this group of men. One needs only to add Hamilton to such a group as Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison and Monroe, and the Union can almost be accredited to their combined genius.

From 1830 to 1860 there existed what might be called the Self-Centered and Defensive South. Unable through the influences arising from the presence of the African in her life, to engage in sincere debate with herself, and exposed to the hostile and often-times cruel criticisms of the world, this attitude of buoyant nationalism and growth soon changed into one of introspection and defence. This is the South that has fixed itself in the imagination of men. This is the South that, under a generation of harsh criticism, developed abnormal popular sensitiveness, so that it is still very hard for a man who loves the South and knows its virtues and tragedies, to criticise it bluntly, or for the people themselves, who have endured that criticism and suffered under these tragedies, to receive such criticism impersonally and patiently. The great corrective forces of bold thinking and plain speaking are not yet at play as they should be in our public life, though material strength and unity of aims with the rest of the country are daily lessening this one stunting inheritance of years of isolation. This defensive South was a land of few cities or centres of population, clinging sternly to a few central ideas. It was a land wherein a tumultuous love of liberty and of chartered rights existed, side by side with human slavery; wherein aristocracy

and democracy went arm in arm together for the last time in human history. This system did not produce in a just degree, either wealth or letters; yet, it did some things remarkably well. Out of it issued a small but wonderfully alert and powerful political force. The strength of this force was not so much in its power of social imagination or breadth of vision, as in an inflexible public integrity and a certain elevation of thought about the State and the whole idea of public service; a passion for principles, though they lead to ruin; and an intense singleness of aim. This society had its faults and it was doomed to pass, but there lived in it a deep historical meaning. Here may be seen the spirit of romanticism with its central note of exaltation of personality and of the class feeling above general social progress, and here was the heroic tradition, with its attributes of feeling and spontaneity and heady enterprise, making its last stand in the new West against efficiency and correctness and form.

The dominant units of this society were men of English and Scotch and Scotch-Irish breeding and consciousness, caught in the grip of an economic misconception and unable to extricate themselves from it by any wisdom of the time. This society as early as 1800 was as homogeneous as England or France to-day. It has retained this homogeneity, and it should be remembered that the wonderful re-ordering of Southern society since 1876 is the work of this homogeneous population. The only truly Anglo-Saxon communities in the world to-day are in rural England and the Southern States. These men were proud men; the dogma of local self-government was their deepest political conviction; they did not enjoy being told how to order their affairs; and, so, they moulded their society and fulfilled their destiny.

As I perceive the Republic to-day, working its will among the nations, a feeling comes that the defensive and self-conscious South did the nation a high service, by projecting into its body of energy a spirit of loyalty to ideas, of passion for principles, of romantic devotion to causes; and it is for our soul's good, I believe, that we breathe deeply of that old air of leisure, and of love of home and country life, and that as a nation we are taking more thought of the conceptions of that age about personality, dignity, and service. And, as we

forge still further forward, I believe we shall hark back with benefit to that single-minded but romantic age, blotted out almost without warning as by the fury of a tempest, with its consciousness of self and of personal values, such as dignity held second to honor; that gameness in the blood; that grand manner; that archaic pride of honorable descent; that steadfastness of ideas; that mingling of the simplicity of a shepherd with the pride of a king; that "moral elegance" in matters constituting a public trust.

From 1861 to 1865, the defensive passed easily into the militant South, counting it a privilege and a glory to stake all for its faiths and theories upon the issues of war.

And then from 1865 to 1880, let us say, there existed the Submerged South, the silent, the enduring, the patient, the grim South, walking in an economic and social "valley of the shadow of death." Our poor human nature has never been put to a severer test than was this enduring South, and our poor human nature has nowhere endured that test more finely. For the first time in history it was sought to place over a white race as their rulers a black race, recently held by them in slavery. Their sense of superiority to the race so set over them, and their extraordinary unity, welded still more firmly by the fires of war, alone enabled Southern whites to emerge whole from the ordeal. It was a sad time, and left behind a bitter deposit. Only the great spirits of the era had the strength to pass happily from that age to this—a spiritual distance of three hundred years.

This is why we who were born in a later day think so tenderly of the gray-haired man of the South to-day, whose heart is unpoisoned with hate or revenge, whose spirit is young and hopeful, and whose devotion to his whole country, which no power now can ever break, is as clear and high as was his faithfulness to the flag which his courage advanced so high and so far. I remember it all dimly as a boy at school, reciting Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner" and the mournful threnodies of the period. I remember the sad and subtle mystery of my father's face as he sat on his gallery and gazed wistfully over the world which seemed so bright and alluring to my young spirit. He was striving in middle life to adjust himself to a new world, whose features he could not recog-

nize, and in which he must live and work as he had in the world gone from him forever, amid the flashing of the guns. That he crossed the perilous bridge between the eras, safely and strongly, was his best legacy to me. That General Lee as a quiet teacher of youth made the great adjustment so simply, that he somehow contrived in such work to wear defeat like a laurel crown, is the chiefest reason for the vast love for him which abides in Southern hearts.

From 1880, roughly speaking, until this hour, there is to be considered the emergent and growing South, striving to maintain its essential social and political traditions, and yet, with a completely altered economic point of view, transferring its energies from combating and enduring, to building and growing.

Instinctively, as has every renaissance period, the Southern States have expended their chiefest energies on the most fundamental of all social tasks—education. It was necessary to understand, to face, and to conquer the followng conditions, in order to establish solidly in Southern life an enduring system of democratic education:

1. The free public school was not possible in the South during its years of isolation and submersion, when plantation life, instead of community life, was the unit; when individualism controlled state policy, and slavery obstructed communal growth.

2. The South was rural and sparsely settled, which are the most difficult conditions for the spread of public schools.

3. The South was bi-racial, involving a duplication of educational effort and a conquest of racial difficulties.

4. The South was the overburdened section of America. No other Americans have ever known in its direst form, the discipline of war and defeat. No other region among the great culture nations, ever lost in less than a decade over one-tenth of its population, three and a half billions of its wealth, the form of its society and the very genius of its life, save a certain unconquerable courage and self-reliance. No other region except Poland ever knew such losses, and Poland ceased to exist. The year 1900 had come and gone before the whole South had regained its per capita wealth of 1860.

5. The South must pass from an agricultural order, de-

pressed by poverty and misrule, to an industrial democracy, wherein it must regain its national consciousness in a country which, itself, was just beginning to understand what real national self-consciousness meant.

6. There existed in the South an untaught and backward race, newly and suddenly projected from slavery to citizenship and economic responsibility.

The State University, the private academy of rare excellence, practical initiative in the education of women, may be considered the chief educational achievement of the ante-bellum South.

Since 1880, in spite of all the difficulties above enumerated, the South has increased this sum of accomplishment, in the following directions:

1. The Southern people have had the political patience and equipoise not to disturb the only good thing bequeathed to them by the carpet-bag governments, namely, the provision for popular education, placed in their organic law.

2. They have developed an overwhelming public sentiment, with the social and political agencies necessary to sustain that sentiment, in favor of the education of all the people at public expense, thus making of a social system, semi-feudal in nature, a democracy in *social usage,* as well as in political philosophy.

3. They have guided that sentiment to the point where 45 per cent of all their public revenues are expended upon education. They have increased their school revenue, in the past five years, $11,590,000, and two-thirds of this sum has come from local taxation, a community weapon of enormous power, formerly dreaded by the property holders, and hated by the people themselves, to whom it was sparingly permitted.

4. The South has developed the genius of school organization necessary to create a system of popular education in every Southern State, fairly complete as to its machinery and methods, quickened and strengthened by normal and industrial schools for both races, and vitalized by the establishment in the past five years of 650 public high schools. One hundred and twenty institutions of higher learning have been revived or established, instructing nearly thirty thousand students. The establishment and re-building of these higher institu-

tions have been invaluable experiences in interpretation of social needs and in self-reliance and self-sacrifice. It might have been better to have left some of them unrevived, and not to have created others. Certainly some of them stand merely as expressions of local pride, no guiding principle having determined either their location or their relation to an intelligent whole. Nevertheless, in the atmosphere about them of bare sincerity and heroic struggle, young men have been nurtured in such older ideals of a liberal education, as the attainment of culture and knowledge and the exaltation of personal character. A certain honesty, ruggedness, and unselfishness pervaded their teachings. Within their walls, life seemed real and duty easy and opportunity precious. The problem of unifying and relating these institutions to each other as parts of one great process is a task of this generation. The growth of the habit of voluntary helpfulness by private citizens and the perception by the State of its colleges as forces upon which it must lean for guidance in its complex development, have widened the scope of such of these as hold in them the principle of life. To-day the spirit of research and scientific investigation is entering these institutions and is vying with the more ancient conception of rigid acquisition as a ruling motive. Growing Southern universities have a peculiar opportunity to advance this truth-seeking spirit, to protect it from materialization, to idealize its motive in the heart of the seeker, and yet to draw near to the people in the application of scientific truth to life itself.

The combined income of all these institutions does not greatly exceed the combined income of Harvard and Columbia; but this income is growing steadily, and it is largely the result of local beneficence, or legislative wisdom. Less than 3 per cent of the $600,000,000 given in the past thirty years to education has come Southward, and not much more than 1 per cent of that sum has come to the whites. Instruction in agriculture and technology, through the initiative of the National Government and the co-operation of the State Governments, has been carried to the point where 1,000 Southern boys are now studying these subjects, where one studied them a generation ago. Scarcely a town of three thousand population exists in the Southern States to-day without a system

of public schools free to all. The percentage of illiteracy of the white race has been reduced from twenty-five per cent to fifteen per cent, and of the colored race from eighty-seven per cent to forty-five per cent.

5. Owing primarily to the patriotic genius of Samuel Chapman Armstrong, and the human enthusiasm of a select group of patient men and women in both sections and of both races, the two greatest experiment stations in the world for the training of a backward race have been established in the South, and a wise direction given to the education of the African element in our body politic, whose training was missing the mark widely, owing to unintelligent zeal for their welfare on the one hand, and a mingling of resentment and despair on the other.

6. The ability of this generation to recognize education as something larger than mere learning or even discipline, to perceive it as a great force moulding national character, has caused the enlistment into this field of work of young men and young women of creative capacity and exalted character, who, under other conditions in Southern history, would have instinctively turned to political and social fields for distinction and service.

7. The tardy appearance of these States in the field of democratic education has given them an opportunity which they will not pass by, to avoid many of the educational errors of the more forward American communities. Already one notes in their curricula an insistence upon the studies that give emphasis to the duties of men and the glory of service, rather than to the rights of man and the splendors of achievement. The whole educational curriculum reveals the mood of the Southern mind in the effort made in it to discipline the will, to understand social and economic causes, and to see the life about it, not as an atom, but as a part of a related whole.

8. Finally, it may be said that the South, educationally, has passed from the stage of public opinion-making to one of constructiveness and technique, and the child has become the focus of scientific concern in law and politics. General Assemblies spend one-half of their revenue and two-thirds of their time in the passage of laws touching the welfare of youth.

The leading educational measures before the Virginia

Legislature of this year were these: A bill to bring about scientific equalization of taxation; a bill to bring about co-ordination and unity in the whole educational scheme; the development of secondary education as the nexus between the separate parts; bills providing further facilities for the training of teachers, and a bill for compulsory education. The advent of the scientific spirit in education and in the field of economics and sociology is revealed both by the character of such legislation and by the creation of chairs of education, economics and sociology in Southern institutions. In 1895 such studies practically did not form parts of college curricula. To-day no leading University is without such chairs, and the men in them are helping to shape and enact constructive legislation.

The questions arising out of the presence of the African in American life, are not questions to be incidentally discussed. A wealth of ignorance has been expended on their discussion which quite sickens the heart. The deeper one's knowledge goes, the greater one's desire for silence and patience. I would, however, leave these thoughts with you. There are over 8,000,000 negroes in the South to-day. Each Southern State, resisting every effort to distribute its taxation on racial lines, is committed in its statutes and laws to the training of the negro race at public expense. Two million, six hundred thousand colored children are enrolled in the common schools to-day in the Southern States and seventeen thousand in higher institutions. These enormous figures are striking and pathetic illustrations of the faith of the negro in the moulding power of education. Southern States have spent $120,000,000 on their education. Northern people, out of a noble sense of national responsibility, have contributed $15,000,000 to their education. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in a recent notable address, has declared that the negro himself, out of his poverty, has expended nearly $10,000,000 exclusive of his share of taxation. The negro race owns nearly $300,000,000 worth of property. This is a pitiful per capita wealth as compared with prosperous white conditions, but it is wealth and not pauperism. Negroes are at work in the South in more varied forms of useful labor than elsewhere on earth. They acquired land, in one State, from 1895 to 1898, at the rate of over fifty-two thousand acres a year. In the twelve Southern States, negro

land owners in 1900 owned 173,352 farms. In Virginia, negroes own 1,304,471 acres of land. From a condition of absolute illiteracy, practically 50 per cent of them have become literate.

When it is reflected that all this has been achieved in the country in which they were but recently held as slaves, and in which for a time they were placed in an unnatural and absurd attitude of political control, can any sane man assert that they have lived and worked under any conditions of oppression? Is there any parallel in history to such progress under such conditions? If negroes were fierce economic beings like Yankees, or Jews, or Scotchmen, it might be claimed that they had achieved all this in spite of discouragement and oppression, and they do deserve great praise and credit for what they have done; but everyone knows that they are not such beings, and on the contrary, they could not have achieved all this without a strong measure of justice and encouragement, that entitles the people of the Southern States to the credit of having pursued toward them a juster and larger policy than ever before pursued by higher groups toward backward and lower groups in any civilization.

Mr. John Morley thinks the negro problem practically unsolvable, and perhaps it is, but practical men must continue to face it resolutely, quietly, justly. It is an American problem in a very concrete sense, but it is largely the genius of Southern leadership that must be relied upon for its wise treatment. Owing to the rapid subdivision of land going on in rural life, in twenty-five years, every Southern and Western city will face the negro problem as an irritating race question, because of the presence of large numbers of Africans in their population. Essentially, the negro as an irritating race issue, is a question of the presence of the African and his numerical proportion to the whole population. In a community of ten thousand white inhabitants and twenty-four negroes, the question is an academic one and the doctrinaire and the sentimentalist have a beautiful time with it. In a community of ten thousand white inhabitants and eighteen hundred negroes, there is less philosophy and more silence. In a community of ten thousand white inhabitants and ten thousand negroes, the policeman supersedes the philosopher in relative importance, and the prob-

lem moves along, as best it may, over the rough ways of democracy.

Perhaps the chiefest political constructive act of Southern genius in reference to the negro, has been the limitation of the whole idea of manhood suffrage, thus removing the blacks from politics, and centering their thought on industrial life, removing frightful temptations from the politics of the white people, and in a large way, placing the whole idea of suffrage on the highest plane possible in a Republic. When all of its ragged edges and incidental injustices have been worn away, the suffrage regulations of the South in the last decade will be seen to have been wise and philosophical.

At the court of present public opinion in the South, the following things, as to the negro-American have been settled:

1. The white race shall control the political development of the Southern States, as it will and ought to control the political development of the rest of this Republic. As we were European in our origin and structure, so we shall remain, refusing to become either Asiatic on one side of the continent, or African on the other.

2. Agreement has been reached that in insisting upon absolute social separateness, the South is pursuing a far-sighted policy of justice, both to the negro as a race, and to the higher groups that inhabit this nation and to civilization at large.

3. It has been settled that the emphasis laid by Armstrong, the most heroic figure in the whole struggle, and the wiser leader of the negro race, upon training in the industrial and manual arts, promises the best returns in the development of the masses of that race as useful factors in economic life.

4. It has been settled that no form of peonage or helotry, perils worse than chattel slavery, shall creep into our life.

5. It has been settled that the negro having humanity, personality, economic value, shall be trained for citizenship in this Republic, and that the South itself shall exert intelligent and determining influence upon the character of that training, because it is its duty so to act, and because extraneous influence may carry the negro farther from understanding and sympathy with his environment.

6. It has been settled that the final policy of the South

toward this backward man shall be a scientific habit of investigation as to the facts of his progress, coupled with an intelligent interest in his development, causing its thinking people to discriminate between the good individual negro and the negro considered as a mere perplexing, evil problem in sociology. The best Southern thought on this matter is neither optimistic nor pessimistic, but watchful and steady. The point of view likely to prevail finally is the point of view that gives foremost place, not to the negro as a pathetic, upward-striving figure, or the negro as a tragic burden, but to the negro as a mighty industrial asset, and to the standards of American character as affected by the presence of the negro in this largest democratic undertaking of the white race. Under changed conditions and in a new age this viewpoint is exactly in the spirit of Abraham Lincoln as expressed in his famous letter to Horace Greeley: "What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it—if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it—and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." Has any group of human beings ever caused so much social and political ferment and change as the American negro? I wonder if this American negro ever thinks of the relative care bestowed by human society upon him and the 3,000,000 white men who inhabit the thin soil of the coastal plain, the Piedmont Hills, and the Appalachian Mountains. For the negro rivers of blood have flowed, millions of treasures have been spent, patient lives have been dedicated, and in virtue of all this expenditure of energy, genius, and consecration, a distance has been created between him and his grandfathers equal to the distance between the jungle and the University. The lot of the Piedmont and Appalachian white man has been forgetfulness, ignorance, and neglect. The world might as well understand that the Southerner is done with this neglect forever. He sees that the redemption of his community lies primarily in the restoration and development of the white population. Without such development the most remarkable story of individual negro achievement will tend to become merely an in-

teresting racial phenomenon. As Mr. Albert Shaw has recently demonstrated, the progress that is now evident along all these lines, in the cotton-mill, the school, the improvement of agriculture, "represents the most transforming movement in American society that the new century can show." The destruction of slavery made possible the social and economic unification of this continent. When these three million white men, scattered over Southern farms and in Southern towns and cities, are trained and developed, "the structure of our Southern society will actually realize unity and similarity to that of other regions where white men live and work."

No amount of prophecy is going to settle this question, but it is not prophecy but fact to assert that the negro race is steadily declining in the South, and must continue to decline in relative numbers; that he will remain socially distinct; that he is yet to undergo the fiercest trials that come to backward races striving to forge to the front in old civilization, and that the nature of this ordeal will increase the migratory impulse of the negro. Nearly a million negroes now live outside Southern limits. In thirty years that number will be increased 50 per cent. Already it is the ultimate fate of the negro that is in the balance in America, and not the fate of the Southern States, as has been pointed out by Mr. Philip Bruce. The remarkable acquisition of land by the negro, even if much of it be poor land and mortgaged, is creditable to his sagacity, and a testimony to the amazing freedom of opportunity accorded him. His opportunities in this direction exceed those of the farmers of England to-day. It should be held in mind, however, that strength alone can guarantee permanence in his land holdings. Weak men cannot permanently hold land, or continue to acquire land. Land is of the essence in the making of any civilization, and the mere right to acquire it is a freeman's privilege. If a land holder, in a complex order, is not worthy of his land, society, sooner or later, finds a way to take it away from him. The harshest experiences of the black people are yet to be, for the South must come to treat them as the world now treats them, demanding that they develop, not only manual and industrial power, but those moral qualities necessary to win freedom through fierce competition. In no other way can real freedom ever be won by a man or a race. Freedom is a

conquest, not a bequest. Considerations of national welfare, therefore, as well as solemn human justice, demand that such training be given to this African element in American life as will enable it to face its supreme struggle, with hope in its heart, will develop its unmeasured capacity for productiveness in the field of labor and will safeguard the quality of American citizenship.

Agriculture remains as of old, the absorbing economic interest of Southern life. Seventeen millions of its population live in the country. Agricultural farm values aggregate to-day $4,000,000,000; farm products $1,300,000,000 and 4,000,000 males are engaged in this work. As the structure and arrangement of this industry determined ante-bellum civilization, so its reordering in the new age is the most potent factor in determining the social structure of the new times. The following constructive changes are coming about, tending to modify the conditions of rural life and to give to Southern society a certain uniformity and likeness to the rest of the nation, which are the conditions of real democracy and nationality.

1. The great plantation, particularly in the upper South, has been supplanted by the small farm, constantly increasing in number. The older rural gentry and their sons have gone to the cities, forming a very formidable element in New York City itself, including Wall Street. A new and potential citizenship has taken possession of these small farms. Of late years, the old affection for country life, and pride of estate, have brought back to the country many of these city dwellers, and their influence will be strongly felt in all measures for rural improvement. This new citizenship is demanding educational facilities, good roads, free mail delivery, telephone systems, trolley lines, and an era of diffused intelligence must shortly appear, assuring a fundamental change for the better in the attractiveness and the general social and material opportunities of country life. These are the men whose needs and whose influence will modify the old and mould the character of the future leadership in Southern politics. One who knows their spirit has recently put their creed into this form: "I will never vote again for any candidate for a State office who does not have some well-worked-out program for conserving and developing our rural communities, for constructing good

roads throughout the State, for placing a respectable schoolhouse and good school in easy reach of every child, for placing in every one of such schools well-trained and amply-paid teachers, and for making our institutions of charity and higher education equal to any. I am tired of hearing men talk, and of voting for men merely because they support a certain man for President and for reward for party service."

2. The unit of the small farm necessitates intensive and diversified production. Intensive and diversified production presupposes a knowledge of scientific agriculture. Scientific agriculture does not demand hordes of untrained labor in order to reap its richest rewards. Whatever labor is employed must develop skill and power, or be driven into the cities to factory employment or household labor. The society necessary to the successful conduct of the small farm unit will furnish a new backbone to our social structure, based on respectability, simple thrift, and contented intelligence. The new rural population will for generations lack the charm of the old, but by means of its very diffusion and its manifest possession of a certain general level of sturdy power and freedom of opportunity, it will contribute strength to the life blood of the whole organism.

When under the inevitable influences of that great new industrial subdivision, ill-tilled and untilled Southern lands are made to quadruple their productiveness, when lands now yielding 20 bushels of corn to the acre are made to yield 50 or 60 bushels, as is being done in numbers of localities, the basis of material prosperity will be gained for the attainment of these higher things which the heart of man desires. There can be no lasting growth in schools without increasing earning power to promote such growth. In 1860, thirty-five per cent of the soil of Virginia was improved. To-day fifty-five per cent of that soil is improved. To-morrow seventy-five per cent of it will be improved, for last year 2,400 farmers from other States came into Virginia and invested ten millions in farming. In eight Southern States, the area of improved lands has increased fourteen per cent since the passing of slavery, while the increase in the actual number of farms in the same region has increased 150 per cent since 1876. All agricultural wealth doubled between 1880 and 1900. The production of garden vegetables, an unknown enterprise in 1861, left $85,000,000 in

Southern pockets in 1900. The great problem in Southern agriculture has been, and is, to increase the net earnings of the average farmer. The agricultural colleges and farmers' institutes and the steady enthusiasm of intelligent agricultural organizations are entitled to first credit for all movements in that direction. Among the most interesting of agencies recently inaugurated are the demonstration and co-operative farms in all the States from Virginia to Texas. Thirty-two thousand such farms under the direction of the United States Agricultural Department and the General Educational Board were at work in 1908.

It should not be imagined that this diffusion of rural population means stagnation or decay of urban life. On the contrary, it exists side by side with the resistless growth of cities and towns. The new, small land owners, unable to make of their lands a place of production for all their supplies, must look for these supplies to the towns and cities. The poorer whites and the landless or improvident negroes flock to the cities to partake of the prosperity arising from the industries gathered there, and a stream of white skilled immigrants, thin but steady, passes to the towns to supply industrial needs. Two hundred thousand white settlers came into the South in 1906, and bought two million acres of land.

While the States of the South still constitute the principal agricultural division of the nation, it was clearly inevitable that its changed economic point of view should cause this section to cease to be merely a producer of raw materials, and become a converter of these raw materials into useful products. The Southerner did not have to learn this industrial habit. He simply had to re-learn it, for he fought hard to make head against the logic of slave economics and the mental paralysis caused by the protective tariff. From 1845 to 1860 he built more miles of railroad than the New England and Middle States, and expended over sixty millions on mills and factories. Slavery gone and its point of view effaced, the whole process seemed clearer and worked itself out easier. Five hundred million pounds of cotton is an average South Carolina crop. Thirty years ago, Massachusetts bought this crop at 7 cents per pound, leaving $35,000,000 in South Carolina pockets. Massachusetts then converted it into cloth at 20 cents per pound, and turned

into her own pockets $100,000,000. Converted into finer forms of cloth, the net return might well be $200,000,000 and upward, almost without limit. South Carolina now does her own converting into cloth and keeps the $100,000,000 change.

Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, in an illuminating article in the *Review of Reviews* for February, 1906, has declared that no country ever dominated, as does the South, an industry of such value and importance as the cotton crop. Mr. Edmonds substantiates this statement by an amazing array of facts and figures. William L. Yancey and Robert Toombs, and men of their stamp, were not far wrong when they saw a vision of industrial power based on cotton, that fired their imaginations and caused them to cry, "Cotton is King." Their stumbling-block was slave labor. Slave labor is now gone and the legitimate sovereignty of cotton is an assured fact. Three-fourths of this great crop, which must be relied on to clothe civilization, and in the exploitation of which, two billions of capital are used, is raised in the South. It is a stupendous God-made monopoly. To-day, the South has invested, in 777 mills, with their 9,200,000 spindles, $225,000,000, as against $21,000,000 twenty-five years ago. The fields of the South furnish the raw material for three-fourths of the mills of all the world with their 110,000,000 spindles. The South now consumes 2,300,000 bales, which is about the amount consumed by the rest of the country and is a four-fold increase over its consumption in 1890. Mr. Edmonds estimates that if the time should ever come when we can spin and weave all of our present crop, we would need 7,770 mills to do it, and the world at large would need an annual crop of thirty million bales. This three-fold increase of the crop can be brought about by increasing, by means of improved agriculture, the productivity of the land, and by the reclamation of land along the Mississippi Valley. If this increase could be accomplished; if the labor could be found to handle it; if the markets for it could be secured in such volume that the price could remain near to its present standard; and, if our capacity to spin and weave our share of the increase could be maintained, the Southern States of America would become the richest portion of the earth. The present value of the cotton crop, raw material and manufactured product, is about $1,250,000,000. Trebled in value, it would

amount to three or four billions annually. It is easy to lose one's judgment in this mounting mass of values, but one thing seem very clear: The opportunity to develop the potentialities of cotton, in field and in mill, to train and handle the labor involved in the development, which would cover the whole field of the poor white, the immigrant and the negro, to evolve the financial genius to move and market this world staple, makes of the Southern States a field for industrial talent and industrial leadership unsurpassed in the world.

It was not difficult to perceive that what was true of cotton might be true also of wood, iron, and wool, and the whole world of raw materials. Six thousand enterprises proposing to convert such raw materials into salable products began operation in the South in 1906. To-day it is using its own accumulated wealth as working capital. Its total property values in 1908 exceed those of 1860 by $6,000,000,000. In the decennial period, 1890-1900, the value of all manufactured products increased $1,250,000,000, and the estimated increase of the true value of Southern property in the past six years has been at the rate of three million a day. On the basis of percentage of increase the South's gain within the last six years is 48 per cent, and that of the rest of the Union 32 per cent. In other words, the old patriarchal staple States in twenty years must become the fiercest industrial region in America, converting into useful articles the splendid wealth of its fields and forests and mines. The giant agent that has made and will continue to make all of this industrial energy profitable, must be the railroad. We are engaged just now in chastising, somewhat hysterically, the spirit of this great giant, and it unquestionably needed regulation, but we shall be merely stupid or self-destructive if we let ourselves forget either its statesmanlike part in our present upbuilding, or our absolute dependence upon it and its imperial methods for our future growth. It is well to settle the fact that the railroad is a public servant, but a solemn duty rests upon our legislatures to-day to approach the study of the railroad and its problems with the patient, scientific care that its importance, as the greatest of all industrial servants, demands.

Passing from the field of accomplishment to the field of character, three sturdy achievements appear:

1. The ability of the Southern people to maintain their character unmodified and their spirit so unweakened by appalling political misfortune and economic adversity, as to enable them to transmute the discipline of defeat and suffering into strength for permanent rebuilding.

2. Their refusal as yet to surrender their moral loyalties and their social and religious conservatism to the grandeurs and temptations of an epoch pre-occupied with conquest and acquisition. The fancied home of the cavalier is the home of the nearest approach to puritanism and to the most vital protestant evangelicalism in the world to-day. We may attribute some of this conserving power to homogeneity, absence of urban masses, or provincialism. One man out of one hundred and thirty in the Southern States is of foreign extraction or birth, and hence older ideals linger more stubbornly, but essentially it is due to the sincerity of Southern life during the period of endurance, its poverty-bred simplicity, its belated appearance on the plane of industrial ambitions, and its ancient conception of government as something to serve and not something to use and profit by. It seems to me a God-send to America that a good section of it is not yet quite "up-to-date."

3. The emphasis of Southern thought has finally passed from an exaggerated individualism to a firm belief in the potential value of the common man as the truest asset of a democracy. One hears more of communities and their aspirations and their developing genius for concerted action, than of individuals and their ambitions. Galveston, New Orleans, Atlanta, Richmond, Memphis, and such cities, now hold the stage as centres of thrilling civic evolution, rather than any picturesque individuals symbolizing those communities.

The social centre of gravity of the South to-day is neither the court house nor the hustings, but the schoolhouse and the university, and its prevailing mood is social sympathy.

The lasting literature of the period, the literature of Harris and Allen, and Page and Craddock, in its closer touch with mankind at large, in its consideration for the qualities of humble folks, its divorce from overwrought sentiment, and its democratic sympathy, reveals, as in a looking-glass, this change of spirit. The unusual honesty of state and municipal governments in the South for thirty years is simply a survival of old

usage, but superadded to this ancient habit may now be noted, not only a strong sense of social obligation, but a definite expression of moral enthusiasm for plain men and women. The most vivid illustration of this moral enthusiasm is the present prohibition movement. The phenomenon of the conquest of the State of Kentucky by the prohibition idea cannot be lightly accounted for, nor accounted for at all, save on the theory that it is a definite expression of moral leadership and moral purpose determined to sweep out of the way of struggling men and women desperate evils and temptations besetting them as they reach toward a finer life. This movement, however lacking in finality, is simply a symbol of an altered social point of view.

Southern politics is permeated with this thought of social progress and community effort. One often hears with regret that the supreme question of the domination of the white race has brought about political conditions in which only one party exists. But this is not quite true. Within the dominant party there are two parties under one name; both standing in varying degree for growth and progress in community-life though relying for differentiation too much on personalities and non-essentials, very much as our national parties do to-day. The ante-bellum Southern voter was perhaps the best informed man in America on national politics, and decidedly careless as to the needs of his own township. He knew all about the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, and did not pester himself about the local schoolhouse. Now, Kansas, like the primrose by the river's brim, is just the plainest sort of Kansas to him, and Nebraska is chiefly interesting as saving him the trouble, every now and then, of deciding for whom to vote for president. Now his interest in the Philippines, or even the presidency, is mild as compared to his zeal for the schools and roads of his county. It is the era of domestic politics, and of absorption of the people and the politicians in the welfare of the masses at home. Consulships and ministers plenipotentiary are as remote to his political taste as old wine or caviare to the palate of the working man. This detachment from national politics is an abnormal and a temporary political condition. For the South's sake and the nation's sake, this condition must pass, for the Southerner is an able, healthy-minded political animal, who enjoys having a hand in his country's government, and his country will be

lacking in good sense if she doesn't find a way to make use of his kind of strength. The reuniting of Southern political ability to national service must wait upon time to free it utterly from hesitation and fear arising out of the issues due to the presence of the African in our society and the influence upon our nerves of old horrid memories. When a perception of actual conditions and the spread of intelligence has swept this fear out of the minds of the masses of the people, they will also sweep out the reign of any leadership dependent on that fear. There will be a rebirth of party government, and two or more parties representing the intelligence and patriotism of these states will divide, debate, and consider issues on their merits. An inherently capable and pure political genius will be unloosed and made free to play upon complex and vital national questions. There may be observed to-day a constantly increasing number of men, ready to manifest their independence by voting for candidates of either wing of the dominant party, or of either party especially in national affairs, whenever by so doing, they believe they can best advance the public welfare.

Neither solid North nor solid South can then obtrude their opaque masses between just principles and the vision of patriotic men. Southern men, neither better nor abler, personally, than some now timidly and in desperation mentioned for the presidency, will naturally win the presidency, because they will incarnate the things the people desire a president for. After a half century of national effacement, the South is cool-headed enough to know that the regaining of its prestige in federal politics will be brought about in no frantic, hysterical way, but by educational influences and profound changes in point of view. When some strong Southerner like Daniel, or Culberson, or Williams, or Hoke Smith, harnesses himself to the idea of tariff reform, or to some patient, scientific method of establishing sympathetic relations between industrialism and democracy, or to some just equation between the powers of a growing nation, and the constitutional rights and duties of the separate States, and drives these ideas into the minds of the American people, no outworn bugaboos can keep such a man out of the highest service needed by the country.

Notwithstanding all these considerations, it is my belief

that this Southern detachment from national affairs has been a good and necessary thing for the era just passing, affording to the men of that region freer opportunity to emphasize local self-government, to re-discover it, as it were, in concrete ways, to perceive the identity of things social and political, to set up neighborhood unity and self-sacrifice in public affairs as proper ideals of growth; to learn, in short, to depend upon themselves, instead of upon federal direction or federal support. It is a strange happening that, by an absolute reversal of social emphasis, the Southerner should again find himself, not only defending metaphysically his old best-loved dogma of local self-government as the very core of democracy, but re-rooting it in the popular heart as a form of efficient machinery for beautifying and enriching the State.

As our revolutionary age demanded human enthusiasm, and our Civil War period steadfast courage, and our industrial period imagination and daring, and our rebuilding a faith in education and sympathy with men, so for adequate leadership in the new age about to be, the Southerner is developing an increasing scientific mindedness in intellectual approach and mental habit. I mean by the scientific-minded man one who observes closely, who has mental patience, who thinks with his brain, and not with his emotions, who is satisfied with the whole truth and with nothing less. His reverence is for the past, but it is tempered with the common-sense patriotism which gives him enthusiasm for the future. He is at home in the Republic, and a sense of mastery of the methods of his age, and a perception of his kinship to all the world, have freed his energies and widened his vision. He has not attained wholly the ideal mental condition. He would be rather lonesome in America, if he had reached it; but he is moving that way.

I mean by common-sense patriotism, the patriotism that impels a man to make things better about him, to sympathize with the plain man at his task, and the child of that plain man reaching up into life, to have a hand in building cities, and in rescuing waste lands, to shed light and hope, if he can, upon multitudes of both races reaching up after better things.

Steadfastness of spirit and purity of thought about public service have been stamped into the life of the South by its

strange, sad history. There are now added to these moral tonics, social sympathy and practical faith in common man, and these new ideas have been won out of such experience as to guarantee their genuineness and permanence. This nation should not forget that such qualities are spiritual forces needed to combat coarse power and indifferentism to finer issues. Industrialism must modify but will not wholly destroy this spiritual quality. Our country is a venerable example of Republican Government, but, after all, as a society, it is young and unformed. The golden age of the Southern half of this unformed society is about to dawn—an age of wealth, of buoyant power, of freedom to run an unhindered race. Golden ages are the ages of danger to the character of individuals or peoples. The eternal merits and treasures of our risen empire, standing upon the threshold of its golden age of peril and opportunity, believe me, my friends, are not its mighty potencies of wealth, but a clear idealism bred in the bone, a tutelage of fidelity, an instinct for integrity, an aptitude for ethical insight powerful enough to steady the course of this great experiment as it encounters its recurring moral crises, and to contribute abundantly to the realization of the old hopes and faiths that give such solemnity and majesty to American beginnings.

THE ORATORY OF ANGLO-SAXON COUNTRIES

By EDWARD A. ALLEN

[Introduction to 'The World's Best Orations,' 1899. By permission of the Ferd. P. Kaiser Publishing Company.]

THE English-speaking nations of the earth have always been the freest people, the greatest lovers of liberty, the world has ever known. Long before English history properly begins, the pen of Tacitus reveals to us our forefathers in their old homeland in North Germany beating back the Roman legions under Varus, and staying the progress of Rome's triumphant car whose mighty wheels had crushed Hannibal, Jugurtha, Vercingetorix, and countless thousands in every land. The Germanic ancestors of the English race were the only people that did not bend the neck to the lords of all the world besides. In the year 9, when the Founder of Christianity was playing about his

humble home at Nazareth or watching his father at work in his shop, our forefathers dealt Rome a blow from which she never recovered. As Freeman, late professor of history at Oxford, said in one of his lectures, "in the blow by the Teutoberg wood was the germ of the Declaration of Independence, the surrender at Yorktown." Arminius was our first Washington, *"haud dubie liberator,"* as Tacitus calls him, the savior of his country.

When the time came for expansion, and our forefathers in the fifth century began the conquest and settlement of the island that was to become their New England, they pushed out the Celts, the native inhabitants of the island, just as a thousand years later their descendants were to push out the indigenous people of this continent, to make way for a higher civilization, a larger destiny. No Englishman ever saw an armed Roman in England, and though traces of the Roman conquest may be seen everywhere in that country to-day, it is sometimes forgotten that it was the Britain of the Celts, not the England of the English, which was held for so many centuries as a province of Rome.

The same love of freedom that resisted the Roman invasion in the first home of the English was no less strong in their second home, when Alfred with his brave yeomen withstood the invading Danes at Ashdown and Edington, and saved England from becoming a Danish province. It is true that the Normans, by one decisive battle, placed a French king on the throne of England, but the English spirit of freedom was never subdued; it rose superior to the conquerors of Hastings, and in the end English speech and English freedom gained the mastery.

The sacred flame of freedom has burned in the hearts of the Anglo-Saxon race through all the centuries of our history, and this spirit of freedom is reflected in our language and in our oratory. There never have been wanting English orators when English liberty seemed to be imperiled; indeed, it may be said that the highest oratory has always been coincident with the deepest aspirations of freedom.

It is said of Pitt—the younger, I believe—that he was fired to oratory by reading the speeches in Milton's Paradise Lost. These speeches—especially those of Satan, the most human of

the characters in this noble epic—when analyzed and traced to their source, are neither Hebrew nor Greek, but English to the core. They are imbued with the English spirit, with the spirit of Cromwell, with the spirit that beat down oppression at Marston Moor, and ushered in a freer England at Naseby. In the earlier Milton of a thousand years before, whether the work of Caedmon or of some other English muse, the same spirit is reflected in Anglo-Saxon words. Milton's Satan is more polished, better educated, thanks to Oxford and Cambridge, but the spirit is essentially one with that of the ruder poet, and this spirit, I maintain, is English.

The dry annals of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle are occasionally lighted up with a gleam of true eloquence, as in the description of the battle of Brunanburh which breaks forth into a pean of victory. Under the year 991, there is mention of a battle at Maldon, between the English and the Danes, in which great heroism must have been displayed, for it inspired at the time one of the most patriotic outbursts of song to be found in the whole range of English literature. During an enforced truce, because of a swollen stream that separated the two armies, a messenger is sent from the Danes to Byrhtnoth, leader of the English forces, with a proposition to purchase peace with English gold. Byrhtnoth, angry and resolute, gave him this answer:

"Hearest thou, pirate, what this folk sayeth? They will give you spears for tribute, weapons that will avail you nought in battle. Messenger of the vikings, get thee back, take to thy people a sterner message, that here stands a fearless earl, who with his band will defend this land, the home of Aethelred, my prince, folk and fold. Too base it seems to me that ye go without battle to your ships with our money, now that ye have come thus far into our country; ye shall not so easily obtain treasure. Spear and sword, grim battle-play, shall decide between us ere we pay tribute."

Though the battle was lost and Byrhtnoth slain, the spirit of the man is an English inheritance. It is the same spirit that refused ship-money to Charles I. and tea-money to George III.

The encroachments of tyranny and the stealthier step of royal prerogative have shrunk before this spirit that through the centuries has inspired the noblest oratory of England and

America. It not only inspired the great orators of the mother country; it served at the same time as a bond of sympathy with the American colonies in their struggle for freedom. Burke, throughout his great speech on Conciliation, never lost sight of this idea.

So, too, in the speeches of Chatham, the great commoner, whose eloquence has never been surpassed, an intense spirit of liberty, the animating principle of his life, shines out above all things else. Though opposed to the independence of the colonies, he could not restrain his admiration for the spirit they manifested.

Wherever the principles of Anglo-Saxon freedom and the rights of man have been at stake, the all-animating voice of the orator has kept alive the sacred flame. In the witenagemote of the earlier kings, in the parliament of the later kings, in the Massachusetts town-meeting and in the Virginia House of Burgesses, in the legislature of every state and in the congress of the United States, wherever in Anglo-Saxon countries the torch of liberty seemed to burn low, the breath of the orator has fanned it into flame. It fired the eloquence of Sheridan pleading against Warren Hastings, for the down-trodden natives of India in words that have not lost their magnetic charm. It aroused the enthusiasm of Samuel Adams and James Otis to such a pitch of eloquence that "every man who heard them went away ready to take up arms." It inspired Patrick Henry to hurl his defiant alternative of "liberty or death" in the face of unyielding despotism. It inspired that great-hearted patriot and orator, Henry Clay, in the first quarter of this century, to plead, single-handed and alone, in the congress of the United States, session after session, before the final victory was won, for the recognition of the provinces of South America in their struggle for independence. It loosed the tongue of Wendell Phillips to plead the cause of the enslaved African in words that burned into the hearts of his countrymen. It emboldened George William Curtis to assert the right to break the shackles of party politics and follow the dictates of conscience.

So long as there are wrongs to be redressed, so long as the strong oppress the weak, so long as injustice sits in high places, the voice of the orator will be needed to plead for the rights of

man. He may not, at this stage of the republic, be called upon to sound a battle-cry to arms, but there are bloodless victories to be won, as essential to the stability of a great nation and the uplifting of its millions of people as the victories of the battle-field.

When the greatest of modern political philosophers, the author of the Declaration of Independence, urged that, if men were left free to declare the truth, the effect of its great positive forces would overcome the negative forces of error, he seems to have hit the central fact of civilization. Without freedom of thought and absolute freedom to speak out the truth as one sees it, there can be no advancement, no high civilization. To the orator who has heard the call of humanity, what nobler aspiration than to enlarge and extend the freedom we have inherited from our Anglo-Saxon fathers, and to defend the hope of the world?

THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS

ANONYMOUS

[This sermon first appeared about the year 1850 in a New Orleans paper. It is reprinted in Burton's 'Cyclopædia of Wit and Humor' (1858) and Watterson's 'Oddities in Southern Life and Character' (1882). The scene is a village on the Mississippi.]

I MAY say to you, my brethring, that I am not an edicated man, an' I am not one of them as believes that edication is necessary for a Gospel minister, for I believe the Lord edicates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edicated; an' although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gets bigger congregations nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my brethring, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I must say to you, my brethring, that I'm a Hard Shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hard Shell Baptists, but I'd rather have a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethring, dressed up in fine clothes; you mout think I am proud, but I am not proud, my brethring, and although I've been a preacher of the gospel for twenty years, an' although I'm capting of the flatboat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my brethring.

I am not gwine to tell you edzactly whar my tex may be found; suffice to say, it's in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhar between the first chapter of the book of Generations, and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and ef you'll go and search the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many other texes as will do you good to read, and my tex, when you shall find it to read thus:—

"And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

My text, my brethring, leads me to speak of sperits. Now, thar's a great many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fuss place, thar's the sperits as some folks call ghosts, and thar's the sperits uv turpentine, and thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, an' I've got as good an artikel of them kind of sperits on my flatboat as ever was fotch down the Mississippi river; but thar's a great many other kinds of sperits, for the tex says, "He played on a harp uv a *t-h-o-u-s*-and strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is meant in the tex, is FIRE. That's the kind uv sperits as is meant in the tex, my brethering. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fuss place there's the common sort of fire you light your cigar or pipe with, and then thar's foxfire and camphire, fire before you're ready, and fire and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex says, "He played on the harp uv a *thousand* strings, sperits of jest men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is ment in the tex, my brethring—it's Hell Fire! and that's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin'—for "He played on a harp uv a *thous*and strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

Now, the different sorts of fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the first place we have the Piscapalions, an' they are a high sailin' and high-falutin' set, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up, and up, and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know, he cums down, and down, and down, and is a fillin' himself on the carkiss of a dead hoss by the

side of the road, and "He played on a harp uv a *thous*and strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

And then thar's the Methodis, and they may be likened unto the squirril runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodis beleeves in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfection, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he cums kerflumix and that's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallen from grace, ah! and "He played on a harp uv a *thous*and strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

And then, my brethring, thar's the Baptist, ah! and they have been likened unto a possum on a 'simmon tree, and thunders may roll and the earth may quake, but that possum clings thar still, ah! and you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the limb, and clings, and he clings furever, for "He played on the harp uv a *thous*and strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

WIT, HUMOR, AND ANECDOTE

By CHAMP CLARK

['Modern Eloquence,' volume X. By permission of John D. Morris and Co.]

MANY persons who never had a bright idea in their heads or a generous sentiment in their hearts, assuming an air of owlish wisdom, affect to disdain wit and humor and to be vastly superior to the practitioners thereof, forgetting, or most likely never having heard of the great truth enunciated by Charles Lamb: "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

In most instances it is a case of sour grapes. To be disparaged is the penalty which brilliancy must pay to dullness. It is natural for jealous souls to belittle those qualities which they do not possess. It is a mean sort of egotism, a vainglorious pride, which is apt to have a sudden fall.

As the non-humorous and unwitty constitute the overwhelming majority, they have succeeded, partially at least, by dint of ceaseless iteration, in propagating the idea that mental dryness is indicative of wisdom and that a wit or humorist is

lacking in the substantial qualities of mind—all of which is mere moonshine.

It was the success of the theory of the dry-as-dusts which forced Tom Corwin in his old days, in an address to a law class, to utter this pathetic plaint: "Young men, if you desire a reputation for wisdom, never joke; be as solemn as an ass!" Considering who said it, that is one of the saddest sentiments ever fashioned by human lips, for he went to his grave in the firm belief that his reputation as a wit and humorist had cost him the chief magistracy of the Republic. But in that he was mistaken; it was his speech against the Mexican War—by far the greatest he ever made, and one of the greatest ever delivered in the Senate of the United States—which removed him forever from the list of Presidential possibilities.

No sane person would elect to be cooped up with another who is witty or humorous on all occasions, any more than he would desire to dwell in a land of perpetual day; but sunshine is a good thing, nevertheless. So are wit and its cousin humor. King Solomon tells us that there is a time for every purpose under the heaven—a time to weep and a time to laugh.

Laughter is the sweetest music that ever greeted the human ear, and the chief purpose of wit and humor is to produce laughter.

Henry Ward Beecher, who was created for enjoyment, once said: "If a horse had not been intended to go, he would not have had the 'go' in him." Wit and humor, like all other of the numberless and precious gifts of God to man, undoubtedly have their proper uses. They help to float a heavy speech and give wings to solid argument. A brilliant sally, a sparkling epigram, a "fetching" simile, a happy *mot*, an *apropos* anecdote, may extricate one from a perilous predicament, where all else would utterly fail.

For example, take the case of Tom Corwin whose splendid genius lighted up and glorified the age in which he lived. While the anti-slavery agitation was becoming acute and the Abolitionists growing strong enough to defeat candidates, though still too weak to elect them, Corwin—who was swart as Othello—being a candidate for Congress, was once addressing an open-air meeting in Southern Ohio, and doing his best to offend no one, when a wily and malicious auditor, in

order to unhorse him, interrupted him with the query: "Are you in favor of a law permitting colored people to eat at the same tables with white folks in hotels and on steamboats?" "Black Tom" did not follow the Scriptural injunction: "Let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay." That was too concise and direct for the end he had in view, which was to dodge, or, in prize-ring parlance, to "duck." If he should answer, "Yea," all the pro-slavery votes would be cast against him and he would be defeated. Should he answer "Nay," the Abolitionists would defeat him. He answered neither "Yea" nor "Nay,"—but his dark, mobile countenance shining with the gladness of certain victory—he replied: "Fellow citizens, I submit that it is improper to ask that question of a gentleman of my color!" The crowd, delirious with delight, yelled itself hoarse and the "Wagon-Boy" carried the day and election. Now, I propound to a candid world this pertinent question: Could any dry-as-dust statesman have escaped the net of the fowler as easily and gracefully as did Corwin? I think not.

The truth is that the man who is dowered with wit and humor is in first-class intellectual company—with Shakespeare and Bacon; Swift and Sheridan; Jerrold and Sydney Smith; with Dickens and Thackeray; Curran and Lamb; with Burns and Byron, and countless master-spirits of the older world; and with our own Washington Irving, Tom Marshall, and George D. Prentice; with Sargent S. Prentiss; with Lowell and Holmes and Lincoln; with "Sunset" Cox, Henry Watterson, and Proctor Knott; with Hoar, Ingersoll, and Thomas B. Reed; with Justice Harlan and George C. Vest; and with a bright and shining host of statesmen, orators, poets, and literati —not to mention all the professionals from "John Phoenix" to "Mark Twain."

It is a significant fact, pertinent here and well calculated to furnish food for reflection, that the three most distinguished living New York humorists are now comfortably located in these downy berths: Joseph H. Choate is Ambassador to Great Britain; General Horace Porter is Ambassador to France; Chauncey Mitchell Depew is United States Senator. It may also be interesting to state that one of the most illustrious New Yorkers of the last generation, William Maxwell Evarts, the

foremost lawyer of his time, owed his world-wide fame as much to his wit as to his legal attainments; and he filled the great offices of Attorney-General, Secretary of State, and Senator of the United States. It is safe to say that Dr. Talmage's humorous faculty has netted him over a quarter of a million on the lecture platform, and Governor Bob Taylor's has placed him in the ranks of rich Tennesseeans.

Unless Republicans as well as republics are ungrateful, they will some day erect a magnificent monument to their pioneer, Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, whose irresistible humor compelled the attention of men who were ready to stone his sober-minded companions.

This is *par excellence* the land of orators. Here within the life of the Republic—a mere span in the history of the human race—the divine gift of moving the mind and heart by the power of spoken words has been bestowed upon more men than in all the rest of the world since the confusion of tongues at the unfinished Tower of Babel. By universal acclaim Demosthenes is *the* Grecian orator, Cicero *the* Roman orator, Mirabeau *the* French orator, Castelar *the* Spanish orator, and Edmund Burke, *the* English orator. Their "right there is none to dispute." Who is *the* American orator? Ask that question of any American audience and there will be a score of answers, precipitating a heated wrangle.

The universal gift of utterance in America renders appropriate, haply instructive, a discussion and illustration of the use of wit, humor, and anecdote in public speech, for all use them who can and they are found in every species of public speech—bar none. Henry Ward Beecher enlivened many of his sermons with them, as did John Smith of Kentucky and Missouri, commonly called "Raccoon" John Smith, because he was once remunerated in raccoon skins for pronouncing the marriage ceremony. He was famous in the Southwest as one of the great pioneers in the religious reformation with which the name of Alexander Campbell is forever associated in the nickname of "Campbellite." In our time Sam Jones has rivaled Beecher and Smith in this respect. Of course all three have been severaly criticised as innovators; but imitation is the sincerest flattery, and scores of young preachers pattern after them with various measures of success and applause.

One of the greatest surprises of my life was to discover that some genius had compiled and published a volume with the rather startling title of "The Wit and Humor of the Bible." I once made the round of the St. Louis bookstores in quest of that "curiosity of literature." From the furtive manner in which the clerks glanced at me out of the tails of their eyes, I incline to the opinion that they thought I was suffering from incipient lunacy.

After all, it must be confessed that the use of wit, humor, and anecdote—*i.e.*, amusing anecdote—in sermons or in funeral orations is meager and of rather a lugubrious effect. They are used most frequently and most appropriately at the bar, on the stump, in Congress, on the platform, and in after-dinner speeches.

The most famous after-dinner speech within the memory of any living man is that of Henry W. Grady at the banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York in 1886. It is a rich mine of eloquence, wit, humor, and anecdote. To illustrate the power of faith, he told this story, which is perfect: "There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: 'When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was'—then turning the page—'one hundred and forty cubits' long, forty cubits wide, built of gopherwood, and covered with pitch inside and out.' He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: 'My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made!' "

I once heard Vice-President Garret A. Hobart in an after-dinner speech in Washington, speaking to an audience made up largely of newspaper men, utter this *mot:* "Since I have been in office, I have given the newspaper men everything they asked of me—except my confidence!" which was enjoyed immensely by all his hearers, especially by the newspaper men themselves.

Hon. Joseph H. Choate is no less celebrated as a post-prandial orator than as a lawyer. Nothing verbal could be

more delicious than his description of the dinners of the New England Society of New York as "those gatherings of an unhappy company of Pilgrims who meet annually at Delmonico's to drown the sorrows and sufferings of their ancestors in the flowing bowl, and to contemplate their own virtues in the mirror of history." At one of those dinners he proposed the following toast, which contains more wit than do most witty speeches: "Women, the better half of the Yankee world—at whose tender summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers stood, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides."

New-Yorkers agree that either Choate or Chauncey M. Depew is the finest after-dinner speaker on earth. Some one says: "At an annual dinner of the St. Nicholas Society Choate was down for the toast, 'The Navy,' while Depew was to respond to 'The Army.' Depew began by saying, 'It's well to have a specialist: that's why Choate is here to speak about the Navy. We met at the wharf once and I never saw him again until we reached Liverpool. When I asked how he felt he said he thought he would have enjoyed the trip over if he had had any ocean air. Yes, you want to hear Choate on the Navy.' Choate responded: 'I've heard Depew hailed as the greatest after-dinner speaker. If after-dinner speaking as I have heard it described and as I believe it to be, is the art of saying nothing at all, then Dr. Depew is the most marvellous speaker in the universe.' "

In joint discussions on the stump every weapon in the mental armory is brought into service. In that species of public speech wit and humor are invaluable and are most used—especially that sort known as repartee. By far the most memorable performance in that line was the series of debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas in 1858. The United States senatorship was the prize directly in sight, but both looked beyond that to the presidency as their goal. In winning the senatorship Douglas lost the presidency to Lincoln. Unlike in everything except ambition, they were most

equally matched, each being wondrously strong. They had known each other from early manhood and were on the friendliest footing; but they laid on and spared not, being none too particular about "hitting below the belt." On one occasion Douglas sneeringly referred to the fact that he once saw Lincoln retailing whiskey. "Yes," replied Lincoln, "it is true that the first time I saw Judge Douglas I was selling whiskey by the drink. I was on the inside of the bar and the Judge was on the outside: I busy selling, he busy buying"—which is about as neat a retort as the annals of the stump afford—rich but not malicious. It perhaps had a greater effect on the audience than if Lincoln had spent an hour talking about temperance in general and his own temperance in particular.

On the stump, in a hot campaign, it is not the elegance of an anecdote that tells so much as its pointedness, snappiness, above all, its applicability. Probably no better story-teller than former Lieutenant-Governor David A. Ball of Missouri ever stood before an American audience. In 1896 he was trying to persuade the Gold Democrats that notwithstanding the fact that they differed with the regulars on the financial issue, they agreed with them on so many others that they ought to vote for Bryan anyway. He wound up that part of his speech as follows: "How would a mossback Missouri Democrat look voting with the Republicans? I will tell you. Up in Pike county an old chap undertook to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind bridle. Just as he was about dead his son cut him down. The old man rubbed his eyes and said: 'John, if you had let me alone a minute longer, I would have been in heaven!' 'Yes,' replied the boy, 'you would have cut a devil of a figure in heaven looking through a blind bridle, wouldn't you?' And that," concluded Governor Ball, "is the way a Missouri Democrat would look voting for a Republican under any circumstances whatsoever!" I have heard that anecdote told all the way from the Atlantic to the Rockies, and it invariably brought down the house.

One of my predecessors in Congress, now a leader of the St. Louis bar, Colonel David Patterson Dyer, owes his advancement in life fully as much to his wit and humor as to his professional attainments. He is an intense Republican and was sent to Congress during the reconstruction period, though

his Democratic opponent received a large majority of the votes cast. He understands thoroughly the philosophy which teaches that a soft answer turneth away wrath. He is *persona grata* to his old Democratic constituents and though he tongue-lashes them dreadfully, they turn out in large numbers to hear him when he comes back to his old home to speak. Once in a while, however, he presumes too much upon their personal affection and nothing except his readiness at repartee saves him from serious trouble. For example, when he was a candidate for re-election to Congress he was making a speech in which he was imputing to the Democrats all the sins denounced in the decalogue and a great many which are not mentioned in that comprehensive document, when an irascible Democratic veteran exclaimed: "Shut up! You were never elected to Congress in the first place!" Dyer looked at him a moment in a quizzical sort of way and replied: "Well, my old friend, any blamed fool can serve in Congress who is elected, but it takes an unusually smart one to serve there who was never elected!" —a happy shot which restored the *entente cordiale* between the Colonel and his Democratic auditors.

Allen V. Cockrell, a brilliant Washington litterateur, gives this felicitous account of how ex-Senator Edward O. Wolcott of Colorado once rescued himself from a ticklish position by a happy use of wit: "During his twelve years of senatorial service the Coloradoan has won for himself the honor of being about the most eloquent Republican in the Senate. In addition to his oratorical talent, he is wonderfully clever at campaign repartee. This gift was well demonstrated before he became nationally known, when he was sent to a Southern State to advocate Republicanism. At a certain place he was politely informed that the 'rally' would begin and end about the same time, and that not since 1883 had any Republican been permitted to finish a speech there. Wolcott was determined, however, and upon learning that the citizens, as a rule, were kind enough to permit the speakers to get out of town and fill their next appointment, he concluded to make his speech as billed. The chairman was instructed to dispense with the music and introduce him to the audience in as few words as possible. The advice was followed a little too literally.

He simply pointed at the audience and then at the speaker, and disappeared behind the scenes.

"Wolcott began his speech at once, with one of his best stories. The audience was separated, the colored folk all being in the gallery, and only white people below. In about five minutes Wolcott's discretion was overcome by his Republicanism, and he made a pointed thrust at the opponent party, whereupon a body of young men in the center of the theater shouted in concert, 'Rats!' Wolcott paused for a moment, and then, waving his hand at the gallery, said, 'Waiter, come down and take the Chinamen's orders!' The effect was electrical and effectual. In laughingly referring to the incident afterward, the Senator said: 'You should have seen that dusky hillside of faces in the gallery break into ledges of pearl!'"

Occasionally the humor at a public speaking comes from the audience instead of the speaker. Sometimes the humorous auditor makes a hit unconsciously. Notwithstanding the fact that in the summer of 1900 I indulged in the luxury of some twenty-five joint political lectures—really "knock-down-and-drag-out" political discussions, but denominated lectures because they were delivered at Chautauqua assemblies—with Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa and Representatives Charles H. Grosvenor of Ohio and Charles B. Landis of Indiana, and in addition thereto heard several other Republican orators of great repute, my candid and well-considered opinion is that the best Republican stump speech that I heard during that campaign was delivered by one of my stanchest friends, personal and political, a well-to-do farmer in the district which I have the honor to represent. He voted the Democratic ticket straight from Bryan down to constable—never voted or thought of voting anything else in his life. His speech, which consisted of only one short sentence, was injected into mine, which consumed about an hour and a half in delivery. It came about in this wise: One very hot day in August I was making a Democratic speech in a magnificent grove up in Ralls County. at a Modern Woodmen's picnic. My friend Enoch G. Matson, popularly known as "Nuck," was standing directly in front of me, about five feet distant, listening intently to what I had to say. I was mauling the Republicans, with all the power I possessed, about their policy and conduct in the Philippines.

declaring that they were ignoring the Declaration of Independence, overthrowing the Constitution, and otherwise deporting themselves in an unseemly and un-American fashion. After I had been going on for about forty-five minutes Matson remarked *sotto voce:* "Well, I guess we can stand it as long as beef cattle are five cents a pound on the hoof!" That was the gist of the whole argument which carried the Middle and Western States for the Republicans. I have always thought it lucky for me that no quick-witted newspaper man was within ear-shot of "Nuck" when he uttered his ejaculation. If that dangerous epigram had ever got into print, I should not have heard the last of it till the polls closed.

While a man may be both humorist and anecdote-teller, it does not necessarily follow that because he is one he is also the other. The best anecdote-teller, pure and simple, who has been in Congress in the last ten years is Hon. W. Jasper Talbert of South Carolina, who will probably be the next Governor of the Palmetto State. He is a free trader of the Henry George sort. In order to illustrate his theory of the operation of the high protective tariff as it affects the different sections of the country, he told this story in a speech in the House: "Down in my district a boy went to mill for the first time, and did not understand the *modus operandi.* So when the miller took out the toll, the boy thought he had stolen it; but as it was a small matter he said nothing about it. When the miller took up the sack, poured all the rest of the corn into the hopper, and threw the sack on the floor, the little chap thought he had stolen that too, and he thought furthermore that it was high time for him to take his departure. Consequently he grabbed the empty bag and started home as fast as his legs could carry him. The miller, deeming the boy crazy, pursued him. The boy beat him in the race home, and fell down in the yard out of breath. His father ran out and said: 'My son, what is the matter?' Whereupon the boy replied: 'That old fat rascal up at the mill stole all my corn and gave me an awful race for the sack!' Now," said Mr. Talbert, "that illustrates the working of the high protective tariff precisely. The tariff barons have been skinning the farmer for lo! these many years. They've gotten all our corn and now they are after the sack!"

Governor Charles T. O'Ferrall of Virginia, after several

years' service in the House of Representatives, retired with a great reputation for capacity and none for wit and humor; nevertheless he told one of the finest and most effective anecdotes ever heard in Congress. It was at the expense of William Bourke Cockran, whose fame as an orator extends all over the English-speaking world. Among his many qualifications for successful public speaking Cockran has a voice which would have aroused the envy of the Bull of Bashan, if that historic animal had ever heard the Tammany Demosthenes. It so happened that O'Ferrall and Cockran locked horns on a contested election case. Cockran's big voice was in prime condition and made the glass roof of the hall of the House rattle. O'Ferrall, though chairman of the Democratic Committee on Elections, advocated the seating of the Republican, for which Cockran assailed him bitterly and bombarded him with his heaviest artillery until everybody within half a mile was deaf with the noise. O'Ferrall began his reply as follows: "The remarks of the gentleman from New York remind me of a story of an old colored man down in Virginia who was riding a mule, and who was caught in a violent thunder-storm while passing through a dense forest. Being unable to make any headway except through the agency of the fitful flashes of lighting which occasionally revealed his surroundings, and becoming greatly alarmed at the loud and terrible peals of thunder which shook the earth and reverberated over his head, he at last appealed to the Throne of Grace in this fashion: 'O Lawd, if it's jes' the same to you, I'd rather hev a little less noise an' a little mo' light!' Now," concluded O'Ferrall, "we have had a hogshead of noise and would be thankful for a thimbleful of light on this important subject!"

The dry-as-dusts solemnly asserverate that humor never did any good. They are cock-sure of that. Now, let's see. How did Private John Allen of Mississippi get to Congress? He joked himself in. One "fetching" bit of humor sent him to Washington as a national lawmaker. The first time John ran for the congressional nomination his opponent was the Confederate General Tucker, who had fought gallantly during the Civil War and served with distinction two or three terms in Congress. They met on the stump. General Tucker closed one of his speeches as follows: "Seventeen years ago last

night, my fellow citizens, after a hard-fought battle on yonder hill, I bivouacked under yonder clump of trees. Those of you who remember as I do the times that tried men's souls will not, I hope, forget their humble servant when the primaries shall be held."

That was a strong appeal in those days, but John raised the general at his own game in the following amazing manner: "My fellow citizens, what General Tucker says to you about the engagement seventeen years ago on yonder hill is true. What General Tucker says to you about having bivouacked in yon clump of trees on that night is true. It is also true, my fellow citizens, that I was vedette picket and stood guard over him while he slept. Now then, fellow citizens, all of you who were generals and had privates to stand guard over you while you slept, vote for General Tucker; and all of you who were privates and stood guard over the generals while they slept, vote for Private John Allen!" The people caught on, took John at his word, and sent him to Congress, where he stayed till the world was filled with his renown.

It would perhaps be cruelty to animals to ask any or all of the dry-as-dusts to specify one piece of solemn wisdom which ever did as much for a congressional candidate as John's brief bit of humor did for him in his contest with General Tucker, and at the General's expense. Right or wrong, success is universally admitted to be the standard of merit, and by reason of his humor John Allen succeeded.

Of course, every Representative must make his "maiden speech" in Congress—that is, if he intends to try the oratorical caper at all. Much depends on that effort. The congressional tyro feels that the eyes of the House, of his constituents, perhaps of the whole country and of posterity, are fixed upon him. Generally he is mistaken as to the number of eyes rivetted upon him, but nevertheless he feels as he rises to say "Mr. Speaker" for the first time, that he is a sort of universal optical target, and so feeling he is liable to an attack of heart-failure or stage fright. Lucky the member who catches the ear of the House and of the country in delivering his "maiden speech." He is not only lucky. He is scarce—almost as scarce as hens' teeth.

In due time Private John Allen delivered his "maiden speech" in Congress. It proved to be one of the lucky ones,

and took an instant secure hold on the auricular appendage of the House, which he held as long as he occupied his seat. The members regarded Allen as a godsend—as a welcome and grateful relief from what the late lamented Mr. Mantalini would have denominated "the demnition horrid grind" of the congressional mill. John arose to make his "maiden speech" an obscure member. Next morning he awoke to find himself famous, as did Lord Byron after the publication of the opening cantos of "Childe Harold," and the fame of the Mississippi humorist was as fairly won and as justly bestowed as was that of the English poet.

The river and harbor bill was up. John wanted to offer an amendment making an appropriation for the Tombigbee River. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Willis of Kentucky, had promised him time and had then forgotten it. John asked unanimous consent to address the House, and Willis tried to help him get it, but some one objected, whereupon John, with tears in his voice and looking doleful as a hired mourner at a funeral, said with melancholy accent, "Well, I would at least like to have permission to print some remarks in the 'Record' and insert 'laughter and applause' in appropriate places." That was his astonishing exordium. The palpable hit at one of the most common abuses of the House—"leave to print"—tickled the members greatly, and he secured the unanimous consent which he desired. He closed that speech with an amazing exhibition of assurance, which added to his fame more than the speech itself. He wound up by saying, "Now, Mr. Speaker, having fully answered all the arguments of my opponents, I will retire to the cloak-room for a few moments, to receive the congratulations of admiring friends"—which set the House and galleries wild with delight. He did retire to the cloak-room, and did receive the congratulations of admiring friends —a performance which has been going on at frequent intervals ever since.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

By JOHN W. DANIEL

[Closing part of an oration delivered February 21, 1885, at the dedication of the Washington National Monument.]

But not yet was Washington's work accomplished. Peace dawned upon the weary land, and parting with his soldiers, he pleaded with them for union. "Happy, thrice happy, shall they be pronounced," he said, "who have contributed anything in erecting this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire; who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions." But still the foundations of the stupendous fabric trembled, and no cement held its stones together. It was then, with that thickening peril, Washington rose to his highest stature. Without civil station to call forth his utterance, impelled by the intrepid impulse of a soul that could not see the hope of a nation perish without leaping into the stream to save it, he addressed the whole People of America in a Circular to the Governors of the States: "Convinced of the importance of the crisis, silence in me," he said, "would be a crime. I will, therefore, speak the language of freedom and sincerity." He set forth the need of union in a strain that touched the quick of sensibility; he held up the citizens of America as sole lords of a vast tract of continent; he portrayed the fair opportunity for political happiness with which Heaven had crowned them; he pointed out the blessings that would attend their collective wisdom; that in their fate was involved that of unborn millions; that mutual concessions and sacrifices must be made; and that supreme power must be lodged somewhere to regulate and govern the general concerns of the Confederate Republic, without which the union would not be of long duration. And he urged that happiness would be ours if we seized the occasion and made it our own.

In this, one of the very greatest acts of Washington, was revealed the heart of the man, the spirit of the hero, the wisdom of the sage—I might almost say the sacred inspiration of the prophet.

But still the wing of the eagle drooped; the gathering

storms baffled his sunward flight. Even with Washington in the van, the column wavered and halted—States straggled to the rear that had hitherto been foremost for permanent Union, under an efficacious Constitution. And while three years rolled by amidst the jargon of sectional and local contentions, "the half-starved government," as Washington depicted it, "limped along on crutches, tottering at every step." And while monarchical Europe with saturnine face declared that the American hope of Union was the wild and visionary notion of romance, and predicted that we would be to the end of time a disunited people, suspicious and distrustful of each other, divided and subdivided into petty commonwealths and principalities, lo! the very earth yawned under the feet of America, and in that very region whence had come forth a glorious band of orators, statesmen, and soldiers to plead the cause and fight the battles of Independence—lo! the volcanic fires of Rebellion burst forth upon the heads of the faithful, and the militia were leveling the guns of the Revolution against the breasts of their brethren. "What, gracious God! is man?" Washington exclaimed: "It was but the other day that we were shedding our blood to obtain the Constitutions under which we live, and now we are unsheathing our swords to overturn them."

But see! there is a ray of hope, Maryland and Virginia had already entered into a commercial treaty for regulating the navigation of the rivers and great bay in which they had common interests, and Washington had been one of the Commissioners in its negotiation. And now, at the suggestion of Maryland, Virginia had called on all the States to meet in convention at Annapolis, to adopt commercial relations for the whole country. Could this foundation be laid, the eyes of the Nation-builders foresaw that the permanent structure would ere long rise upon it. But when the day of meeting came, no State north of New York or south of Virginia was represented; and in their helplessness those assembled could only recommend a Constitutional Convention, to meet in Philadelphia in May, 1787, to provide for the exigencies of the situation.

And still thick clouds and darkness rested on the land, and there lowered upon its hopes a night as black as that upon the

freezing Delaware; but through its gloom the dauntless leader was still marching on to the consummation of his colossal work, with a hope that never died; with a courage that never faltered; with a wisdom that never yielded that "all is vanity."

It was not permitted the Roman to despair of the Republic, nor did he—our Chieftain. "It will all come right at last," he said. It did. And now let the historian, Bancroft, speak: "From this state of despair the country was lifted by Madison and Virginia." Again he says: "We come now to a week more glorious for Virginia beyond any in her annals, or in the history of any Republic that had ever before existed."

It was that week in which Madison, "giving effect to his own long-cherished wishes, and still earlier wishes of Washington," addressing, as it were, the whole country, and marshaling all the States, warned them "that the crisis had arrived at which the People of America are to decide the solemn question, whether they would, by wise and magnanimous effort reap the fruits of Independence and Union, or whether by giving way to unmanly jealousies and prejudices, or to partial and transitory interests, they would renounce the blessings prepared for them by the Revolution," and conjuring them "to concur in such further concessions and provisions as may be necessary to secure the object for which that Government was instituted, and make the United States as happy in peace as they had been glorious in war."

In such manner, my countrymen, Virginia, adopting the words of Madison, and moved by the constant spirit of Washington, joined in convoking that Constitutional Convention, in which he headed her delegation, and over which he presided, and whose deliberations resulted in the formation and adoption of that instrument which the Premier of Great Britain pronounces "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

In such manner the State which gave birth to the Father of his Country, following his guiding genius to the Union, as it had followed his sword through the battles of Independence, placed herself at the head of the wavering column.

In such manner America heard and hearkened to the voice of her chief; and now closing ranks, and moving with reanimated step, the Thirteen Commonwealths wheeled and faced

to the front, on the line of the Union, under the sacred ensign of the Constitution.

Thus at last was the crowning work of Washington accomplished. Out of the tempests of war, and the tumults of civil commotion, the ages bore their fruit, the long yearning of humanity was answered. "Rome to America" is the eloquent inscription on one stone contributed to yon colossal shaft —taken from the ancient Temple of Peace that once stood hard by the Palace of the Cæsars. Uprisen from the sea of Revolution, fabricated from the ruins of the battered Bastiles, and dismantled palaces of unhallowed power, stood forth now the Republic of Republics, the Nation of Nations, the Constitution of Constitutions, to which all lands and times and tongues had contributed of their wisdom. And the Priestess of Liberty was in her Holy Temple.

When Salamis had been fought and Greece again kept free, each of the victorious generals voted himself to be first in honor; but all agreed that Themistocles was second. When the most memorable struggle for the rights of human nature, of which time holds record, was thus happily concluded in the muniment of their preservation, whoever else was second, unanimous acclaim declared that Washington was first. Nor in that struggle alone does he stand foremost. In the name of the people of the United States—their President, their Senators, their Representatives, and their Judges, do crown to-day, with the grandest crown that veneration has ever lifted to the brow of glory, Him whom Virginia gave to America—whom America has given to the world and to the ages—and whom mankind with universal suffrage has proclaimed the foremost of the founders of empire in the first degree of greatness; whom Liberty herself has anointed as the first citizen in the great republic of Humanity.

Encompassed by the inviolate seas stands to-day the American Republic which he founded—a freer Great Britain—uplifted above the powers and principalities of the earth, even as his monument is uplifted over roof and dome and spire of the multitudinous city.

Long live the Republic of Washington! Respected by mankind, beloved of all its sons, long may it be the asylum of the poor and oppressed of all lands and religions—long may it be

the citadel of that Liberty which writes beneath the Eagle's folded wings, "We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, Right and Justice."

Long live the United States of America! Filled with the free, magnanimous spirit, crowned by the wisdom, blessed by the moderation, hovered over by the guardian angel of Washington's example; may they be ever worthy in all things to be defended by the blood of the brave who know the rights of man and shrink not from their assertion—may they be each a column, and altogether, under the Constitution, a perpetual Temple of Peace, unshadowed by a Cæsar's palace; at whose altar may freely commune all who seek the union of Liberty and Brotherhood.

Long live our Country! Oh, long through the undying ages may it stand, far removed in fact as in space from the Old World's feuds and follies—alone in its grandeur and its glory—itself the immortal monument of him whom Providence commissioned to teach man the power of Truth, and to prove to the nations that their Redeemer liveth.

LE TOMBEAU BLANC

By JOHN DIMITRY

['The Louisiana Book,' New Orleans, 1894.]

I

THERE was no doubt of it. Fernand Torres had the freshest, pinkest complexion of any man in the great city of the Crescent, wherein those two natural enemies, trade and music, for three-quarters of a century, have worked together in the pleasantest of unions.

This Fernand was a man—and his type is not met too often—whom men could respect without envy, and women love without humiliation. For the men, he had the muscles of Milo and the graces of Juan Giron. It was he who had set the city agog, after a foolish wager, by tooling a six-in-hand pony-trap along the "Shell Road." It was he who had ridden his own "Lightning" in a famous race won by that more famous horse—the proudest victory recorded in the chronicles of the

old "Ridge." It was he who had struggled for a brave five minutes with the rushing waters of the Father-stream and brought out all dripping but safe, all pale but heroic, a certain Mademoiselle de Beaumanoir. For the rest, he was a pronounced dandy, affected the fragrant *Viuditas* of Ambalema, opened the freest of purses, had the readiest ear for needy friends, and the scantiest memory of favors granted. In short, he was the half of a modern Admirable Crichton, one who would have ridden shoulder to shoulder with the marvellous Scotchman at the tilting matches of the Louvre, although he might not have cared particularly to claim brotherhood with him in his bout with the wise heads of the University of Paris.

"A devilish fine fellow," cried the club men; "but, by Jove! too much of a prig. Why doesn't Fernand drink and gamble like the rest of us?"

"Isn't he handsome?" sighed the society girls, "so strong, so noble-looking, so rich; but dear me! just a little too good. Why *doesn't* he flirt like the rest of them?"

To speak the truth, Fernand's comrades were not without cause for complaint. He was—in his inmost nature—something more than they were allowed to know: a quite other creature than the courtly man known to society, the stately framer of compliments to fashionable beauties, the breathful swimmer who could cheat even the Mississippi of its prey, and the bold rider who on the Metairie could win heavy stakes and laughingly decline to receive them. Somebody asked lightly, of Fernand's friend, Père Rouquette, what he thought of him.

"*Ce cher* Fernand," quietly replied Chahta-Ima,* while he pressed back with both hands his long black curls, "is a veritable modern Saint Christopher. He has broad shoulders, you say? *Eh bien!* so had Saint Christopher."

This nut was the next day presented to Society, which at once tried its teeth on it. "Saint Christopher's shoulders were broad," exclaimed Society; "*bon!* but what has that to do with Fernand?"

Puzzle or no puzzle there was one point I wish to make plain, on which everybody agreed. Fernand's complexion was simply perfect. "A surface white as snow touched with the

*"Chahta-Ima" (Choctaw-Leader) is a name given by the Indians to Père Adrien Rouquette, the poet-priest of Louisiana, and their apostle.

blush of the arbutus," was what a dainty admirer, evidently feminine, had called it. To say the truth, there were some in the circle who were rather envious of that pink blushing in the snow.

Who was Fernand, after all? He was a *campagnard,* not a city man. He was the heir, as he had been the only child, of a wealthy planter, whose magnificent plantation spread a mile or more along the low banks of Bayou Lafourche in Louisiana. A grave old citizen remembered well that, somewhere about the '30's, Torres *Père* had taken refuge in this free country from the vengeance of a volcanic government in New Granada. That he was rich was proved by his purchase, cash down, of a splendid estate, house, lands, slaves, and by his subsequent style of living. He recollected perfectly that the wife, a beautiful woman crowned with piety, had died in a few years (he had forgotten how many), and of what disease he had no clear idea.

"As to Camille, he died in 1855," said the grave old citizen, exhaling, meditatively, the smoke of his cigarette.

Of the son he had known nothing until his appearance in the city. What, between those dates, had really become of him? That was soon displayed by the youth himself on several open pages before an eager Society, which turned all its eye-glasses upon them. He had gone to Heidelberg, had not come out ill in its student-quarrels, had returned after an ertended tour to receive his dying father's blessing, and had come to pass the winter in New Orleans, which, in the two languages of the Mother State, is known as the "city" and *"la ville."*

About himself there was no mystery—not the smallest. But could the same be said of an old Indian woman, who was his constant companion—who had stood by him in student-quarrels at Heidelberg—who would not be left behind during his tour in the East—who insisted on keeping clean his rooms in Paris, London, New York—and who was now doing the same service in his quiet chambers on Royal Street?

Some had chanced to meet Confianza, as she was named—a tall, lean woman, whose head was persistently muffled in a mantilla; a woman who, though unbent with the years that had crowned that head with the glory of old age, had a strong-set, many-wrinkled face; a woman with a swarthy skin, and a

wishful look that seemed to tell of inward wrestlings; a woman, in a word, cursed by one absorbing thought.

Here the opened page of Fernand's story came to an end. But there was another page—a tender, timid page, which no one could read save Fernand, Confianza, and a certain fair young girl who lived in his own parish.

A flutter of interest, as sudden as it was temporary, had sometime before centered in this very young lady, Mademoiselle Blanche de Beaumanoir, because, as already told, she had, while crossing the ferry to Algiers, lost her balance and fallen overboard in mid-stream. Her preserver, Fernand himself, was thrown forward, at this supreme moment, into the broad glare that falls upon all gallant saviors of endangered beauty.

He did not take over-kindly to the glare. No more did Mademoiselle Blanche, who, however, had never shone more brightly than when friends trooped around her to congratulate her. At last, congratulations ceased perforce. Mademoiselle Blanche, it was given out, had returned to her country home. No one noticed it—yet such was the fact—that, after this incident, Fernand's visits to his plantation were more frequent and more prolonged than before.

Fortunately, there was no icy *rigueur* of Creole domestic life to block the happiness of these two. It had melted before the priceless services of the suitor. I do not say that the good people on Bayou Lafourche did not suspect this happy idyl dropping its roses among them. To the proverbial walls with ears must be added the proverbial servants with tongues. Gossip flew on free wing around the neighborhood of La Quinta de Bolivar, as Torres *père* had named his Southern home, or La Quinte, as the popular ignorance had corrupted it. But it never reached the city.

It was in the spring-time. The magnolia grandiflora was slowly baring her white bosom to the eager sun, while the myrtle tossed him, in odorous coquetry, her plumed crest; the mystic oleander, telling of desert founts and dark-haired Arabian girls, was opening its rosy petals; and when the sun had left his loves lamenting to seek an unknown couch beyond the *cyprière,* a great, heavy, pervading perfume, coming from under the wings of the night, told of the nearness of the jasmine. But above all these scents there stole over the railings

on low, broad balconies fronting the bayou, and in the causeries high and low, the gentle odor of orange blossoms—blossoms that were not real, but were the gracious prophecies of coming happy hours, a sacred altar, and a holy ring.

II

One star-lit night in April, the moon rose clear, full, queenly. She threw the forest into gloom, but touched with silver the broad-spreading fields in front of it. And as the waters of the bayou caught upon their dark and frowning bosom her radiance, they broke into rippling laughter and flowed in smiles gulf-ward.

Beaumanoir itself was all brilliant with light, which blazed through the open doors and windows. M. de Beaumanoir had this evening, through a *soirée,* made a formal announcement of the engagement of Fernand and Blanche. The spacious rooms were crowded. At every door and window the slaves, with open mouths but tender hearts, were watching that mysterious process which was to usher *Mamselle* into the dignity of *Madame.* The vast grounds were filled with a motley crowd, because the poorer neighbors and slaves alike had come to catch that light of joy, which, like marriage in the Mother Church, comes but once in a lifetime. The veranda was here and there lit by colored lanterns. Through the raised windows was to be caught the flitting of the dancers; and the sound of laughter and music made the outer crowd, under the trees of the avenue, turn round and round in many a fantastic twirl unknown to the guests.

While eyes and ears among the open-mouthed servants at the doors and windows, among the uninvited guests in the garden and on the grounds, are fully occupied, two figures leave the brilliant parlors to take the air.

"Mais, v'la M'sieu Fernand," cries a voice. "Yes," echoes another. *"M'sieu Fernand* and *Mamselle Blanche!"*

The lookers-on were right. It was Fernand and Blanche who had appeared on the veranda. The conversation was as brief as, judging from signs, it must have been tender. To the horror of gossips female, and to the chuckles and nudgings of veteran gossips male, the watchers without saw a sudden lifting of Mademoiselle Blanche's face and a bend of M'sieu

Fernand's. And there was not one of the unseen observers who would not have said that there had been a kiss given and taken on the broad veranda at Beaumanoir, under the blessing of the full moon.

A light form was seen gliding back to the parlors, Fernand remaining behind. One old gossip under the trees thus commented: "*Ticus*, you see M'sieu Fernand. He stay to tank de *bon Dieu. Oui-da! mais il a bon raison.*"

But something else was presently visible; for at a bound Fernand had left his place and was fighting fire—fire that seemed to envelop a woman. A Japanese lantern, hung in the doorway, had caught fire, burnt the cord that upheld it, and had fallen upon the light wrap worn by Blanche. It was but a moment for Fernand to grasp the filmy lace fastened by a pin, to tear it burning from his darling's form, and with his hands and feet to crush out the leaping flames. All told, he had not been sixty seconds at it. But the guests in alarm were now crowding the veranda. Mademoiselle Blanche had come out of it well. Her white neck was slightly blistered. By good fortune her face—that lovely face—had escaped uninjured. And as to Fernand, only his clothes had suffered.

"See," he cried, holding out the brave hands which had fought the flames and conquered them, "see, friends, my hands are not even scorched!"

Each guest judged the miracle from his own point of view. "It takes Fernand to be lucky," called out his acquaintances. "Monsieur Torres is surely protected by God," echoed Mademoiselle Blanche.

"The most amazing thing I ever heard in my life," shouted that old hero, General Victoire. "*Sacré bleu!* What would I not have given to have had that Fernand at Chalmette! and thou, too, Beaumanoir, wouldst thou not? Fire enough behind the barricades there for my salamander, eh, *mon brave?*" and the veteran chuckled while he took a pinch of Périque *fin.*

"There is something abnormal in this," was Dr. Tousage's professional comment, whispered to himself.

Once again Fernand's cheery voice was heard. Exhibiting wristband and coat-sleeve all charred, leaving the strong muscular arm mocking at the trial by fire, he exclaimed laughingly:

"I am off. It is early—a little past nine o'clock. La Quinte is a bare half mile away. A sharp gallop, and it will be but a short ten minutes to change my clothes and return. Don't wait for me. Let the dance go on. *Au revoir, mesdames.*"

And with the light limbs of young manhood he was away. He reined his horse where he saw a light in a room—a light that told of the faithful watch of his old nurse. Crazy with joy he burst upon her. Why not? He looked upon his last adventure as the crown of his love. Surely it was he who had been destined from creation to be Blanche's savior. He was full of that proud happiness which is born of danger encountered for one beloved. What true lover would not rejoice if, twice, his love had owed her life to him?

"Here, Confianza, another coat and a clean shirt! I have been fighting fire."

"Fightin' de fire?"

"Yes; see what it has done."

He laughed as he showed his coat and shirt, both burned and well-nigh sleeveless. The old woman had no eyes for these. She had crept close to him, and was caressing his hands nervously—furtively almost, as it seemed.

"An' de poor hands—dey must hurt you, no?"

"They? Not at all. Why, now I come to think of it, that is the most astonishing part of it all. Old General Victoire was right. I am a real salamander."

"*Hijo mio, que está diciendome?*" broke forth from the old Indian in her native tongue, as she leaped to her feet, all trembling.

She stood as might some Priestess of the Sun, devoted unto death, when the head of royal Atahualpa deluged with its sacred blood the holy Peanan Stone!

Fernand was struck by the old woman's look. Once before had he seen it—once, when a round, dull white mark had come upon his forehead, stayed for a month, and then, fought by science, had left the tiniest of scars. That was when he was a student at Heidelberg, and holding his own in the fighting-gardens of Zur Hirschgasse. Once afterward it had appeared—this time on his broad breast—but he had said nothing of it to Confianza.

"Don't be crazy, dear old nurse. Look at my hands. Touch them for yourself; there is nothing wrong about *them*. I said that I fought the fire; I was wrong. I only played with it. Come, kiss your boy, and after that a clean shirt and another coat!"

She threw her withered arms around Fernand's neck. She pressed her lips to his mouth—one looking on might well think with a touch of sublime defiance. She kissed his two hands—those hands that were so strong and had been so brave. Then she sat on the floor near him, still holding them within her own. She tried to smile; but it was not a smile that would have done one good to see.

"Fernand," she said gently, "tu remember of dat book which tu papa to you gave, when tu has not more of *quince anos?*"

"Yes, yes; I have read it a dozen times or more. But what has that to do with my going out? Don't you know Blanche is waiting for me?"

The old woman seemed not to hear him.

"No forget what a book dat was—dose poor peoples?"

She felt the hands on which her tears were now streaming growing cold. They did not tremble, but the chill of the grave had fallen upon them. Still he said nothing, but shivered as though the cold had really struck him on that balmy April night smiling among its roses and gardenias.

"Der' was something 'bout de fire. Dose who sick no can burn 'esef, no can feel notin'—*oh! hijo mio*—have calm!" she pleaded; and he rose to his feet murmuring:

"My God!—not this—not this!"

He staggered as he rose, and swayed like some tall tree touched by the tempest's wrath. He understood now his doom too well; but he threw off the weakness as he began to pace the room, first slowly, then rapidly. The pink did not leave his cheeks; but his eyes glittered piteously, yet half defiantly, like those of a noble animal caught in a trap unaware. The old woman, still seated on the floor, was reciting her rosary. There were words that came unbidden to the sacred beads, words of a personal application, that, through tears, tell of human pity, and better still, of human trust in the Divine pity: "May God have mercy upon my boy! May God

have mercy!" And from the man treading the floor came in lugubrious response, the wail of that sorrowful Sister of Human Prayer—that Sister, haggard, hopeless, tearless, who knows no invocation to Divine Justice save to call it to judgment:

"My God! what have I done to deserve this?"

Suddenly, in his rapid strides, Fernand halted before the table, on which a lamp was burning. Seizing the lamp, he deliberately circled the heated chimney with his right hand. Then he clasped it with his left hand. Removing the chimney, he kept one hand steadily in the flame. After that, the other.

"You are right, Confianza," he said coldly; "I must not go back to Mademoiselle Blanche."

"Que Dios tenga piedad de mi hijo!" (May God have mercy on my boy!) rose again from the praying woman. She knew her boy well. Whosoever might be deceived by his calmness, it was not she who had nursed him—oh, no, not she!

"The fire-test is satisfactory," continued Fernand, in a tone that appalled her. "There can be no illusion here. The leper's skin can burn, but the burn leaves no mark; nor can pain be felt. My hands should have been burned; I feel no pain; it is clear, then, *I am a leper!*"

"Que Dios tenga piedad de mi hijo! Por Dios! Por su Santissima Madre! Por tedos los Santos y Santas del cielo!" (May God have mercy on my boy! For Christ's sake! For His Holy Mother's sake! For the sake of all the saints and angels of Heaven!) wailed once more from the floor, like a prayer for a parting soul. It was unheard by Fernand. A bitter smile passed over his lips as he said:

"But come! Blanche must not be forgotten. She must learn this charming finale to our hopes and our loves."

Paper, pen, and ink were before him. Not pausing to cull phrases, much less to think, he wrote a note and put it into an envelope which he sealed. Ringing a bell, a black presented himself.

"Baptiste, take this letter at once to Mademoiselle Blanche. Place it in her own hands. You need not report."

After Baptiste had left, Fernand said:

"My good Confianza, I wish to be alone. Leave me now. To-morrow by eight o'clock let Dr. Tousage be here."

He did not leave the chair through the long black night. He was alone—alone with the sorrowful Sister of Human Prayer. He made no movement, he breathed no sigh, he murmured no word through all the hours, but fell like a death-bell upon the heart of the figure crouched like a faithful dog, on the other side of his chamber door.

And so the bright sun found them.

III

Baptiste's master had told him that he need not report the result of his visit to Mademoiselle Blanche. But long before noon the next day, Fernand, had he chosen, might have heard his story from a hundred tongues. There was not a guest at Beaumanoir, over night, that had not borne it away, through the darkness and gardenia-scented air, a fearful but delicious burden. There was not a passenger on the boat which had left that morning, who had not carried Fernand's name, and blasted love, a morsel of the juiciest for the delectation of the great city. His tragic story, too, was in the mouths, and had touched the hearts, and had filled the eyes, of rude but sympathetic workers a-field in the early summer sunshine; and there was a dew that had not fallen from the sky upon many a plough-handle and many an axe-helve. For there was not a slave at Beaumanoir or La Quinte that had not prayed to hear the joyful marriage-bells, which would bring the two plantations under the same master and mistress.

Then, too, there were—unhappily, not far off—men and women whom all avoided; men and women hobbling on crutches, crawling around, moaning on pestiferous beds, who, selfish by nature, had for once been brought together, not in cynicism but pity. To them the gossip was not sweet. It was bitter—as bitter, as abhorrent, as their own flesh. Fernand had been their truest friend and most fearless neighbor. *"Lui, un lépreux? Mon Dieu!* if he has got it from *us,* we are accursed indeed," old Père Carancro had said; and with blurred eyes and shaking hands, all had concurred.

After all, what had happened at Beaumanoir?

Obedient to his master, Baptiste had sought Mademoiselle Blanche privately. He had found her seated with two friends, Mademoiselle Diane de Monplaisir and Mademoiselle Marie

Bonsecour, in a small room giving on the veranda and opening into the parlor through a curtained door. Baptiste, on presenting the note, had simply said:

"Mamselle Blanche, M'sieu Fernand, he tell me to give dis to you."

Mademoiselle Blanche had opened the note eagerly. It could not have been long, nor could its contents have been over-pleasant. So afterward affirmed Mademoiselle Diane, who added that Blanche had turned pale *"mais oui, pâle comme la mort,"* had uttered a faint moan, and, in attempting to rise from her chair, had fallen back insensible. What had become of the note itself? Mademoiselle Diane had kept her black marmoset eyes fixed upon *that*. She declared dramatically that Mademoiselle Blanche had thrown it haughtily away after reading it. Mademoiselle Marie, however, did not agree with her. She said that the note, if it had fallen at all, had not fallen until Blanche became unconscious.

Bad news fills the air like electricity. It was scarce a moment before the curtained doors were torn aside, and a crowd of well-bred, though curious, guests came streaming into the room. At their head was the father. He was about approaching his daughter, but, hearing from a mob of angels in white organdie and tulle that she had recovered consciousness, he was turning aside when he felt his arm touched gently. It was Mademoiselle Diane who had touched him. She pointed silently to a letter on the floor. Monsieur de Beaumanoir picked it up. It was strange. He was in a white heat of anger, certainly; but, on reading it, he did not look so much angry as puzzled.

"What can this be?" he muttered. *"Vraiment, un mauvais farceur* is this Fernand. But come, my friends," he called out in a loud voice, to the crowd of guests who had already thronged the room. *"Mademoiselle ma fille* is in good hands. This note is from Monsieur Torres. She has been somewhat excited by that, and is naturally nervous. The whole affair is a riddle to me. Perhaps some among you may read it for me."

The crowd surged back, still curious-eyed, but clearly more anxious than when it had torn away the curtained door.

Monsieur de Beaumanoir had stationed himself by the

mantel, on which blazed, with their double score of waxen lights, the great golden candelabras that had descended, son to son, from that doughty knight, Sieur Raoul de Beaumanoir, who had died with Bayard hard by the bloody waters of the Sesia. I do not know how it was, but the fair women in gauze and the white-cravatted men seemed to be a court; Blanche forced to be the plaintiff; Fernand, the defendant; and the owner of the mansion the advocate of the—mystery. For mystery in that note there must be, so whispered one to the other, those flurried beauties that circled, in broadening folds, around the mantel, and as they whispered, turned just a little pale.

For his part, M. de Beaumanoir, a trifle puzzled and unmistakably stirred, seemed nowise anxious. He re-opened the note impetuously.

No date, no address, no signature. Nothing save these words:

"Do not misjudge me; but I must not go back to-night. You have seen the last of me. Oh, my God! to think that *I* have seen the last of *you!* I do not know wherein we have offended heaven; but God is angry with us. I am what they call—I am—I dare not write what loathsome creature I have become to myself since a half hour. Read Second Chronicles, chapter XXVI., verse 20. That verse speaks for me who cannot. Read it, and you will know why I have hastened to go out from what to me was not a sanctuary of the Father, but higher still, his Paradise."

Nervously moving his spectacles, M. de Beaumanoir turned interrogatively to the brilliant company.

"Eh bien!" said a pert and petted beauty; *"c'est une question de la Bible.* Let us see the Bible."

Mademoiselle uttered the voice of Society.

"Yes, yes; where is the Bible?" cried all.

A youth of tender mustache, and with the reddest of roses granted him by the grace of Mademoiselle Diane, had, at that lady's nod, already sought the great Douay Bible, which rested upon a side table immediately under a sword crossed with its scabbard upon the wall. Without a word he put the book into the hands of M. de Beaumanoir. The gray old man, mustached like a veteran of Chalmette, opened the Holy Book

gingerly, as though he did not know, gallant gentleman and ex-*sabreur* that he was, its quiet pages quite so well as the temper of his sabre. He had seen the volume certainly, but only accidentally, so to speak, as he might be leaning over it to read for the thousandth time the inscription: "Tribute to—hem!—by admiring company—*hum!*—patriotic services—*ha!*—January 8, 1815." Written in French, bound in Russia, heavily edged with gold, and published in Paris, the Sacred Word, while being little noticed by the master, had brought comfort to the late Madame de Beaumanoir, as it was, without his knowledge, the daily guide of his daughter.

The company drew nearer to the father. From the press of loveliness, as might a dainty Bourbon rose from a basket of flowers, stepped Mademoiselle Diane de Montplaisir. It was she who crept close to the side of M. de Beaumanoir, and with her jewelled fingers turned the leaves till her index finger rested upon the chapter and the verse which were to reveal the mystery devouring her. With a stately old-fashioned bow, though with no suspicion of the tragic story in verse 20, the old man read these words slowly aloud:

"*And Azariah, the chief priest, and all the priests, looked upon him, and, behold he was leprous, and they thrust him out from thence; yea, HIMSELF hasted to go out, because the Lord had smitten him.*"

At these words, so passionless yet so vivid, so filled with fire yet so death-cold, a great hush fell upon the company It was as though a breeze laden with the poisonous breath of poppies had passed through the room. Psychologists tell us that a single thought may work in madness upon a crowd, a thought springing not from a visible danger, but from the spur of a hidden terror. Of such must have been the feeling, which swept like a cyclone over the joyful throng that had been drinking in excitement under the golden lights to the sound of voluptuous music. A thought of flight, certain, no matter how or whither, only that it should be that very instant, out of the house, out of the grounds, out into the open road, shining yellow-white under the full moon—anywhere, anywhere beyond the evil spirit that had seized upon the princely hospitality of Beaumanoir, and was even then draping, by a mystic and awful hand, its laughing walls in mourning.

In the *sauve qui peut* of an army, pride is thrown aside with the knapsack. In the *sauve qui peut* of Society, it is courtesy that is dropped with the slippers.

One by one the courtly company, with its color and its glitter and its laughter, left the salon. One by one, without even a nod to their old host who stood more dazed than indignant on his threshold, they streamed, with burnous and nubias, and what not, snatched pell-mell on the way, down the broad steps of the front veranda, and into the gravelled walk, where were the carriages of the ladies and the horses of their escorts. For once, one may fancy, there was none of that idle talk—none of those soft whispers, those empty phrases, those vaporous compliments, given with an air and received with a blush—that make up the unwritten literature of carriage-windows. A mighty fear shook all, and the colored coachmen were told in sharp tones altogether new to those fatted favorites, to drive fast and stop at nothing. Through the noble avenue of live oaks, famous throughout that section, through the Arcadian scene, under Chinese lanterns, by rustic groups at their simple pleasures, the carriages thundered, and the riders rushed by plying whip and spur.

Among the last that reached her carriage was Mademoiselle Diane de Monplaisir. She was in no sense excited—that young lady was too poised for that, but it had suited her to play with the fears of her friends. Her garments had rustled with the rest down the steps, but, on leaving the salon, she had been particularly careful respectfully to courtesy before her host, as he stood erect at his post like a forgotten sentinel. Having given this lesson of social tact, she thought herself justified in raising her voice to a decorously high pitch, and saying, in the shape of a problem presented to her escorts: "*Ma foi, Messieurs,* is not this a pretty comedy with which Monsieur Torres has favored us?"

Trained though they were in the young lady's imperious service, none of these gallants answered. The call was too sudden, and the danger altogether too pressing for that.

It had not struck eleven o'clock before the mansion, still blazing with the lights of a joyous betrothal, was left to the ghosts destined to haunt its walls so long as they shall stand. Of the hundred who had frou-froued that evening up the

carpeted steps, who had opened with promising flirtations of their own, who had envied Blanche while they coveted Fernand, not one remained save Dr. Tousage and Mademoiselle Marie Bonsecour. It was not long after that hour that the doctor himself, having seen that Blanche was recovered and in gentle hands, took leave of the old man, who sat crushed and broken under the wasting lights of the great golden candelabras. As he descended the steps, Dr. Tousage said to himself: "I must refer to my abnormal cases. It was what I suspected. There *was* something extraordinary in his insensibility to fire. I shall see Fernand to-morrow."

For that matter, Dr. Tousage, had he chosen, might have suspected years and years before. He had known Fernand's mother. He had attended her in her last illness, and had seen with surprise the ante-mortal pallor give place to a post-mortal rosiness. The case had been something beyond his experience. He had contented himself with classing among his "Abnormal Cases" this woman who had looked as blooming in her coffin as she had done in her boudoir, and whose roses in death were like the gorgeous blossom plucked from the twin sister of Rappacini's daughter.

The good doctor had taken no account, however, of the fact that La Quinte, fronting broad on the bayou, and spreading deep in smiling fields of sugar-cane, back to the great funereal *cyprière,* bordered perilously on *a* world ostracized by *the* world, between which and it there rises a wall broader, deeper, higher, more deadly repellent, than ever Chinese fear raised against Tartar aggression. A world not populous, save in wrecked hopes, harrowing dreams, and mournful shadows. A world of agonized hearts, of putrid ulcers, of flesh dropping from rotting bones, of Selfishness holding a Spartan throne with Horror, of the Divine likeness distorted, year by year, till the very semblance of man, born in His gracious image, comes to be blotted out. A world, the men and women in which are players in a life-tragedy, to which *Hamlet* is a comedy, and the *Duchess of Malfi* a melodrama.

A terrible world this—in short, a world of LEPERS.

In the parish of Lafourche, along Bayou Lafourche, there are lepers as poisonous as Naaman, and as incurable as Uzziah. It is an old story barely touched here, not even surfaced. It is

a curse which law-makers, in these later days, are called upon to rub out or to wall around. Practically, there has always been a walling around this curse—this blot—whatsoever one may choose to call it; practically, because the neighbors of these unhappy people have lost the sentiment of neighborliness. The feeling against them is as old as the first human deformity, and as bitter as the first human prejudice. What has happened to races before them, offending the eye of civilization, has become their fate. Civilization frowns upon her accursed races, her lepers, her Cagots, her Marrons, her Colliberts, her Chuetas. She prescribes for them certain metes and limits, and says to them, "O God-abandoned, pass not beyond these, at your peril."

The doctors prop up with their science this feeling. They agree that a peculiar disease is confined to a certain class of the population living along Bayou Lafourche; declare that disease to be leprosy, and pronounce it cureless. On their side, the sufferers, protest vehemently in denial. No one takes their word, while they themselves, when compelled to wander from their fields, creep with furtive look and stealthy step. Like lepers everywhere, those of Bayou Lafourche are the Lemuridae of mankind. After all, what destroys their case is the single fact which separates them absolutely from their fellows—*if once attacked, these people never get well.* Science is not always consistent; but ages ago she pronounced a judgment against herself which still stands. She admitted then, as she admits now, that she is powerless to heal the leper. It needs a Christ to say: "Be thou clean, and the leprosy is cleansed."

The life of these lepers, if a tragedy, has a plot of sorrow simple enough. There are not many of them. They may now count between twenty-five and fifty families, principally poor, all of whom raise their homes of corruption on Bayou Lafourche. They are not bunched together in one settlement, but stretch out along the stream a distance of thirty or forty miles, scenting, at one end, the soft saccharine smell of growing cane, and at the other the sharp saline odor of a mighty gulf. Their awful malady is an inheritance with them; their sufferings are acute; their disfigurement becomes, in time,

complete; but their deaths, though from the same disease, do not create an epidemic.

What the Caqueurs were to Brétagne, and the Vaqueros to the Asturias, these lepers are to Bayou Lafourche. Many-sided are the rumors about them; but a wide-spreading, far-reaching tongue adds that there are among them some who are rich in this world's goods, and yet are forced to take this world's refuse.

No one knew all this better than Dr. Tousage. He had been prominent among those brave physicians who strive to be healers. But, as it happened, he was not thinking of Leper-Land while riding slowly towards La Quinte. Honest Baptiste was in wait. There was a mystery about his *p'tit maître* —so much Baptiste knew. Confianza's eyes were filled with tears, and they dumbfounded the simple slave. Traditions of any kind, save the peaceful, oftentimes tender gossip of La Quinte, where two generations of kindly masters had made the furrows of labor almost as full of roses as the "path of dalliance," had never turned Baptiste's brain into a race-track; so, on the doctor's arrival, his eyes were full of a terror inviting inquiry, but above all sympathy. The doctor was pre-occupied; he gave neither.

"Where is your master, Baptiste?" was all he said.

"M'sieu Fernand, he ees in la bibliotec," replied Baptiste, with a certain awe crossing his terror at right angles. Baptiste fervently believed that the ghost of his old master walked that particular room at midnight. And, for that matter, it would have been hard to find any slave within five leagues who did not agree with Baptiste.

"He is there, is he? Then I know the way very well."

Dr. Tousage found Fernand in a small, well-lighted room, divided from the great wide parlors, sombre even at that early hour, by a falling lace curtain. The sunbeams of the morning streamed through the windows, glinting tenderly the backs of books of great thinkers loved by Don Camilo, and cherished for association's sake by his son. It was a chamber rich in windows as it was brilliant in light—a chamber for the strong, not for the weak.

"*Sapristi!*" said the doctor to himself, "open windows are a sign of joy. The case is not so hopeless, after all."

The good doctor was wrong for once. Fernand had lost hope; or, rather, despair had pushed hope from its place, and there brooded. The young man was seated by a table on which were laid two books. One was a copy of the Bible; the other, Maundrel's work on the Syrian leprosy, a very old book, and as rare as it is old. Rising as his old friend entered, for the first time in his life he did not offer his hand.

"Be pleased to take a seat, doctor."

"*Eh bien!* Fernand, what is all this? You a Hercules, and sick?"

The attempt at ease, if intended to deceive, was a failure. The young man faced his visitor.

"Stop, doctor. This is no time for comedy. I am still a Hercules, if brawn and muscle and twenty-five years can make one. But there is a plague about me more deadly to bear than Dejanira's robe."

"And that plague is—?"

"Leprosy!"

"Have you convinced yourself of that?"

"Perfectly; and you also, you need not deny it. I have not studied that kindly face so long without being able to read it."

"To speak frankly, I am not surprised. But does the disease really exist? It is because I wish to assure myself on this point that I have come. Think over my question quietly."

"Look at this, doctor. This may help you to a conclusion."

While saying this he was throwing open his shirt, revealing a small white-reddish sore slowly eating into his brawny chest.

"I have never been, as you know, doctor, much of what you call a thinking man. At any rate, I have taken this to be the mysterious 'date-mark,' which, at some time in his life, pursues and brands each traveler to Bagdad. It first broke out while I was in Paris, some months ago. My old nurse knows nothing of it. I accepted it gayly enough. I had not forgotten Bagdad—why should Bagdad forget me?"

While he was speaking, the physician had been examining the ulcer. He grew more thoughtful as he looked.

"Has this increased in size since it first appeared?"

"Yes; but very little"

"Any pain?"

"No, I cannot say that it has pained me, but it has annoyed me considerably. Remember that, until last night, whenever I thought of it, it was solely in connection with Bagdad. With my physique, what else could give it birth? But that is over now. It is not the date-mark. What, then, is it?"

Dr. Tousage knew his young friend's courage. He did for him what he would not have done for a weaker soul. He took refuge in that truth, which is more often a kindness shown by this world's healers than they are given credit for.

"This," he replied slowly, "represents a leprosy already developed."

"And the Salamanderism of last night?"

"Was a strong, although a wholly accidental, proof of its existence."

"Accidental, you think it? I look upon it rather as providential," retorted Fernand, while adding: "You regard my case as hopeless, then?"

"Absolutely, though the danger is not immediate."

"In other words, *cher docteur,* one must pay for being Hercules. A long life, and each knotted muscle prolonging the torture which it doubles, that is the story, eh?" said the young man, bitterly, as he touched a bell on the table.

In response, the old Indian nurse appeared and stood, quietly waiting, near the door.

"Look, and then listen, doctor," said Fernand, as he pointed with his finger to her. "This old woman—you know her? —has fairly haunted me through life. She was the one to receive me at my birth. She tended me through my babyhood. She protected my boyhood. When my mother died, she became mother and nurse in one. She watched me in my plays. She interfered in my disputes. She made me the laughing-stock of my schoolmates until I fought them into respect. As I grew older, I saw that in her love there was a large leaven of anxiety. She showed it during my years at Heidelberg. She grew thin and more despondent during our stay in the East. She hovered around me in Paris. The Quartier Latin, at a very feverish time, could raise no barricade against her. Mabille had no terrors for her. I found her every-

where on watch, and always with her eyes fixed wistfully on myself. It was then I took to thinking of her as a woman cursed with a single thought that had borrowed the intensity of a mania. It is not three months since I began to believe that that single thought might be for *me*. Last night I knew that I was right. It was she who prevented my returning to Beaumanoir. Such devotion is rare. I say, again, look at her, doctor."

Wondering a little, Science scanned Devotion.

The woman was well worth looking at in her brown-skinned, white-haired, brave, honest, faithful old age. A prophetess of evil had she always been, but not of the order of Cassandra. She had foreseen. She had not chosen to foretell.

Fernand resumed in a reckless manner, as though he had something to do that hurt him, and of which he wished to be rid:

"Would you believe after this, doctor, when I am beaten down to the earth, that she refuses to speak? She talks to me in the jargon of my childhood. Last night she reminded me of a book containing the story of a leper. That is her way of telling me that I am one. There lies the book on the table. Have you ever read it? Old Maundrel held a wise pen in his hand. He reports the case of a man in Syria, who knew himself to be leprous by having passed unscorched through flames. Confianza remembered the story, but I wish to know *why* she recalled it.—Nurse, here is the doctor. He is a friend, and a true one. In his presence, tell me why you have feared for me through all these years."

The old Indian remained silent. Her tongue was bound by a pledge that it could not break. The dead in their graves forge chains indissoluble.

"But I can tell you, Fernand," said the doctor, gravely, "what Confianza, under oath, dares not."

"You! And what—what can you tell?"

"Your mother died a leper!"

IV

The small world about La Quinte had soon a tidbit to roll around its tongue more to its taste than even that delicious

morsel from Beaumanoir. Workmen, it heard, were busy building a cottage under the ancient live oak that was old when Iberville's ships sailed through the waters of Manchac, and moss-crowned when simple *Acadiens* from the Northern ice, camping under it, broke out in wild enthusiasm over its knotted knees and spreading boughs, while their children plucked the giant by his frosty beard, and shouted gleefully as they crowned themselves with the mossy theft. The same oak had, for generations, been the pride of the country around. They called it lovingly *le Père Chêne,* the Father Oak. Superstition had added a special charm to its head, grown gray in the circling rings of a thousand years. Lovers' vows, pledged under it, for once ceased to be false, and a happy marriage never failed, it was fervently believed, to follow the kisses for which the old tree had for ages stood sponsor. To build a cottage under the *Père Chêne,* therefore, was a violent shock given to the love, the pride, the superstition of the entire neighborhood. But what could love, pride, or superstition say? The tree itself was private property; the old graybeard stood on land belonging to La Quinte. It was quite clear, therefore, that the owner had ordered the erection of the cottage, and that he had a right to do so.

Mademoiselle de Monplaisir spoke the voice of a critical circle:

"*Ma foi, c'est bien noble de la part de M. Torres.* He wishes to be near to his kin."

There was always a sting in the honey vouchsafed by this young lady to her friends. The sting in this particular honey was that Leper-Land began within half a league below the terminus of La Quinte.

A low-roofed, broad-verandaed cottage soon nestled under the protecting branches of the old tree. The roof once reached, farm wagons, filled with furniture, stirred up the white dust of the Bayou highway. Then came carts filled with books. The cottage itself was only a three days' wonder, after all. Something came afterward, that was to prove a plethoric, full-mouthed nine days' talk. After the last cart had deposited its burden, the workmen reappeared. They came in crowds. In an amazingly short time, a great whitewashed brick wall rose high enough to look down upon the cottage, which it had

been built to screen. It loomed up full thirty feet in the air, stretching in a square on all sides of the giant oak, whose head, turbaned in mosses, could be seen behind it from the road and from boats passing swiftly on the Bayou. There was nothing cheerful in this strange pile. In the sunlight it looked like a prison; in the moonlight, like a graveyard. The Pantheon of Bogotá is not more ghost-like.

The wall being finished, but one entrance was left to the interior. This was at the lower end, to the rear, where a strong oak door, iron-bound, challenged the way. On the side of that door was a turn-window in the wall, through which could be passed such articles as might be needed for the dweller within. Close to that window and outside of the wall was a small hut. It was the home of Confianza—martyr to the child of her love in his weakness, as she had been faithful to him in his young strength under the skies of Damascus and on the shining shores of the Mediterranean.

And what did Society, that part of it which whispers its wisdom behind summer fans, think of all this? It only sighed prettily, and itched the more to know all. Fernand's story was an exciting one so far, but society is never wholly satisfied unless it sees the green curtain fall on a tragedy on which it has seen it rise. For the rest, it had been told that he had remained shut up in his rooms and had been seen by no one but the doctor and Confianza. It clamored, however, for the end. Somehow, this did not come to it as soon as expected. It was very long after Society had retired, so to speak, from the boxes, and the lights had been put out, that it heard that Fernand, on the very night of the day when the strong oak door was hung on its hinges, had passed through it alone. Little by little it came out, that, for that particular night, an order had been given to all the slaves of La Quinte, somewhat in the fashion of that borne by the herald of Coventry,

. . . a thousand summers back,

The old Indian had taken the message through the house and the quarters. "The master is going," she said, "to leave La Quinte to-night for his new home. He is very sick and very unhappy. He knows that his people love him, and he begs them all to go to their cabins early to-night, and not to leave them."

In the old story of Coventry it was a "shameless noon" that, from its hundred towers, clanged the triumph of a peerless sacrifice. In the new one, it was a pitying midnight which, from its hundred shadows, shrouded the sacrifice of a noble life. La Quinte, fertile as she was in sons and daughters, had not bred a "Peeping Tom" among them all; and by nine o'clock there was not one of her children who was not abed.

Fernand had died to the world. So the world, true to its traditions, avenged itself by calling his retreat *Le Tombeau Blanc,* a ghoulish fancy, which had received its inspiration from a remark accredited to Mme. Diane Dragon (*née* Monplaisir), while daintily sipping her orgeat, that, "since M. Torres has chosen to bury himself alive, his home is well called The White Tomb." For the rest, Society had no time for a tragic tale already told. Autumn had laughed with Summer over the richness of their common harvest. Winter, which had passed in storm over the parish, had found time—there is a deal of unrecorded kindly blood in these stern old seasons—to press a parting kiss upon Spring's virgin lips, and to whisper: "Be good, my daughter, and spare not thy sweetest blossoms." It scarcely seemed cause for wonder, then, that Society should have forgotten the hermit as completely as though he lay, indeed, stretched cold and dreamless in his last bed.

As to the leper's actual condition, even the old Indian knew but little. He had locked the gate behind him and kept the key with him in his cottage. The turn-window remained the only medium of communication between them. Before burying himself, Fernand had said to her: "You know that I am very sick; what is worse, I am hopeless. My life may be short or long. Whether long or short, I am forced to suffer. I wish to die, but it is my duty to live. Cook my meals and put them twice a day in the turn-window. I shall call for them at eight o'clock in the morning; then again at four in the afternoon." That was all which had passed between the two. It seemed a sorry exhibit enough, this gratitude smothered in the fumes of a gastronomic edict. But the true old woman took it all to herself, and that night, with her worn rosary in hand, she broke into an extra plea of *Paternosters* and *Ave Marias.*

In the meantime, and in his bitter solitude, shuddering and

sick at heart, Fernand would turn from his mournful future to the compensation which must be his so long as his skillful hands could win music from the strings of his Cremona. This instrument was a gift to him, when a lad, from Duffeyte, that brilliant tenor whose sweet notes had entranced Creoledom somewhere in the '40's. His power over his gift was not unworthy of the donor. His soul was alive with music as a heated forge is with flame. Compositions of the great masters weighted his music-rack; but memories of Verdi and Donizetti, and melodies of Liszt and Strauss were with him, and through the cords of his Cremona, with an almost human sympathy, spoke tenderly and consolingly to the leper's heart. The cool and quiet of midnight were wont to fall like a dream of peace upon his tortured soul. He had cried with Themistocles, "Give me the art of oblivion!" But the unpitying sun was not his friend. Its torrid glare already revealed that fatal whiteness which separated him from his fellows. He felt that, for him, the moonlight was better than the sunlight; and the night's black mantle friendlier than the day's blazing shield. In his isolation, he learned, too, to acknowledge a comradeship, during the short spring and long summer months, with the whippoorwill, that sad brown bird of the *cyprière,* which, shunning the haunts of happier men, had been won by the mystic shadows and unbroken silence within the wall, and had come to grieve with him through moonlit nights, coyly hidden, but fearless, among the leaves of the ancient oak.

For in the meantime, Dr. Tousage's judgment had been verified.

Fernand's leprosy was already developing when he fought the flames at Beaumanoir. But when Spring came, in memory of her agreement with Father Winter to drop blossoms on the trees and to fill the black earth with flowers, the second stage was already reached. It was to the credit of the doctor's sincere friendship that not a whisper of this was breathed beyond the old woman's hut. But the fight was held within the wall and under *Père Chêne,* all the while. The old physician's visits were for a time regular. Then, all at once, his knock ceased to be heard at the oak door. Something had taken place between the two—a quarrel, everybody said. Oh, no! not that; only a bit of truth from Science, told in a broken

voice, and with great tears streaming down from under the gold spectacles of the leech:

"I can no longer hope to do you good, Fernand, and I may possibly injure others by my visits. The physician does not belong to himself. Your disease, always incurable, has within the last six months become practically contagious. God bless you, my son, and give you courage to bear unto the end."

This was, for Fernand, a dismissal that had long been foreseen. There was death in his heart already, and all that he asked was that he might indeed cease to live, and be at rest forever. But of what he suffered, and of the storm that, raging in him, broke out in bitter rain, all this the great wall hid, as a new and sadder secret, among the branches of its monster oak.

When Dr. Tousage left him, Fernand was fighting with the second stage of his disease. The arbutus-like pink of his complexion had faded out. He had become a "leper white as snow." He saw before him a Calvary on whose *viâ dolorosa* he could hope to meet no Cyrenian to bear his cross. He found himself thinking of a time when the white skin would change to a coarse yellow; when deep into its surface a growth of tubercles would fatten in ulcerous corruption; when the hand that had grown so warm in love might lose the use of its shapely fingers; and when even the face hallowed by the first and last kiss of Blanche, might, if seen in its awful disfigurement, come to frighten timid women in mother's labor. He knew himself to be like another Vivenzio in the castle of Tolfi. His own life, in its decaying physical form, measured for him as surely the year-posts to death as the lessening windows of his iron shroud had for the Italian.

Behind his wall, perhaps in a bitter spirit, perhaps in resignation, he had gauged the world and believed it wanting in remembrance. But he was not forgotten. Old Confianza, at his window, sat day and night, as silently and faithfully watching as Mordecai at the Persian's gate. And there were others. In those dark hours dear to him, there were passers-by along the bayou-road. These were men and women who had learned to make that road a Mecca, because they had loved the kindly man now forced to live a pariah.

The road seemed haunted with ghosts.

For, as the darkness fell upon bayou and swamp, shadows would come stepping softly out of it to pass a moment in fearful silence in front of *Le Tombeau Blanc;* to point out, each to his neighbor, the great ghostly wall, and to raise their black hands in whispered blessing over it; and then, as their creeping-off would drop into a half-trot, they would break out into a wild hymn, which, beginning soft and tremulous, would grow into loudness, drowning the whippoorwill's plaint, and filling the woods with the presence of an uncultured but mighty *miserère.*

Following these ghosts, but avoiding always to meet them, would come others. These would creep from the forest depths lower down, stand for a longer time than the rest staring at the wall; would raise their hands, too, in silent benediction, and, in their turn, retire as noiselessly as the shadows that they were. Lepers in body, the souls of these ghosts were clean. For out of the agony that was Selfishness had bloomed the flower that was Gratitude.

But, after a time, these loving ghosts left the bayou-road to its loneliness. Then a ghost, gaunt and tall, assuming a woman's shape, would step out into the road and stand, looking up with patient sadness. This shape would appear so suddenly after the lepers' flitting that it was clear it had been lying in wait.

Then *a special phantom, also a woman,* with strange black robes floating around her, would glide quickly in front of the wall, stop, clasp its hands wildly, with face upturned toward it, as though in supplication; lower its head, with hands still clasped, into the dust of the road, to pray and weep, and weep and pray again.

After a while, the first ghost would draw near, gently touch the shoulder of the kneeling figure, and together both phantoms would become lost in the deeper shadows of Confianza's hut.

Of all these ghosts Fernand knew nothing.

Fernand was a prisoner for life. But the world outside had not, for him or his wall, ceased to move. Action had clutched the scabbard from Argument, and with its right hand drawn the blade. Of the war that had drenched the land in blood, he had heard but once. Men in blue and men in gray

had marched past his wall, awed at its height, marvelling at its quaintness, wondering at its use. Then, learning its tragic story, the brave men had turned, somehow, a free and easy route-step into something suspiciously like a double-quick. Confianza herself was mute. A curt order for silence, given by Fernand in the beginning of his malady, had been loyally obeyed by the old Indian; and by long prohibition, no copy of the *Picayune* had come to tell him that Mars, sword in hand, was sweeping over fields of sugar, corn, and cotton. One day—the date thereof is fixed in the war annals, not in these pages—a single boom was heard under the branches of *le Père Chêne*. Faintly but distinctly, the boom soon came to Fernand's ears—fast, furious, continuous. Evidently a distant cannonade. He could not hear the wild yell, nor the great answering shout that kept time to its martial challenge. But Battle has a voice of its own, and that spoke in the heavy guns of Labadieville.

"What is that, Confianza?" came hoarsely shouted from the turn-window.

"Son las tropas, Señor."

"Troops! men playing at soldiers, you mean."

"Oh, no, *hijo mio!* Dey de troops of the Nort and de Sout. Dey fight demselves togeder. *Ya* ees old *la guerra."*

Then, with ears alert and eyes distended, she raised herself to listen—listening not to the guns, but to a cry that wailed through the silence—a cry harsh, sinister, discordant, horrible—a cry that was the roar of a wild beast hunted to death in the jungle.

"My God! my God! why cannot I find death among the fighters yonder?"

This was an episode—not the least ghastly among the episodes of that sorrowful time.

Years had passed since then. The leper seemed to have forgotten the day when he had heard from within *Le Tombeau Blanc* the guns of Labadieville. After all, it was time that he should do so. Already he thought of himself as a creature like Moore's "bloodless ghost," speculating bitterly on the day, sure to dawn, when, chained to his bed, he would come to sit by his

. . . own pale corpse, watching it.

Bear in mind that it was through all these years from that night at Beaumanoir, through peaceful times, through quiet harvests, through gathering clouds, through deep thunderings, through lightning bursting from those clouds, through a great war, through a noble effort, through a mighty liberation, through a peace that was not a calm and a calm that became peace, that Fernand had changed from the figure of a perfect manhood to what he then was. On the whole, his dread disease had been merciful to him. The muscles, once firm as Samson's, had long since betrayed their strength into eating ulcers. But Gangrene—Death's grimmest lieutenant—still refrained from striking. It hovered with its scythe over the feet, filled with a growth of pustules. It threatened those hands once so strong, so soft, as instinct with music as with daring; but ten fingers still remained to be counted between them. His voice had become *rauque* and broken; but the hair, beard, and eye-brows, although prematurely white, had not yet dropped from their follicles. His features were enlarged, had turned to ghastly grotesqueness, but so far they had escaped the teredo-like borings of leprosy. With all this, he felt himself growing weaker day by day. He had ceased to use Dr. Tousage's medicines, left at intervals on his window. He could have no faith whatsoever in the physician who had none in himself, and who had told him frankly: "Palliatives, not remedies, Fernand, these are all I can promise you." But even these were now beyond his reach—the good old doctor had written his last prescription.

Little by little, Fernand yielded his consolations. A fine dust, setting around the strings of Duffeyte's Cremona, had clogged their melody. Of the wild-beast-like, circular paths around and about the *Tombeau,* no sign remained. The grass had grown thick over them, as well as over that which, night after night, had so long been his road in the old days, to the lowest rung of a ladder by which he had reached the summit of the great solemn wall, and where, condemned like Moses on Pisgah's height, he would direct yearning glances "westward and northward, and southward and eastward," toward the black waters of the bayou swirling by in the darkness, and the shadowy outlines of fertile fields, once his own, and of

dark forests which had been his hunting-ground as boy and man.

. . . . . .

There is now but one path in the *Tombeau Blanc*. It was the leper's first, as it will be his last path—the walk which leads from the cottage to the turn-window, which holds, each morning and afternoon, his food and drink.

There are two parts fairly mixed in our humanity when in extremity. One is animal; the other, spiritual. The two cannot live apart, so long as the body itself holds together. Fernand feels this keenly. He seeks his food, as a beast. maimed in the fierce wars of its kind, might crawl to seek it —by habit. But unlike the beast, his spirit, which stands for his pleasures, is confined to his cottage, or, in fair, sunny weather, to his seat under the Father Oak. He can no longer find solace in his Cremona. He can no longer see to read. He can only—think, think, think! He totters, while he keeps back the groans, as he now makes the daily trips for his food. He remembers how, years, years ago, he had firmly planted his feet on that well-beaten path, hopeless then, but self-poised. Now, he can only creep painfully along it, stopping at intervals to gasp, taking a half-hour where once the half-minute had sufficed. Then, he had clutched his food with the appetite which young manhood gives, even when it knows itself doomed to lingering disease. Now, he puts his hand up for it with loathing, and turns aside with a shudder when he draws it down.

That terrible path! This is what he now most fears. His hands are not of the strongest for the carrying of food, none of the safest for bearing a full pitcher. For over their swollen surface the skin has thickened and stretched tight and hard like a drum's head. His fingers are gradually turning within like a harpy's claws. He is far from sure of them. One day he doubts whether they will be able to take the food without dropping it. The next day he fears that they cannot carry drink without spilling it. The sorrowful truth is that he is growing afraid of himself. He trembles as he looks down at his pustuled feet, now always bare. At times he holds before his eyes in the sunlight his two yellow swollen hands with their curved fingers. Then, indeed, he breaks out into

sudden despair; he bows his head upon those fingers, blotting out the tell-tale sun, while through them trickle the scalding scanty tears which lepers weep.

He knows that he is now far in the last stage of his disease; that the end of all this must be impotence. The certainty of his fate haunts him like a spectre. He has marked with a ? that unknown day, soon to come, when he shall be too weak to leave his room. One way or other, he feels that that day, when it does come, must break the self-will which has grown almost marble under the *Père Chêne*. The Church has taught him that suicide is a crime. Though in a tomb, whence he can neither see the blaze of altar-candles, nor hear the chimes in steeple-bells, he believes it from his soul to be one. He is utterly alone in these days. Even Nature, the tried ally of solitary man, has neglected, if it have not altogether forgotten him. For years, that wizard of the forest, the mocking-bird, has cheered him with its "lyric bursts" of unmatched melody. But, true to its own instincts, it has set up its throne in the thickets around Confianza's hut. Outside of, not within, the gloomy wall is where the singer chooses to reign; and there it reigns, day and night, content if it only knows that the leper within gains from its wondrous notes a single hope. Fernand does not doubt his consoler, I think; or, if he do, his is only the faint shadow of a fainter doubt. Both were bred in the land of the orange and the sugar-cane. In the man's philosophy, born of his old nurse's lullabies, a certain sorcery attaches to this wondrous bird of wondrous song As he listens in his agony to its joyous bursts, he so bound, it so free, he murmurs half unconsciously, in the wild words of an old Creole hymn of Nature, caught breathing from her by Père Rouquette:

Ah, mokeur! Ah, mokeur shanteur!
Ah, ah! to gagnin giab dan kor!
To gagnin tro l'espri, mokeur.
Mé, shanté: m'a kouté ankor!*

*Ah, mocking bird! Ah, mocking songster,
Ah, thou hast the devil in thy heart!
Thou hast too much wit, mocking-bird.
But sing on; I must listen—once more!

Thus, in its own fashion, is the gray maestro faithful to him. But not so his old shy comrade, the whippoorwill, which has long since left the tree that, in its depths, it haunted, and the master whom, in its coyness, it had seemed to love. The *cyprière* has sent none other of its songsters; and even the little twittering birds, that dote on freedom and space and glitter and company, avoid the mournful Father Oak as though he were a plague. Or, perhaps, these tiny creatures have finer senses than man, and know of *the* plague that sits and ponders, a breathing corpse, under the grand old tree.

Here it is that Fernand passes hours in figuring over and over again what will come of the inevitable invasion. Confianza must, of course, be admitted. And Blanche? Oh, would that she could! But how foolish all this is, none knows so well as he. He would not let his darling in, no! not were she even to knock at the gate and ask that it be opened unto her. Nor can Blanche—but I had forgotten, there is no longer a Blanche.

There is a *Sœur Angélique* who once bore her name—a fair and sinless woman dedicated to God, of whom her black-robed sisters speak with love and pride. Nothing of all this passes into the *Tombeau Blanc*. Fernand has not forgotten Blanche, but he has no knowledge of *Sœur Angélique*. He is ever intent upon the old problems that vex his waning life. The great iron-bound door, so long closed, must soon turn upon its rusty hinges. Who will dare pass the gate? Who will, having once passed it, dare advance to confront the odor of the charnel-house which fills the square, and which seems to have blasted the green old age of *le Pène Chêne*. Who?

The world? No!

His old doctor? No!

His former slaves. No!

Delegates from Leper-Land? Yes!

Forgetfulness forbids the first; death, the second; superstition and "exodus," the third; brotherhood admits the last.

At this prospect, leper as he is, he shudders.

These fancies fill his dark hours. He keeps his failing eyes fastened wearily upon his narrow domain. The grass is growing thick and green over all the paths which he once circled in his madness. It is with eager longing he awaits the

day when it shall spring up as thick and green around and cover his last walk.

"It took years to cover those," he murmurs hoarsely. "My God! how many weeks will it be before this last one is covered?"

. . . . . .

December 25, 187—. A letter just received from my friend, the Mayor of Thibodaux, contains this simple announcement:

"Death, the Consoler, has at last come to Fernand."

THE NATIONAL ELEMENT IN SOUTHERN LITERATURE

BY JOHN BELL HENNEMAN

[*The Sewanee Review,* July, 1903]

It is well understood that in any proper acceptance of the term, American literature must reflect the progress and processes of American thought and life. What seems a truism in uttering it, was long hidden from the practice of American writers. At first American letters represented almost anything but American life, and, in consequence, no life anywhere. The American inherited English law and English custom; these he made his own and modified them to suit his convenience. He also inherited the English language and English literature complete at his command; but not so happy always were the uses to which he subjected the language, and his direction in literary work was frequently obtuse.

There could not here be the same mastery over matter as in the laws; there was not the same independence of conditions nor the same self-reliance. In this case isolation wrought a harm that in the other had stimulated development. In thought, in literature, or in the attempts that passed under the name of literature, English traditions, English models, English productions, were long dominant; English culture in education and letters was merely transferred, and too often, after tradition became weakened, there was current what purported to be the genuine article under borrowed forms that were but shoddy. Nor in the nature of the case has this influence ever been

entirely removed. The war of independence was waged, and the two countries were severed as States politically, but the thought of the new nation was still largely molded in forms of the old. The whole course of American literature may be described as a continual struggle: first, for existence; then, for recognition; and, at length, as many of us believe, in certain departments for rivalry. How far this last has gone could lead to interesting and serious questioning.

If we take the history of American literary achievement, and run over the names and select that portion of the work of each which has secured permanence, there will always be found in what has survived, the native and local, united with the national and spiritual, character as opposed to the imitative.

Franklin was the first American in his sturdy manhood as revealed in his Autobiography. Irving lives to us of to-day in what he made his possession: the beginnings of a Greater New York, the haunts of the Hudson Valley, and the Catskill Mountains. Cooper treated interior New York, which was then border land for white man, Indian, and beast. Hawthorne portrayed the spirit of early New England Puritanism —its sternness and severity, as well as its faithfulness and strength. Poe saw visions of the artist, and depicted vividly what was to his active fantasy a very real dream land. Bryant caught the poetry lurking in American woods and streams. Longfellow lived and spoke the sweetness of the simple dignity of American home life. Whittier sang of the New England farmer boy in the attitude, though he could not attain the voice, of Burns. Emerson was a clarifying voice delivering to the growing material conditions of a new world a message of humanity and of fuller and richer spiritual life. Whitman was a sound from the same new world, so acute and in phases so novel that he is not yet satisfactorily placed. Holmes was the genial poet of occasion; Lowell, the first distinctive American critic; and Curtis, the man of letters in public and political life. Timrod's lyric pipe rejoiced with the coming of spring in his Carolina home, and Lanier found music in the cornfields and marshes and streams of Georgia. The historians began with the settlement of their own country, and were thus led to related Spanish and French worlds and to kindred Germanic institutions.

The point is, that the rule and degree of success has been that what a man found nearest his heart and into which he had most closely and spiritually lived—what was his own and could not be taken away—is that which a later generation has accepted and received from him as individual and is not willing to let die. When the local and national and racial flavor has been caught, together with insight into elemental truth of character, and artistic form has fused these qualities, then a masterpiece of literature results. When this large insight has failed or is limited, there has necessarily arisen the tinge of provinciality.

Now, it is just this touch of provinciality that has continually been urged against the literature of the South. But it is true not only of the South. It is in the South as elsewhere in America. It is the sad, admitted truth of American literature generally. The new nation as a whole must confess that there has been and is much truth in the charge of provinciality. And so it may be repeated: much said of Southern literary conditions is not simply Southern, but a common American characteristic, with special modifications and limitations springing from local causes. To be rigidly scientific in this mode of investigation, one ought first to find out what is generally American, and then determine what is specifically Southern by special deviation from the type. It is evidently unfair to charge a section with what is frequent enough and, indeed, common elsewhere. This is constantly to be kept in mind. The greatest mistake made in judging Southern literature, even by its friends, is that we are apt to speak of it by itself as if it were a thing apart and of a country apart. "There is so little that is permanent in Southern letters," one will cry; another will explain that the conditions were unfavorable; and so forth and so forth. But one feels very much like answering: true—and it has been largely true of the entire country. There is little that has been permanent in American letters; the conditions have been unfavorable to literature. It is a half-truth everywhere in our country. It is true also of the South, but it is not of the South alone.

Another point of difference must not be overlooked: the immense disparity in population and wealth created for the last generation by the four years of war. In New England

the literary men largely remained at home, and were still writing and singing at its close. Nor Bryant, nor Longfellow, nor Holmes, nor Emerson, nor Whittier, nor Lowell engaged in active warfare. True, they were engaged strenuously with their pens, a happy circumstance not permitted to others. There was necessarily much loss throughout the country, but the physical and spiritual resources of the losing section were prostrated and reduced to exhaustion. In New England, Theodore Winthrop and Fitz James O'Brien met death in service, and doubtless other gallant youth died in the glow of a splendid promise. But the loss of the South was peculiarly from her heart and of the best, and many a young man with literary aspiration did not live to see twenty-five. Such losses cannot be estimated, but they are to be felt and measured, nevertheless, for a succeeding generation. Then following upon this struggle came a second and more bitter struggle—a fearful blight. It was not merely that of poverty; it was the demands of entirely changed conditions of living upon the survivors, struggling at the same time for bare existence even. For, in a pathetic sentence, attributed to Sidney Lanier, concerning the decade immediately after the war: "With us in the South it has been for the past ten years a question simply of not dying." Out of these conditions in a whole section of country a new literature was to spring. The wonder of it all is that when it came it was so spontaneous, so rich, so full of life and hope!

There can be no doubt of the great change wrought by the war between the States everywhere in America. This consequently finds its purest expression in American literature. This war makes a true line of demarcation between the old and the new. Its close introduced a period of great expansion and development and change everywhere. In literature it was a formative period. Run over the files of the current magazines and periodicals of the time, and you can read between the lines and discern the high color, the unsettled condition, the exaggerations, and the alarms everywhere. But just as in the turmoil of the Middle Ages the roots of the Renaissance struck deep, so on a less scale the disturbances of the war contributed to the soil nourishment for the rejuvenating, creative epoch to follow. Historic consciousness was bound to grow: there was history from whatever side one viewed it. The nation was

shaken to its center, and the people stirred to the quick. The soil and atmosphere were formed. The national sense was developed, and literature was the gainer. National feeling exulted on one side; on the other the love of old traits and affection for their characteristic types. Both necessarily aided in inducing the romantic cast of mind. Hope and self-reliance were present to the youth everywhere. The spirit of expansion naturally ushered in an epoch of travel, and we consequently find descriptions in abundance, telling of spots and corners unvisited and unknown before. The sense of isolation was being done away with; the connection with the rest of the world becoming closer. The spirit of provincialism was gradually passing. The American tourist began traveling over the globe and revealing new phases of civilization; the American engineer penetrated to the heart of the wilderness in his own country, and left no waste places. A romantic revival in American literature was most natural and inevitable.

Side by side with this, and apparently very contradictory, in that part of the country most settled in its economic and social conditions and least affected by these movements of expansion as was the great West, and least influenced by the changes in social and physical being as was the South, there arose at the same time in New England the beginnings of a school of analysis and dissection in fiction. But even in New England at first, as in other parts of the country, the native romance in localities was finding utterance. The early effects of the war were seen. There had sprung up a general interest in the varied phases of American manhood thrown together at haphazard in the camps. Old types in odd corners were studied anew, and fresh types were revealed.

Thus, after 1865 and before 1870, appeared Mrs. Stowe's 'Old Town Folks,' descriptive of New England village life, Mr. Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy," Whittier's "Snow Bound," an idyl of New England, and his 'Ballads of New England,' and Longfellow's 'New England Tragedies.' All were romantic and sprung from their soil and section. The same note echoes over the land. Even Mr. Howells begins his literary career poetically enough in describing his 'Venetian Days' and 'Italian Journies.' Parkman is portraying with picturesque vividness the history of French possession in the

new world. A voice from the far West, in California, finding a new material, striking full upon his native note, and recognizing an essentially fitting form in the short story, is obtaining recognition in Bret Harte. Of writings in the South, Sidney Lanier's 'Tiger Lilies,' imperfect as it is, was perhaps the only significant publication in those first five years after the war. How silent is the voice of a whole section of people! They were struggling for bare existence even, as Lanier had put it.

Not until after 1870 does the new Southern literature begin —the year in which the two recognized leaders of the past, John Pendleton Kennedy and William Gilmore Simms, both died. It was also the year of the death of Judge A. B. Longstreet, the author of 'Georgia Scenes,' those frank expressions of home growth. That too was the year of the death of Gen. Robert E. Lee, at the head of Washington College, Virginia. Nothing emphasizes more the fact that the old was over. The new was looked forward to, half fearfully almost.

The half decade of years before the centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence in 1876, rounds out the nation's century of existence. With this sense of fullness American literature takes firmer hold. The contrast is growing between the warm, full-blooded romantic spirit and the more cold, though scientific and subtle, analysis of realism. The strife becomes at times even acrimonious. The sway of the analytic school of fiction in New England shows that the domination of the past singers and prophets, the generation of Longfellow and Whittier and Emerson, is over. Other ideas have taken their place, and new writers have supplanted them in controlling taste. A departing note, though a full one, is struck in Emerson's 'Society and Solitude' in this same year, 1870. The new method is seen in Mr. Howells, who for both art and conscience's sake enters upon a career of novel-writing and propagandism. With Mr. James he announces for American fiction the more philosophic doctrine of naturalism and realism—a means obtained by analysis of motive and character and study of environment, as apart from more imaginative story-telling. It is interesting to note that neither Mr. Howells nor Mr. James, at this time so closely identified with Boston and the *Atlantic Monthly* in their work, was of New

England birth, and the spirits these conjured had little kinship with Hawthorne's Salem witches; they were not of American raising, but were the results of wider acquaintance with the schools and systems; they were foreign, but were meant to be world-wide; they were not native, but sought to escape the local and provincial.

In sharp contrast, beyond the Hudson, the newly discovered types through the slowly evolving South and over the rapidly developing West takes on a local and native and more romantic setting. This spirit becomes particularly strong in the South, and ultimately receives there perhaps its finest and freest expression. This movement in American letters—a momentous one for the development of our national life and spirit in the twenty critical years from 1870 to 1890—cannot be understood without the clear recognition of the importance of the Southern writers and some little study of the significance of the Southern romantic spirit. There had been hardly an issue of a typical magazine like the *Century* in ten or fifteen years without a native romantic story, and that usually a Southern one. So completely did this movement dominate the American thought and output of the time! This is the true significance and glory of the new Southern literature. Its weakness was the prevalence of dialect and a seeming aversion from characters who spoke even the elements of the King's English. But even in this particular the dialect was at first used not as an end in itself, but as a means of interpreting more directly both native character and actual life. As a frank revelation of fresh modes of national life and thought, even dialect could find its justification. Here was something admittedly spontaneous and rich, racy of the soil and filled with warmth and color—for, if one may be permitted the reference, there is plenty of both in the South—and in however narrow and restricted a sphere, it represented an American spirit at last. And thus by an apparent paradox the spirit of this literature in the South became for a time in certain aspects the least sectional and the most representative and national.

This native spirit became exemplified in many places and in many ways, for it is not intended to assert that it was not elsewhere too; the meaning is solely to emphasize this literary movement in the South in its relation to the national movement

going on. From California came Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." In Indiana appeared Edward Eggleston's 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster' and 'The End of the World.' Mark Twain gave experiences of the far West in 'Roughing It.' Charles Dudley Warner revealed a new and delightful vein in 'My Summer in a Garden' and in 'Backlog Studies.' John Burroughs was poetically alive to Nature, whether in birds or in poets, both songsters. Mr. Aldrich continued in 'Marjorie Daw'; Miss Alcott presented childhood to 'Little Men' and 'Little Women'; Mr. Stedman stimulated American criticism of American poets in a frankly sympathetic and graceful vein.

The new era was first fully announced with the spirit of the centennial year of 1876. Literature in the South, showing feeble signs here and there, grew bolder and more conscious. It was well for our common country and for the fostering of the national sentiment that so closely upon Appomattox, the tragic close of one war, followed at Yorktown the celebration of the close of another. Between 1865, the close of the Civil War, and 1875, the year of the first centennial celebration of the Revolution, there was but a brief decade. At the centennial of the Declaration of Independence, written by a Virginian, who could deny a Virginian and any Southerner a welcome to the centennial city? There followed the era of good feeling; then it was made possible that in a short time after division a closely contested national election could be held; then all sections became represented once more in the President's Cabinet by the selection of a Tennesseean.

The feelings of the war had mellowed and fallen into retrospect, and one could write tenderly and with full pathos of its romance and its tragedy. The beginnings of a new national life and literature and of Southern literature in national aspects had become possible. A Virginian writer, John Esten Cooke, could drop awhile stories of war time and go back to the colonial days held in common by all. A new writer, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, could become introduced to literature and draw inspiration by describing Yorktown and Old Virginia at the time of the Revolution. Societies of the Revolution soon sprang up, cementing national life over the country, looking away from the struggle of State against State to the

previous common struggle side by side. A new era had arrived for the whole country, and gloriously did Southern letters appropriate its spirit. New names were to become known, older ones were to gain fresh luster. It was a time when a new generation was preparing for college, and those who had just entered the University of Virginia—so long representative of the best in the South—when the surrender at Yorktown was celebrated will recall how with a thrill the Southern young manhood at *Alma Mater* rejoiced that this was their inheritance too, not to be taken away.

The centennial year, 1876, saw also the beginnings of a new educational movement and of higher ideals of scholarship and culture. It was the year of the opening of Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, halfway between North and South, the first instance of German university methods fully applied to American conditions, destined to revolutionize the attitude of education in America and particularly to exert a deep influence upon the training of young Southern scholars. The most notable member of its literary faculty, Dr. Gildersleeve, was brought from the University of Virginia as professor of Greek. It was also the year of the opening of Vanderbilt University in Tennessee, near the center of the Southern Mississippi Vally. The University of the South, at Sewanee, Tulane University, in New Orleans, as well as the new development of Washington and Lee University, in Virginia, were all growths mainly of this later period; and most of the Southern State Universities and private colleges gradually mapped out new and more modern lines of development. Particularly the new movement in the study of English in the South, first distinctly promulgated in 1868 by the late Prof. Thomas R. Price—who was then at Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, and who died as head of the Department of English in Columbia University, New York—spread and vitalized continually in the hands of his pupils new centers over the Southern country.

Keenest of all, the national centennial year, 1876, strengthened the voice of the new Southern literature. It was the year of Mark Twain's 'Tom Sawyer,' his most characteristic sketch of Mississippi River reminiscence. "The Centennial Cantata" was written by the Southern poet, Sidney Lanier, whose symphony of "Corn," uniting intense local color with

a classical spirit, had appeared but a year before. This centennial year was also the year of the publication of Lanier's poems, the chiefest expression of poetic feeling in the South, and one of the most original and intense the entire country could claim apart from Poe. That it was not permitted Lanier to enter upon the land he confidently hoped and battled for, made his position all the more notable. To him was decreed not the victor's wreath, but the martyr's crown. Like some Moses, he was permitted only to view afar off from the mountain top the glories of hopes he felt some day must be realized. His early end was prophetic. In the pathos of his struggling life, checked by untoward conditions and thwarted by ill health, in spite of which he still achieved, there was revealed all the more clearly the symphony utterance of the emotions that passed delicately yet deeply across his soul.

The influence spread rapidly. Before 1881, the year both of the celebration at Yorktown and of Lanier's death, Cable had furnished his early and best-known work: 'Old Creole Days,' 'The Grandissimes,' and 'Madame Delphine.' Richard Malcolm Johnston's stories were characterizing Middle Georgia cracker life—the Middle Georgia of the former 'Georgia Scenes' and 'Major Jones's Courtship.' From the same Middle Georgia section came 'Uncle Remus,' and the grown-up boys of the South of all ages smiled tenderly once more at the recollection of negro "mammies" and "uncles" and the sunshiny and rainy days of youth, which they too had passed in the company of Brer Rabbit. The East Tennessee mountaineer was brought out as picturesquely as his surrounding landscape in the pages of "Charles Egbert Craddock." Virginia contributed the spiritual record of the war fought on her soil, and the tender relationship that existed between man and master in Mr. Page's "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady." And not long after the Kentucky blue grass land was to take up the note in Mr. James Lane Allen. Those were the first glorious summer days of Southern letters.

Other sections moved in the spirit, using a native and romantic background for the portrayal of the varied phases of American life and experience. There were the verses of James Whitcomb Riley and H. C. Bunner, and later came Brander Matthew's 'Vignettes of Manhattan' and Hamlin Garland's

'Main Traveled Roads' and 'Gene Field's lyrics with America writ large in varied characters. Stockton sometimes went deliberately southward to Virginia for his setting; and Maurice Thompson, from his Georgia and Confederate experiences, told some of the best of all negro dialect tales. A little later in the South were the stories of H. S. Edwards from the same Middle Georgia section of watermelon, peaches, darky, and mule; the scenes of John Fox, Jr., in the mountains of Kentucky ("On Hell-for-Sartain Creek" admits an epic breadth in four pages); the character sketches of Miss Grace King, Mrs. Stuart, and Mrs. Davis in New Orleans; new pictures of Old Virginia by Mrs. Burton Harrison; stories of Tennessee mountain life by Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott, of Sewanee; Mr. Harben's stories of Northern Georgia; the society verse of Samuel Minturn Peck; the dainty stanzas of Father Tabb; and the more thrilling and dramatic notes of Madison Cawein.

The style of romantic fiction steadily—perhaps too steadily—persisted; but the people, like those of England before them in the case of Dickens's London creations, recognized it as their own and did not tire. They insistently refused to learn from the critics and the fashions on the Continent. Then was ushered in the wave of romance over the country. No American novel much talked about but was romantic and historical. Taking a time but five or six years back, the leaders of 1897 were Dr. Mitchell's 'Hugh Wynne' and Mr. Allen's 'The Choir Invisible.' Both had the native, historic, romantic setting, and went back whether in Philadelphia or in Kentucky to the days of the fathers of the republic. For the next year, 1898, Mr. Page's 'Red Rock' was a story of the South under Reconstruction. And then in 1899 and 1900 the novel-reading public saw the phenomenal advertising and sale of 'David Harum,' 'Richard Carvel,' 'Janice Meredith' and 'To Have and to Hold.' The secret of 'David Harum's' hold upon the people was the same native flavor, the portrayal of an elemental and universal character—a character that smacked not of Central New York alone, but could have come from anywhere in any of our States. Such a conception was closely akin in method to many of the characters and oddities portrayed in Southern life, and in its very defects and limitations was intensely American. 'Richard Carvel' was of colonial

Maryland amid all the largeness of outline and careless ease of a Southern colony. 'Janice Meredith' might have gained her name farther South—for both were good Virginian and *pace* the dedication, some of the sunlight from the terraces of Mr. Vanderbilt's estate of Biltmore, in the Western Carolina mountains, may have been caught and become confined within its pages. 'To Have and to Hold' was a full-length picture of a colony of cavaliers. Maurice Thompson's story of the original Virginia Territory Northwest of the Ohio, 'Alice of Old Vincennes,' was of the same general class. So far did the movement take hold that the *Century Magazine* denominated its leading feature for 1901 "a year of romance." The strength of the same movement appeared in works like Mr. Churchill's 'The Crisis,' portraying St. Louis, and Mr. Stephenson's 'They That Took the Sword,' picturing Cincinnati, both border cities in border States, in war time. Mr. Cable's 'The Cavalier' was a tale of war and love with a New Orleans regiment doing service in Mississippi. And at the present, Kentucky emphasizes its happy central position as a promise for a center of literary endeavor, both for the South and the country, not only in the more serious workers already named, Mr. Cawein in verse and Mr. Allen in prose, but also in instances like Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks's 'Oldfield,' the Kentucky 'Cranford,' and in the authors of those uneuphonious feminine, but very characteristic Dickensy sketches, 'Juletty,' 'Mrs. Wiggs,' 'Lovey Mary,' and 'Emmy Lou.'

Despite the fickleness of popular impulse, and apart from the question whether the supply both of the dialect story and the historical novel be already exhausted, this eagerness and enthusiasm of the American public disclose a craving in the popular heart. The inherent weakness is that this order of work is not necessarily in the line of development toward something else, something better and greater, but it constitutes a species and end in itself and yields itself too obviously to imitation. Nevertheless the paths mapped out in historical romance are as old as Scott and Dumas and as modern as Robert Louis Stevenson, and herein lies one of the roads toward creating a national literature. To become national, a literature must draw succulence from the roots of past achievement and the spirit of former generations. And read-

ers of the late Mr. Fiske's volumes know that no history is more romantic in setting and more rich in literary possibility, more distinctly national in elements and character, than the early heroic living of 'Virginia and Her Neighbors,' and the history of the planting and forming of the various English, Spanish, French, Indian, and Negro Southern and Southwestern colonies in America.

In this school of rich color and imagination Southern intensity and depth and emotion and Western unconventionality and largeness have played a leading part. Less artistic, beyond doubt, than the calmer perfection of the New England school of objective analysis—a very important source of influence and one more in consonance with contemporary world thought and in advance telling of the morrow—yet it possessed at least the personal appeal. Looking at the history of the actual movements and the obvious feelings of the American people, apart from any theory as to what might or ought to be, there has been an essential difference in the appeal of the two schools.

The principle may be illustrated with a comparison. Before Shakespeare's day there was a struggle between the classic imitators and the native romantic, albeit crude and exaggerated, English spirit; and with all its excesses, nature won! So the intensely analytic school in America, however painstaking and studious in art, has seemed to the people too impersonal, has borrowed its impulse from foreign sources—from George Eliot in England, from Tolstoy in Russia, from Zola in France, and from Ibsen in Norway. While less significant in meaning and in power, the more romantic school was yet native in the hearts of the American people, sprung spontaneous from American soil, and struck roots deep down into American life. It was following the example of its early masters: of Irving and Cooper and Hawthorne and Poe. And it was geographically located everywhere; in New England and in New York, in Virginia and Kentucky and Tennessee and Georgia and Louisiana, in Indiana and in California. It was the buoyancy of American manhood finding utterance; it was the expression of reflections passing over the soul of American life. It has not been the full accomplishment, it has not become formulated into a system in its great variety of utterance; but it has shown

at least the rich world of native and national material. It has been a new world entered upon in the new century of national existence. The American centennial of 1876 opened the gates of the nation wide; the heart of the people responded. American life was obtaining a distinctive expression in its literature. Could it only continue in its advance to something higher!

Has that something higher come? Has the advance been a steady upward one? Is it that the soil is not yet deep enough? Is it that we are a new country? Is our material poorer? Is inspiration crushed by untoward circumstances and want of nourishment? Are the moods so compelling? Are culture and interest in the problems of life deep, genuine, unmistakable, true? Is education faulty? Are our universities devoted to over-specialization, and while the practical knowledge of doing things and matters of technical investigation are unquestionably advanced, the higher creative work and the literary spirit ofttimes restrained? While we seem to have better training than ever, is true culture a matter of such slow growth that another half dozen and more generations are needed to nurture it? Is it that the paths followed permit of a certain development, but forbid greater reaches? An undiscovered country had been revealed and roamed through, but there did not always follow more careful draughting and added power of characterization. The same types were too often repeated and the sense of freshness and novelty was gone. Is it that the romantic tendency must be restrained by the laws of growth in thought, experience, and art, by more highly intellectual and thus by an approach to more analytical and realistic work? Is it that the intense sociological and spiritual ideas characteristic of the new century are forcing themselves also in a New South and an expanding West and casting out romantic dreams and ideals, as is seen conspicuously and curiously in the evolution of the stories of Mr. James Lane Allen?

In any case, the decade after 1886 must be confessed as a whole to have been one of rebound. The promise was not altogether kept up. Our American writing, like our American life, did not develop in all directions, but had to confess its limitations. It could often write the successful short story,

but not the long novel; it would inspire a quatrain and a sonnet in verse, but not sustain a long narrative or complete dramatic poem. But the outward flow of the tide was again American and not merely Southern. The South shared in a common depression and weakening with other parts of the country. The two cannot be looked at except as closely conjoined; for the law of development and influence and evolution is also traceable in literary life.

The decade from 1876 to 1886, as described, was the period of American discovery in new fields. The old *Scribner's Monthly* could change its name to *The Century,* and boldly declare an advanced patriotism. It raised the standards of belief in a native literature, and for a time promulgated the principle that the writing in its pages should not be borrowed, but should be our own—it should henceforth be only American and not, as hitherto, largely British. This was in 1880. Verily, the experiment had its reward. Mrs. Burnett's earliest and best writing; Mr. Cable's artistic 'Grandissimes' and 'Madame Delphine'; Mr. Howells' strong pieces, 'A Modern Instance' and 'Silas Lapham'; Mr. James's 'Bostonians'; work of Mr. Harris, Mr. Allen, Harry S. Edwards, John Fox, Mrs. Stuart—all appeared in rapid succession in that one publication. Also American criticism by Stoddard and Stedman, Edward Eggleston's colonial sketches, the War Series, the Life of Lincoln, Joe Jefferson's Autobiography, numerous history sketches and character portrayals, attempting to bring out national life and spirit, appeared rapidly in its pages and gave the new magazine the character its name hoped to illustrate. However, whether unfortunately or not for the promise of this national movement then so earnestly advocated, this magazine, too, later receded from its first strenuous position in its early note for a purely native and possibly national school of letters. Yet perhaps its very change of front was derived from a greater sense of security and a stronger consciousness of what literature had to be.

But if the first surprise of newness and originality was gone, yet in certain directions of literary and intellectual life in the Southern States there has been steady effort crowned with the strength of growth and accomplishment. True, this has not always been with an even advance in art, but certainly

with advance in energy and outlook and power and vitality.

Among instances the development of a school of literary criticism in the South is discernible. Passing over Sidney Lanier's lectures about 1880 at the Johns Hopkins University on 'The Science of English Verse,' 'The English Novel,' and 'Shakespeare,' important in the history of American criticism, but isolated phenomena in their section, there have been recent appearances which promise in their influence to be the source of a conscious movement. In 1892 appeared the 'Life of William Gilmore Simms' in the American Men of Letters Series, which became a study of former general Southern literary conditions. Its author was Prof. Trent, then of the University of the South, at Sewanee. Whatever the objections raised to the Simms volume, it was a brilliant production as a young man's first effort, and declared that a school of criticism was forming in the South. It was the same year, 1892, that the Sewanee *Review* was started under Prof. Trent's eye, and through him became the chief, and for a time the only, critical literary mouthpiece of its section. Five years later appeared the first serious critical contribution on the contemporary literary movement in the South in the volume on 'Southern Writers' by Prof. Baskerville of Vanderbilt University, a piece of work unfortunately left incomplete by the author's untimely death, but carried on by a number of his pupils. It is interesting to note that this critical movement thus begun has been associated with two pupils of Price and two chairs of English literature in neighboring institutions, representative of the entire Southern country in their spirit and in the national consciousness of their work.

In its educational activity the South has contributed some of the brightest scholars to the splendid list of Johns Hopkins alumni during its first quarter of a century, one of whom, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, as the new President of Princeton, has conceived his oppotunities and duties in a national sense. As representative of a thought movement, Mr. Walter H. Page has filled the editor's chair successively of the *Forum, Atlantic Monthly,* and *The World's Work*, a worker in the broadest and sincerest national feeling. As a literary and historical interest, chairs of English Literature and of History are receiving the greatest emphasis in nearly every Southern college and univer-

sity, and their work is usually conceived beyond the sectional on behalf of the national ideal and the widest appeal. The emphasis of truth and principle, the production of men of culture, and the conquering of provinciality, are objects of their untiring effort. Indeed, this intense literary and historical interest now manifest at a number of points in the Southern States, and particularly the number of historical publications, ought to prove, despite all deficiencies and limitations of sphere, an important means whereby a true development may ultimately be assured.

Similar signs are discernible in the more special field of creative literature. It is hardly six years ago, in 1897, that both Mr. Allen and Mr. Harris, and a year later Mr. Page—all of whom are still actively engaged in writing—published their first long stories. Two years later, in 1899, Miss Johnston's first courageous bid for recognition was a complete novel, followed at once by a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 'To Have and to Hold,' with the promise of its splendidly audacious opening chapters hardly fulfilled. Hitherto the new movement in Southern letters, apart from Mr. Cable's noble 'Grandissimes' had been too far restricted to the limits of the short story. These writers now wished to show their added strength—that their flights could be sustained through an entire volume.

In the steady growth and increase in strength of two writers like Mr. Harris and Mr. Allen through a number of years lies the greatest promise for the future. Literature is made the serious business of life. No more unwearying student of local color and of elemental human nature can be found in America to-day than Mr. Joel Chandler Harris. The best-known of his early works, 'Uncle Remus,' as I had occasion to say in another paper, was a contribution to the folklore of the world. It was the happy intuition of genius to record and invent these sayings and doings of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit, and such finds are not of every day. But Mr. Harris is also portraying other life about him which he sees and knows as no other. His later work, such as 'The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann' and other pieces, places him as a portrayer of character and observer of human nature, as well as reproducer of setting in an interesting phase and period of

Southern and American life, among the leaders of our contemporary fiction.

The case of Mr. Allen is, in many ways, even more significant. It is not simply that his boyhood suffered from the effects of war, and that by a severe moral struggle he has made his literary life his own. It is not that he has been a teacher and a college professor, though perhaps there can be traced the care and self-criticism that this experience has likewise taught. He possesses natural gifts, and he has conserved them and trained them. He belongs almost wholly to the period after 1886, and atones for much else lacking in Southern letters in it. Distinct stages may be traced in his development, so marked has been the evolution in himself, as in his work. There was the early period, the 'Flute and Violin' stories, the expression of the romance in early Kentucky life. This was also the period of 'The White Cowl' and 'Sister Dolorosa,' tender in their romantic setting. Then 'The Kentucky Cardinal,' with its sequel 'Aftermath,' overwhelmed us with surprise to find that the author knew and loved his trees and birds as closely as a sympathetic lover and follower of Audubon, who had roamed these same woods before, and furthermore he was a true poet in his interpretation of them. The notes of a deepening change are already upon him in this work. He is leaving romance and is putting himself in closer spiritual union with Nature and her phases, which will lead him ultimately to Science and her laws. "Summer in Arcady" was therefore an obvious experiment, struggling to escape past conventions and to enter upon newer and wider reaches of art. It was in this expanding effort that Mr. Allen completed his first long novel, 'The Choir Invisible,' based upon an earlier love story, 'John Gray,' but now heightened and filled with an added historical background and local colony, as national in its importance for the beginnings of Kentucky and the West as Hawthorne's work for early New England. It is Mr. Allen's one leaning toward the prevailing fashion of the historical romance, which, indeed, writing before 1897, he in a measure anticipates.

But Mr. Allen could not be confined to the local and historical. The growing impelling forces of universal thought seize him, with a power implied in the very title of his latest

published work, "The Reign of Law," a tale of the Kentucky hemp fields. Whether it is successful in all it undertakes to portray or not—and perhaps the problems are to deep to be fully answered in any work of fiction—the volume is significant as a study in the unfolding and conflict of principles and beliefs in an expanding life. It is the evolution and play of forces continually going on in Kentucky and Southern and American thought and life that Mr. Allen is seeking to present. It is this spirit of constant change and growth all about us that has taken hold upon him, and no two books of his can be said to be formed quite in the same mold.

The same significance of a deeper psychology, a questioning of certain phases that life presents, is discerned in the works of Miss Ellen Glasgow, of Virginia. Crude perhaps in the beginning, they yet reveal growing intellectual power in grappling with problems that press upon her. She is alive to the thought of the world and is attempting to give it expression as suggested in her own environment. Other recent volumes of fiction give evidence of the same deepening change, and I venture to name two. 'Mistress Joy,' a tale of the early Mississippi and the Southwest, by two Tennessee women, residents of neighboring towns, promised at first to be the common run of novel with the usual historic and romantic ingredients; but its strength rests in the growing character, the fidelity to psychologic truth, the spiritual unfolding of the womanhood of Mistress Joy herself. Miss Elliott's 'The Making of Jane, is a distinct appeal in the case of both Janes to reality of presentation, and from this point of view, the strongest work, though not the most popular, of our Sewanee novelist.

It was in this spirit of greater truth to the life about us that in a personal letter written now more than ten years ago by another woman of the South (Miss Marie Whiting, of Virginia), there was uttered a prophetic sentiment which at the time I had occasion to quote. I quote it again in this connection because it forecast this movement and maps out, as it seems to me, the paths of future development.

"There is a splendid opening for somebody in Southern literature—a field untouched, so far as I know. I speak of the want of any adequate representation of typical Southern life of *to-day*. We have stories of society-folk who live in

the South—they live there, that is all, for 'society' is pretty much the same the world over; the very rich kill time in much the same way in all large cities or in all summer resorts or winter hotels or palatial country residences. Then we have the dialect stories in every form and shape—they represent the very poor or the very ignorant. But who has told of the great middle class, the blood and fiber and heart and brain of the body corporate? Who has written of the life of small and large towns, of the countryside, of the people who are distinctive and individual, yet who speak the King's English and read some more or less—who are neither marvels of wealth and culture, nor monstrosities of poverty and ignorance? If such people exist, have they not their life, and shall not some one arise to see its pathos and its beauty?"

In this spirit Southern literature, a term which has too often in the past implied provinciality and narrowness, passes before our eyes into the stream of universal literature—into an American literature invested with a world interest. And what is typical American? Perhaps the type has not yet found definite representation and expression. A true American literature will be of the real life of the American people, localized, true, but catching profound, universal, elemental traits in its actuality. The keynote is the effort at true and faithful representation of that about us and within us. American literature has been largely provincial in the past. It has echoed the voice of New York, or of New England, or of some other section. But when the day of our national literature fully comes, it will not be altogether of any one section or of any one place, but rather will it derive elements of all. So far as we can see it to-day, in its entirety, even if in no single work, it will have something of the earnestness and preciseness of New England, something of the warmth and chivalry of Southern life, something of the large freedom and expansiveness of the great West.

It will tell of the hope and the joy, the bereavement and the sadness, the high pulsation of heart beats, and the awful tragedy of souls in the life about us! Could we only portray these as they are! They have become commonplaces, even as sin and suffering and truth and honor are commonplaces. These are elemental, and as old as Homer and Æschylus and

Sophocles and Dante and Chaucer and Shakespeare. And they will remain as old as the human race, and the human race will read of them in languages yet undeveloped possibly, if an artist only arises to declare in them a home truth to the soul of man. The tragedy of Prometheus, the curse of Œdipus, the horror of Hamlet's doubt, and the awfulness of Lear's mistake, the problems of Faust's struggles with self are immortal, because we cannot think of an age when these questions and their artistic expression cannot appeal to mankind. They must live; it is left to no haphazard vote-taking and fickle populace. It is the soul of man that proclaims it.

There are many phases in our life, many truths about us yet unnoted and unexpressed. The complete representation of Southern as of all American life is still wanting. But it will inevitably come if our people be true to themselves and to their destinies. For is not the great limitless future ours? and of the heritage of the American spirit, if we can only come to realize it, is not the particular work of each of us, East and West, North and South, also a part?

COUSIN SALLY DILLARD

A Legal Sketch in the Old North State

By HAMILTON C. JONES

[Mr. Jones was a Representative from Rowan County, North Carolina, Solicitor of his District, and Reporter of the Supreme Court. He is the author also of "Jones's Fight" and "A Quarter Race in Kentucky," but his most popular *skit* is "Cousin Sally Dillard."]

Scene—*A Court of Justice in North Carolina.*

A BEARDLESS disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the Court:—"May it please your Worships, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked, and malicious an assault—a more wilful, violent, dangerous battery—and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say, it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so

shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed—one said that he heard the noise, and did not see the fight; another that he saw the row, but didn't know who struck first—and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the scrimmage.

Lawyer Chops. I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance, who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, shuffy old man, a "leetle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops. Harris, we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris. Adzactly. (*giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat.*) Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but, howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard, then axed me if Mose he moutn't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard, that he was the foreman of the crap, and that the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go—

Chops. In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

Witness. Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally

Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops. Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about your cousin Sally Dillard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness. Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

Chops. Well, sir, go on.

Witness. Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go—

Chops. There it is again. Witness, please to stop.

Witness. Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops. We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

Witness. To be sure I do.

Chops. Well, go on and tell it, and nothing else.

Witness. Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat—

Chops. This is intolerable. May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt; he seems to be trifling with this court.

Court. Witness, you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

Witness. (*Alarmed.*) Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops. I hope the witness may be ordered into custody.

Court. (*After deliberating.*) Mr. Attorney, the court is of the opinion that we may save time by telling witness to go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness. Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose—he

was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass—but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dillard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log; but my wife, like a darned fool, hoisted her coats and waded through. *And that's all I know about the fight.*

THE DULUTH SPEECH

By JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT

[This speech, delivered in the House of Representatives in 1870, is as good an example of mock-heroic humor as American literature can boast. "As a *jeu d' esprit*," says Colonel Watterson, "no less than as a current hit, it possesses an enduring title to the merit claimed for it, of being the most quaint and genial effusion ever delivered before a deliberative body." Mr. Knott was born in 1830, in Lebanon, Kentucky, where he now resides. He has served his State as member of Congress, governor, professor of civics and economics, and dean of the law faculty, in Centre College.]

THE House having under consideration the joint resolution (S. R. No. 11) extending the time to construct a railroad from the St. Croix river or lake to the west end of Lake Superior and to Bayfield—

Mr. Knott said:—

Mr. Speaker: If I could be actuated by any conceivable inducement to betray the sacred trust reposed in me by those to whose generous confidence I am indebted for the honor of a seat on this floor; if I could be influenced by any possible consideration to become instrumental in giving away, in violation of their known wishes, any portion of their interest in the public domain for the mere promotion of any railroad enterprise whatever, I should certainly feel a strong inclination to give this measure my most earnest and hearty support; for I am assured that its success would materially enhance the pecuniary prosperity of some of the most valued friends I have on earth—friends for whose accommodation I would be willing to make almost any sacrifice not involving my personal honor or my fidelity as the trustee of an express trust. And that fact of itself would be sufficient to countervail almost any objection I might entertain on the passage of

this bill not inspired by an imperative and inexorable sense of public duty.

But, independent of the seductive influences of private friendship, to which I admit I am, perhaps, as susceptible as any of the gentlemen I see around me, the intrinsic merits of the measure itself are of such an extraordinary character as to commend it most strongly to the favorable consideration of every member of this House, myself not excepted, notwithstanding my constituents, in whose behalf alone I am acting here, would not be benefited by its passage one particle more than they would be by a project to cultivate an orange grove on the bleakest summit of Greenland's icy mountains.

Now, sir, as to those great trunk lines of railway, spanning the continent from ocean to ocean, I confess my mind has never been fully made up. It is true they may afford some trifling advantages to local traffic, and they may even in time become the channels of a more extended commerce. Yet I have never been thoroughly satisfied either of the necessity or expediency of projects promising such meagre results to the great body of our people. But with regard to the transcendent merits of the gigantic enterprise contemplated in this bill I never entertained the shadow of a doubt.

Years ago, when I first heard that there was somewhere in the vast *terra incognita,* somewhere in the bleak regions of the great Northwest, a stream of water known to the nomadic inhabitants of the neighborhood as the river St. Croix, I became satisfied that the construction of a railroad from that raging torrent to some point in the civilized world was essential to the happiness and prosperity of the American people, if not absolutely indispensable to the perpetuity of republican institutions on this continent. I felt instinctively that the boundless resources of that prolific region of sand and pine shrubbery would never be fully developed without a railroad constructed and equipped at the expense of the Government, and perhaps not then. I had an abiding presentiment that, some day or other, the people of this whole country, irrespective of party affiliations, regardless of sectional prejudices, and "without distinction of race, color or previous condition of servitude," would rise in their majesty, and demand an outlet for the enormous agricultural productions of those vast and fer-

tile pine barrens, drained in the rainy season by the surging waters of the turbid St. Croix.

These impressions, derived singly and solely from the "eternal fitness of things," were not only strengthened by the interesting and eloquent debate on this bill, to which I listened with so much pleasure the other day, but intensified, if possible, as I read over this morning the lively colloquy which took place on that occasion, as I find it reported in last Friday's "Globe." I will ask the indulgence of the House while I read a few short passages, which are sufficient, in my judgment, to place the merits of the great enterprise contemplated in the measure now under discussion beyond all possible controversy.

The honorable gentleman from Minnesota [Mr. Wilson], who, I believe, is managing this bill, in speaking of the character of the country through which this railroad is to pass, says this:—

"We want to have the timber brought to us as cheaply as possible. Now, if you tie up the lands in this way, so that no title can be obtained to them—for no settler will go on these lands, for he cannot make a living—you deprive us of the benefit of that timber."

Now, sir, I would not have it by any means inferred from this that the gentleman from Minnesota would insinuate that the people out in his section desire this timber merely for the purpose of fencing up their farms, so that their stock may not wander off and die of starvation among the bleak hills of the St. Croix. I read it for no such purpose, sir, and make no such comment on it myself. In corroboration of this statement of the gentleman from Minnesota, I find this testimony given by the Honorable gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Washburn]. Speaking of these same lands, he says:—

"Under the bill, as amended by my friend from Minnesota, nine tenths of the land is open to actual settlers at $2.50 per acre; the remaining one tenth is pine timbered land, that is not fit for settlement, and never will be settled upon; but the timber will be cut off. I admit that it is the most valuable portion of the grant, for most of the grant is not valuable. It is quite valueless; and if you put in this amendment of the gentleman from Indiana, you may as well just kill the bill,

for no man and no company will take the grant and build the road."

I simply pause here to ask some gentleman better versed in the science of mathematics than I am to tell me, if the timbered lands are in fact the most valuable portion of that section of country, and they would be entirely valueless without the timber that is on them, what the remainder of the land is worth which has no timber on it at all.

But further on I find a most entertaining and instructive interchange of views between the gentleman from Arkansas [Mr. Rogers], the gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Washburn], and the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Peters] upon the subject of pine lands generally, which I will tax the patience of the House to read:—

. . . . . .

Now, sir, who, after listening to this emphatic and unequivocal testimony of these intelligent, competent, and able-bodied witnesses, who that is not as incredulous as St. Thomas himself, will doubt for a moment that the Goshen of America is to be found in the sandy valleys and among the pine-clad hills of the St. Croix? Who will have the hardihood to rise in his seat on this floor and assert that, excepting the pine bushes, the entire region would not produce vegetation enough in ten years to fatten a grasshopper? Where is the patriot who is willing that his country shall incur the peril of remaining another day without the amplest railroad connection with such an inexhaustible mine of agricultural wealth? Who will answer for the consequences of abandoning a great and warlike people, in possession of a country like that, to brood over the indifference and neglect of their Government? How long would it be before they would take to studying the Declaration of Independence, and hatching out the damnable heresy of secession? How long before the grim demon of civil discord would rear again his horrid head in our midst, "gnash loud his iron fangs, and shake his crest of bristling bayonets"?

Then, sir, think of the long and painful process of reconstruction that must follow, with its concomitant amendments to the Constitution; the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth articles. The sixteenth, it is of course understood, is to be appropriated to those blushing damsels who are, day by day,

beseeching us to let them vote, hold office, drink cock-tails, ride astraddle, and do everything else the men do. But above all, sir, let me implore you to reflect for a single moment on the deplorable condition of our country in case of a foreign war, with all our ports blockaded, all our cities in a state of siege; the gaunt spectre of famine brooding like a hungry vulture over our starving land; our commissary stores all exhausted, and our famishing armies withering away in the field, a helpless prey to the insatiate demon of hunger; our navy rotting in the docks for want of provisions for our gallant seamen, and we without any railroad communication whatever with the prolific pine thickets of the St. Croix.

Ah, sir, I could very well understand why my amiable friends from Pennsylvania [Mr. Myers, Mr. Kelley, and Mr. O'Neill] should be so earnest in their support of this bill the other day, and if their honorable colleague, my friend, Mr. Randall, will pardon the remark, I will say I considered his criticism of their action on that occasion as not only unjust but ungenerous. I knew they were looking forward with the far-reaching ken of enlightened statesmanship to the pitiable condition in which Philadelphia would be left, unless speedily supplied with railroad connection in some way or other with this garden spot of the universe. And besides, sir, this discussion has relieved my mind of a mystery that has weighed upon it like an incubus for years. I could never understand before why there was so much excitement during the last Congress over the acquisition of Alta Vela. I could never understand why it was that some of our ablest statesmen and most disintersted patriots should entertain such dark forebodings of the untold calamities that were to befall our beloved country unless we should take immediate possession of that desirable island. But I see now that they were laboring under the mistaken impression that the Government would need the guano to manure the public lands on the St. Croix.

Now, sir, I repeat I have been satisfied for years that if there was any portion of the inhabited globe absolutely in a suffering condition for want of a railroad it was these teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix. At what particular point on that notable stream such a road should be commenced I knew was immaterial, and so it seems to have been considered

by the draughtsman of this bill. It might be up at the spring or down at the foot-log, or the watergate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank, no matter where. But in what direction should it run, or where should it terminate, were always to my mind questions of the most painful perplexity. I could conceive of no place on "God's green earth" in such straightened circumstances for railroad facilities as to be likely to desire or willing to accept such a connection. I knew that neither Bayfield nor Superior City would have it, for they both indignantly spurned the munificence of the Government when coupled with such ignominious conditions, and let this very same land grant die on their hands years and years ago, rather than submit to the degradation of a direct communication by railroad with the piny woods of the St. Croix; and I knew that what the enterprising inhabitants of those giant young cities would refuse to take would have few charms for others, whatever their necessities or cupidity might be.

Hence, as I have said, sir, I was utterly at a loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be, until I accidentally overheard some gentleman the other day mention the name of "Duluth." Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for water-brooks. But where was Duluth? Never, in all my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. I was certain the draughtsman of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the library, and examined all the maps I could find. I discovered in one of them a delicate, hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I supposed was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth.

Nevertheless, I was confident that it existed somewhere,

and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. I knew it was bound to exist in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it; that the elements of material nature would long since have resolved themselves back into original chaos, if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out Duluth. In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that, wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without having a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death because in all his travels and with all his geographical research he had never heard of Duluth. I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven that that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand; if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. Yet, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the Legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find Duluth. Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that, with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, "Where is Duluth?"

But, thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capital of

Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands; and as I unfolded it a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering peri through the opening of the gates of paradise. There, there for the first time, my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word "Duluth."

This map, sir, is intended, as it appears from its title, to illustrate the position of Duluth in the United States; but if gentlemen will examine it, I think they will concur with me in the opinion that it is far too modest in its pretensions. It not only illustrates the position of Duluth in the United States, but exhibits its relations with all created things. It even goes farther than this. It lifts the shadowy veil of futurity, and affords us a view of the golden prospects of Duluth far along the dim vista of ages yet to come.

If gentlemen will examine it, they will find Duluth not only in the centre of the map, but represented in the centre of a series on concentric circles, one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas of the sun-lit South and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. How these circles were produced is perhaps one of those primordial mysteries that the most skillful paleologist will never be able to explain. But the fact is, sir, Duluth is preëminently a central place, for I am told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their own personal safety as to venture away into those awful regions where Duluth is supposed to be that it is so exactly in the centre of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it.

I find by reference to this map that Duluth is situated some where near the western end of Lake Superior; but as there is no dot or other mark indicating its exact location, I am unable to say whether it is actually confined to any particular spot, or whether "it is just lying around there loose." I really cannot tell whether it is one of those ethereal creations of intellectual frostwork, more intangible than the rose-tinted clouds of a summer sunset—one of those airy exhalations of the speculator's brain, which I am told are ever fitting in the

form of towns and cities along those lines of railroad, built with Government subsidies, luring the unwary traveler on, and ever on, until it fades away in the darkening horizon—or whether it is a real *bona fide,* substantial city, all "staked off," with the lots marked with their owners' names, like that proud commercial metropolis recently discovered on the desirable shores of San Domingo. But, however that may be, I am satisfied Duluth is there, or thereabout, for I see it stated here on this map that it is exactly thirty-nine hundred and ninety miles from Liverpool, though I have no doubt, for the sake of convenience, it will be moved back ten miles, so as to make the distance an even four thousand.

Then, sir, there is the climate of Duluth, unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth. Now, I have always been under the impression, as I presume other gentlemen have, that in the region around Lake Superior it was cold enough for at least nine months in the year to freeze the smoke-stack off a locomotive. But I see it represented on this map that Duluth is situated exactly half-way between the latitudes of Paris and Venice, so that gentlemen who have inhaled the exhilarating airs of the one or basked in the golden sunlight of the other may see at a glance that Duluth must be a place of untold delights, a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of everblooming flowers, and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's choicest songsters. In fact, sir, since I have seen this map I have no doubt that Byron was vainly endeavoring to convey some faint conception of the delicious charms of Duluth when his poetic soul gushed forth in the rippling strains of that beautiful rhapsody:—

> Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
> Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
> Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
> Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
> Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
> And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
> Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
> In color though varied, in beauty may vie?

As to the commercial resources of Duluth, sir, they are simply illimitable and inexhaustible, as is shown by the map. I see it stated here that there is a vast scope of territory, embracing an area of over two million square miles, rich in every element of material wealth and commercial prosperity, all tributary to Duluth. Look at this, sir [pointing to the map]. Here are inexhaustible mines of gold, immeasurable veins of silver, impenetrable depths of boundless forest, vast coal-measures, wide, extended plains of richest pasturage, all, all embraced in this vast territory, which must, in the very nature of things, empty the untold treasures of its commerce into the lap of Duluth.

Look at it, sir! [pointing to the map]. Do not you see from these broad, brown lines drawn around this immense territory that the enterprising inhabitants of Duluth intend some day to inclose it all in one vast corral, so that its commerce will be bound to go there, whether it would or not? And here, sir [still pointing to the map], I find within a convenient distance the Piegan Indians, which, of all the many accessories to the glory of Duluth, I consider by far the most inestimable. For, sir, I have been told that when the smallpox breaks out among the women and children of that famous tribe, as it sometimes does, they afford the finest subjects in the world for the strategical experiments of any enterprising military hero who desires to improve himself in the noble art of war; especially for any valiant lieutenant-general whose

> Trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
> For want of fighting has grown rusty,
> And eats into itself for lack
> Of somebody to hew and hack.

Sir, the great conflict now raging in the Old World has presented a phenomenon in military science unprecedented in the annals of mankind—a phenomenon that has reversed all the traditions of the past as it has disappointed all the expectations of the present. A great and warlike people, renowned alike for their skill and valor, have been swept away before the triumphant advance of an inferior foe, like autumn stubble before a hurricane of fire. For aught I know, the next flash of electric fire that shimmers along the ocean cable may tell

us that Paris, with every fibre quivering with the agony of impotent despair, writhes beneath the conquering heel of her loathed invader. Ere another moon shall wax and wane the brightest star in the galaxy of nations may fall from the zenith of her glory never to rise again. Ere the modest violets of early spring shall ope their beauteous eyes, the genius of civilization may chant the wailing requiem of the proudest nationality the world has ever seen, as she scatters her withered and tear-moistened lilies o'er the bloody tomb of butchered France. But, sir, I wish to ask if you honestly and candidly believe that the Dutch would have overrun the French in that kind of style if General Sheridan had not gone over there and told King William and Von Moltke how he had managed to whip the Piegan Indians.

And here, sir, recurring to this map, I find in the immediate vicinity of the Piegans "vast herds of buffalo" and "immense fields of rich wheat lands."

Here the hammer fell.

Many cries: "Go on!" Go on!"

The Speaker: Is there objection to the gentleman from Kentucky continuing his remarks? The Chair hears none. The gentleman will proceed.

Mr. Knott. I was remarking, sir, upon these vast "Wheat fields" represented on this map as in the immediate neighborhood of the buffaloes and the Piegans, and was about to say that the idea of there being these immense wheat fields in the very heart of a wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the utmost verge of civilization, may appear to some gentlemen as rather incongruous, as rather too great a strain on the "blankets" of veracity. But to my mind there is no difficulty in the matter whatever. The phenomenon is very easily accounted for. It is evident, sir, that the Piegans sowed the wheat there and plowed it with buffalo bulls. Now, sir, this fortunate combination of buffaloes and Piegans, considering their relative positions to each other and to Duluth, as they are arranged on this map, satisfies me that Duluth is destined to be the beef market of the world.

Here, you will observe [pointing to the map], are the buffaloes, directly between the Piegans and Duluth; and here, right on the road to Duluth, are the Creeks. Now, sir, when

the buffaloes are sufficiently fat from grazing on these immense wheat fields, you see it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them on down, stay all night with their friends, the Creeks, and go into Duluth in the morning. I think I see them now, sir, a vast herd of buffaloes, with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their nostrils dilated, their tongues out, and their tails curved over their backs, tearing along towards Duluth, with about a thousand Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies yelling at their heels! On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks, they join in the chase, and away they go, yelling, bellowing, ripping, and tearing along, amid clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stock-yards of Duluth.

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours, and expatiate with rapture upon the gorgeous prospects of Duluth, as depicted upon this map. But human life is too short and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. I think every gentleman on this floor is as well satisfied as I am that Duluth is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic representative of the American people, who has a proper appreciation of the associated glories of Duluth and the St. Croix, will hesitate a moment to say that every able-bodied female in the land, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who is in favor of "women's rights," should be drafted and set to work upon this great work without delay. Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say I cannot vote for the grant of land provided for in this bill.

Ah, sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place, my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now perhaps agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic would be better fricasseed, boiled, or roasted; and, in the second place, these lands which I am asked to give away, alas,

are not mine to bestow. My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!

THE BLACKSMITH OF THE MOUNTAIN PASS

By JOHN BASIL LAMAR

[John Basil Lamar (1812-1862) was born in Milledgeville, Ga., and was killed at the battle of Crampton Gap, in Virginia. His stories were published under the general title of 'Homespun Yarns.' The best known are "Polly Peablossom's Wedding" and the story here reproduced.]

At the entrance of one of those gorges, or gaps, in the great Appalachian chain of mountains, in their passage across the northern portion of Georgia, a blacksmith had erected his forge in the early settlement of that region by the Anglo-American race, and drove a thrifty trade in the way of facing axes and pointing plows for the settlers, and shoeing horses for wayfaring people in their transit through the country to examine gold mines and land.

As he was no ordinary personage in the affairs of his neighborhood, and will make a conspicuous figure in this narrative, some account of his peculiarities will not be uninteresting. Having acted through life on a homely maxim of his own, "pay up as you go up," he had acquired some money and was out of debt, and consequently enjoyed "the glorious privilege of being independent" in a degree that is unknown to many who occupy a larger portion of the world's attention than himself. He was a burly, well-looking man of thirty-five, just young enough to feel that all his faculties, mental and physical, had reached their greatest development, and just old enough to make the past serve as a finger post to his future journey through life. With a shrewd, but open, bold and honest look, there was a gleeful expression in the corners of his eyes that spoke of fun. The "laughing devil in his eye" was not a malicious spirit, however. His physical conformation was that which combined great strength with agility, and if he had been fated to have been a contemporary of his

great prototype, Vulcan, there can be no doubt but the Lemnian blacksmith would have allotted to him a front forge in his establishment, to act as a sort of pattern-card, and to divert the public gaze from his own game leg to the fair proportions of his foreman.

Now, although Ned Forgeron, for such was the name he had inherited from some Gallic ancestor, was a good-natured man, yet the possession of great muscular strength and courage and the admiration which a successful exercise of those powers never fails to command, had somewhat spoiled him. Without meaning to injure any mortal, he had managed, nevertheless, to try his prowess on sundry of his neighbors, and from the success which always crowned his efforts in that way, had unconsciously acquired the character of a bully.

With very few early advantages of elementary education, he had nevertheless at different periods collected a mass of heterogeneous information which he was very fond of displaying on occasions. He was a sort of political antiquary, and could tell the opinion of Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Madison on any subject, and was referred to on all disputed points of the theory and history of the government that arose among the candidates for the Legislature and county politicians. This he studied on account of the consequence it invested him with. But why he had treasured up an old and well-thumbed copy of Paine's *Age of Reason,* and affected scepticism as to the veracity of the story of Jonah and the whale, and Balaam and his ass, would be hard accounting for, unless it proceeded from the desire of a character for singularity and erudition. When vanity once gets the mastery of a man's reason, there is no telling the absurdities it will lead him into. He was fond of speaking of Volney, and being found with a copy of Taylor's *Diegesis* in his hand, although few of his neighbors had heard of the author of the *Ruins,* or knew what Diegesis meant.

This peculiarity, together with the pertinacity of the missionaries, Worcester and Butler, which carried them to the penitentiary, may account for the great aversion of Mr. Edward Forgeron to all preachers of the Gospel. His dislike for them was so excessive that he could scarcely speak of the "hypocritical scoundrels," as he called them, without flying into a passion and using indecorous language.

But a circumstance occurred which gave his zeal a distinct and sectarian direction. A Methodist preacher over in Tennessee, who was fond of spicing his discourses with anecdotes, once made the blacksmith the principal character in a long sermon. His peculiarities were dilated on, and his heresies dealt with, in becoming severity. He was ridiculed, and his literary acquirements disparaged by the preacher. All this came to the ears of Forgeron, with such additions and embellishments as stories usually receive in passing to a third person. It would be as useless to attempt to describe a mountain storm, as to picture the wrath of this mountaineer. But if we cannot portray the storm, the consequences may be easily told. *The blacksmith swore in his wrath he would whip every Methodist preacher that passed the gap, in revenge for his insult.*

Forgeron was a man of his word, as the bruised features of many of John Wesley's disciples could testify. His character soon went abroad, and the good matrons of the surrounding counties on each side of the mountain trembled at his name. In short, the mountain pass, which was really as romantic a place as a landscape painter would seek for a picture, and was just the spot to remind a youth fresh from his classic studies of the place where Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans fell in attempting to defend Greece against the army of Xerxes, in despite of the grandeur of its beetling cliffs, and the beauty of its verdure, was associated in the minds of many pious persons with the *broad gate* that leads to destruction. And Ned Forgeron, the handsome blacksmith, was invested with the attributes and hideous aspect of his Satanic majesty by many a mountain girl, who would doubtless have fallen in "love at first sight" with him under any other name.

The preacher, whose circuit lay on either side of the mountain at the time Ned's direful edict was promulgated to the world, was a meek and lowly man, who approached nearly in his natural disposition to willing obedience to the mandate relative to turning the cheek to the smiter. The poor soul passed many sleepless nights in view of the fate that awaited him at the mountain pass. In his dreams he saw Forgeron with a huge sledge-hammer in his hand, ready to dash out

his brains, and would start with such violence as to wake himself. He inquired if there was no other place at which the mountain could be passed, only to learn his doom more certainly. Being a timid man, but withal devoutly impressed with a sense of duty, he resolved to discharge his duties faithfully, be the consequences what they might. Like a lamb going to the slaughter did he wend his way toward the gap; as he came in front of the shop the blacksmith was striking the last blow on a shovel and singing away to the tune of *Clear the Kitchen*—

> Old Georgia is a noble State,
> Her laws are good, and her people great—

On catching a glimpse of the poor parson, who had flattered himself that he was about to pass with impunity, Ned sung out: "Stop there, you eternal shad-belly, and pay the penalty for my injured reputation!"

The holy man protested innocence of having ever intentionally injured him, by word or deed. The man's subdued looks and earnest voice had half dissuaded Ned from his stern purpose, when the giggling of his striker, and the cheering of two or three idlers nerved him to do what he felt was mean. Let anyone pause a moment and reflect if he has never been urged on to acts his conscience smote him for, by the opinions of others, before Mr. Forgeron is sentenced as a devil. The preacher received several boxes on his ears and heard many denunciations against his sect before he was permitted to depart, and when that permission was received he was not slow in availing himself of the privilege.

At the next annual conference, when circuits were assigned to the different preachers, this one made his appearance punctually, but by some process of casuistry convinced himself that his duty did not call for a revelation of his sufferings. If he was too sensitive of the blacksmith's character to expose it to rude remarks, or, if he had a preference that some worthier brother should occupy that healthy station among the mountains, is difficult to conjecture. But Forgeron's reputation had extended beyond the circuit, and was done ample and severe justice to by others who had heard of his fame. It soon became the subject of animated conversation, and

there was no little wincing, each one fearing it would be his cruel fate to be sent a victim to appease the wrath of this human minotaur against the Methodist church.

After a time it was decreed that the Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth was the doomed individual, and when the annunciation came many an eye of mingled pity and curiosity was turned on his ruddy, good-natured face to see how the dispensation was borne, but not a muscle moved. With a quiet smile he professed a perfect willingness to go where he was sent. He was "clay in the hands of the potter," he said. If he piqued himself on a stolid indifference to the blacksmith's pommelling, or if he relied on his ample dimensions to protect himself, he never disclosed, but appeared as self-satisfied and content as ever. His predecessor looked for all the world like a mouse just escaped from the fangs of some terrible grimalkin.

* * * * *

The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth was very much pleased with his new situation. Having been transferred from a level pine-woods country near the confines of Florida, the novelty of mountain scenery and a pure bracing atmosphere seemed to inspire him with new life. Complimenting all the mothers on the singular beauty and intelligence of their children, with a delicate allusion to their own personal appearance, he soon became a general favorite. Mr. Stubbleworth "knew which side of his bread the butter was on."

The time arrived for his departure to visit the tramontane portion of his pastoral care, and he was warned of the dangers he was about to encounter, but they were heard with the same placid smile. The worthy ladies pictured to him "chimeras dire" sufficient to have abated the zeal of any other individual. But that gentleman quieted their fears by appealing to the power that "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" with a countenance as lamb-like as could be imagined, and he departed, singing:

> At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
> As thy wants may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

They watched him until his portly person and horse grew dim in the distance, and turned away, sighing that such a good man should fall into the hands of that monster, the blacksmith.

Forgeron had heard of his new victim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished a better subject for his vengeance than the attenuated frame of the late parson. Oh, what a nice beating he would have! He had heard too that some Methodist preachers were rather spirited, and hoped this one might prove so, that he might provoke him to fight. Knowing the clergyman must pass on Saturday in the afternoon, he gave his striker holiday, and, reclining on a bench, regaled himself on the beauties of Tom Paine, awaiting the arrival of the preacher. It was not over an hour before he heard the words:

> How happy are they who the Saviour obey,
> And have laid up their treasure above—

sung in a full, clear voice; and soon the vocalist, turning the angle of the road, rode leisurely up, with a contented smile on his face.

"How are you, old slab-sides? Get off your horse and join in my devotions," said the blacksmith.

"I have many miles to ride," answered the preacher, "and haven't time, my friend—I'll call as I return."

"Your name is Stubbleworth, and you are the hypocrite the Methodists have sent here, eh?"

"My name is Stubbleworth," he replied meekly.

"Didn't you know my name was Ned Forgeron, the blacksmith, what whips every Methodist preacher that goes through this gap?" was asked with an audacious look. "And how dare you come here?"

The preacher replied that he had heard Mr. Forgeron's name, but presumed that he did not molest well-behaved travelers.

"You presumed so! Yes, you are the most presumptuous people, you Methodists, that ever trod shoe-leather, anyhow. Well, what'll you do if I don't whip you this time, you beef-headed disciple, you?"

Mr. Stubbleworth professed his willingness to do anything reasonable to avoid such penance. "Well, there's three things you have to do or I'll maul you into a jelly. The first is, you are to quit preaching; the second is, you just wear this last will and testament of Thomas Paine next to your heart.

read it every day, and believe every word you read; and the third is, you are to curse the Methodists in every crowd you get into." The preacher looked on during these novel propositions, without a line of his face being moved, and at the end replied that the terms were unreasonable, and he would not submit to them. "Well, you have got a whaling to submit to then. I'll larrup you like blazes! I'll tear you into doll-rags corner-ways! Get down, you bugger!"

The preacher remonstrated, and Forgeron walked up to the horse and threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount, whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of necessity and alighted. "I have but one request to make, my friend, that is, that you won't beat me with this overcoat on. It was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have it torn."

"Off with it, and that suddenly, you basin-faced imp, you."

The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his overcoat, as the blacksmith continued his tirade of abuse on himself and his sect, and as he drew his right hand from the sleeve, and threw the garment behind him, he dealt Mr. Forgeron a tremendous blow between the eyes, which laid that person at full length on the ground, with the testament of Thomas Paine beside him. The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but mounted him, with the quickness of a cat, and as he bestowed his blows with a bounteous hand on the stomach and face of the blacksmith, continued his song where he had left off on his arrival at the smithy—

> Tongue can not express the sweet comfort and peace
> Of a soul in its earliest love—

until Mr. Forgeron, from having experienced "first love," or some other sensation equally new to him, responded lustily, "'Nough! 'Nough! Take him off!" But unfortunately there was no one by to perform that kind office except the old roan, and he munched a bunch of grass and looked on as quietly as if his master was "happy" at a camp-meeting.

"Now," said Mr. Stubbleworth, "there are three things you must promise me, before I let you up."

"What are they?" asked Forgeron, eagerly.

"The first is, that you will never molest a Methodist

preacher again." Here Ned's pride rose and he hesitated, and the reverend gentleman, with his usual benign smile on his face, renewed his blows, and song—

I rode on the sky, freely justified I,
And the moon it was under my feet.

This oriental language overcame the blacksmith. Such bold figures, or something else, caused him to sing out:

"Well, I'll do it—I'll do it!"

"You are going on very well," said Mr. Stubbleworth. "I think I can make a decent man of you yet, and perhaps a Christian." Ned groaned. "The second thing I require of you is to go to Pumpkinvine Creek meeting house, and hear me preach to-morrow."

Ned attempted to stammer out some excuse—"I—I—that is—" when the divine resumed his devotional hymn, and kept time with the music, by striking him over the face with the fleshy part of the hand—

My soul mounted higher on a chariot of fire,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat.

Ned's promise of punctuality caused the parson's exercise to cease, and the woods redolent of gorgeous imagery, died away in echoes from the adjacent crags.

"Now, the third and last demand I make of you is peremptory." Ned was all attention to know what was to come next. "You are to promise to seek religion day and night, and never rest until you obtain it at the hands of a merciful Redeemer."

The fallen man looked at the declining sun and then at the parson, and knew not what to say, when the latter individual began to raise his voice in song once more, and Ned knew what would come next. "I'll do my best," he said, in an humbled voice.

"Well, that's a man," Mr. Stubbleworth said. "Now get up and go down to the branch and wash your face, and dust your clothes, and tear up Mr. Paine's testament, and turn your thoughts on high."

Ned arose with feelings he had never experienced before and went to obey the lavatory injunction of the preacher, when that gentleman mounted his horse, took Ned by the hand, and said: "Keep your promises and I'll keep your counsel—good evening, Mr. Forgeron; I'll look for you to-

morrow"; and off he rode, with the same imperturbable countenance, singing so loud as to scare the eaglets from their eyrie in the overhanging rocks.

Well," thought Ned, "this is a nice business! What would people say if they knew Edward Forgeron was whip't before his own door in the gap, and by a Methodist preacher, too!" But his musings were more in sorrow than in anger.

The disfigured countenance of Forgeron was, of course, the subject of numerous questions that night among his friends, to which he replied with a stern look they well understood, and the vague remark that he had met with an accident. Of course they never dreamed of the true cause. Forgeron looked in the glass, and perhaps compared the changing hues of his "black eye from a recent scuffle" to the rainbow in the shipwreck scene—"blending every color into one." Or perhaps he had never read that story and only muttered to himself, "Ned Forgeron whipped by a Methodist preacher."

His dreams that night were of a confused and disagreeable nature, and waking in the morning, he had an indistinct memory of something unpleasant having occurred. At first he could not recollect the cause of his feelings; but the bruises on his face and body soon called it to mind, as well as the promise. He mounted his horse in silence and went to redeem it.

From that time his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The gossips of the neighborhood observed it, and whispered that Ned was silent and serious, and had gone to meeting every Sunday since the accident. They wondered at his burning the books he used to read so much. Strange stories were circulated as to this metamorphose of the jovial dare-devil blacksmith into a gloomy and taciturn man. Some supposed, very sagely, that a "spirit" had enticed him into the mountains, and after giving him a glimpse into the future, had led him to a crag, where he had fallen and bruised his face. Others gave the prince of darkness the credit of the change, but none suspected the Methodist preacher; and as the latter gentleman had no vanity to gratify, the secret remained with Ned.

This gloomy state of mind continued until Forgeron visited a camp-meeting. The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth preached

a sermon that seemed to enter his soul and relieve it of a burden, and the song of "How happy are they who their Saviour obey" was only half through when he felt like a new man. Forgeron was from that time a shouting Methodist. At a love feast a short time subsequent, he gave in his experience, and revealed the mystery of his conviction and conversion to his astonished neighbors. The Rev. Simon Stubbleworth, who had faithfully kept the secret until that time, could contain himself no longer, but gave vent to his feelings in convulsive peals of laughter, as the burning tears of heartfelt joy coursed their way down his cheeks.

"Yes, my brethren," he said, "it's all a fact. I did maul the grace into his unbelieving soul, there's no doubt."

The blacksmith of the mountain pass became a happy man and a Methodist preacher.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

By HENRY LEE

["Funeral Oration," 1800.]

First in war—first in peace—and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life; pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending, to his inferiors kind, and to the dear objects of his affections exemplarily tender; correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life—although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity, he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America lost—such was the man for whom our nation mourns.

Methinks I see his august image, and I hear falling from his venerable lips these deep-sinking words:

"Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation: go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint councils, joint efforts, and common dangers; reverence religion, diffuse knowledge throughout your land, patronize the arts and sciences; let Liberty and order be inseparable companions. Control party spirit, the bane of free governments; observe good faith to, and cultivate peace with all nations. shut up every avenue to foreign influence, contract rather than extend national connection, rely on yourselves only; be Americans in thought, word and deed; thus will you give immortality to that nation which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors; thus will you preserve undisturbed to the latest posterity the felicity of a people to me most dear, and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high Heaven bestows."

CHIVALRY

By EMMANUEL DE LA MORINIÈRE

[From an address delivered at Odd Fellows Hall, New Orleans, April 5, 1893 and published in 'The Louisiana Book', 1894.]

To the performance of their duty did the knights of old bind their loyal, heroic hearts, and so gladly and enthusiastically, that in earliest time, and before even Christianity had become the very core of chivalry, and the Church had flung over its warriors' panoply the mantle of a three-fold consecration, for them

> Labor in the path of duty
> Gleamed up like a thing of beauty.

And the standard of it was high; none higher among the ideals of human conduct. The respect and obedience paid by the young to the old, the essential meaning of which was education for the one part and self-discipline for the other; the modesty of mien, pure aims, and high morality of the young knights; the courtesy and protection granted to women; the loyalty which was as the substance of honor, and the honor which was as the very life of a man's soul; the horror

of falsehood; the thoroughness of the training in moral purity and physical prowess, and the splendor of the results in certain characters and achievements—all make the noblest chapter of history.

No wonder that Edmund Burke should have exclaimed in one of the grandest outbursts of his fervid eloquence: "Chivalry is the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise"; and that, deploring its loss as a social institution, a military organization, the test of propriety, and the guide of manners in the higher ranks of society all over Europe, he should have let fall from his lips the most pathetic dirge that could be sung over its fall. "Nevermore," he says, "shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex; that proud submission; that dignified obedience; that subordination of the heart, which kept alive even in servitude itself the spirit of an exalted freedom; that sensibility of principle; that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched."

Lest my words to you here to-night prove little more than the mere rehearsing of an oft-told tale, hearkened to patiently and at the dawn forgotten, I must bid you linger awhile on that sense of duty visible, at every turn, in the wonderful fabric of chivalry, and ruling the brains, and firing the hearts, and nerving the arms of its men of iron, in the discharge of their trust at the hour of peril.

When Wellington, setting foot on Portugese soil, simply said, "I came here to perform my duty," he had given utterance to what gives bone and marrow to every deed of true valor. Indeed, if we were only roused to action by the prospect of immediate gratification and the pressure of immediate pain, virtue alike and enterprise were at an end.

We see it daily and hourly in those in whom that feeling is faint or extinguished. Their views are short and indistinct; their hopes and wishes grovelling; their actions without vigor; their energies paralyzed by a sullen and indolent content.

And if you ask me why families decay, why dynasties crumble, why the world is shaken from central stone to hinge by periodical revolutions, I will tell you it is because men have

made a mock of that word duty; because they have torn from the gospel of practical life that page in which it is written that rational obedience to duty is the very essence of highest civilized life, its strongest bulwark, its only hope of perpetuity. We have not in our power to be crowned kings in the proud realms of wealth, or in the prouder realms of intellect. The singular inward gifts and outward circumstances which form the well-spring of such boasted royalty are within reach only of the select few; but all, all, from enthroned monarch to lowliest toiler, have it in their power to stamp their deed of hand with the seal of duty.

Despite the hot-headed theorists, styling war the eternal need of human kind; despite the calmer verdict of sober minds, that

> War is honorable
> In those who do their native right maintain,
> In those whose swords an iron barrier are
> Between the lawless spoiler and the weak,

I own my natural weakness. Like Byron's "Doge of Venice," I have not yet learned to think of indiscriminate murder without "some sense of shuddering." When the grim monster's blood-shot eye glares upon me from the pages of history, past or contemporary, I mark it at once as the proof and scourge of man's fallen state.

Yes, young gentlemen, that listen to me to-night, I am not blinded to the fact, that though reared amid scenes of flourishing peace, though not wedded to the profession of arms by irrevocable choice, though the pursuit of business claims your round of days and commands your energies, still you are soldiers, every one of you: nay, more, you are sons and brothers to the bravest men that ever girt sword or shouldered musket; to the noblest heroes that ever fought, bled, died, in the cause of patriotism or the defence of liberty; to the most knightly warriors that cannon signal or trumpet flourish ever summoned to bloody fields; to men whose spirits never faltered, whose hearts never quailed, whose cheeks never blanched, whose resolve never wavered, whose courage never failed, through four bitter years of recurring failure; to men whose self-sacrifice and indomitable ardor have no parallel

in the history of any nation. Greater in their defeat, a thousand times greater than they might have been in triumph, the boys in gray have taught a conquering foe from the banks of the Potomac to the headwaters of the St. Lawrence, and from Gettysburg to Florida, that the fields drenched with their young blood, and torn by their untimely agony, can never be lost fields so long as the word honor retains its meaning in the lexicon of human speech.

Nor in bitterness have I spoken these words, O my friends! Nor with animus or revengeful design, Heaven knows! For the day is past, irretrievably past, and we bless the God of peace for the boon, when the gleaming blades that so proudly hang at your sides on occasions might be made to leap from their scabbards, to flash in the sun of civil broils, and sheathe themselves in the warm hearts of those who, like yourselves, were born in the *Union of States*.

In brotherly love we now clasp each other's hands across the dark chasm of an unfortunate past. We owe allegiance to a united country, since the angels of God have stolen the bitterness of defeat from the beaten, and the memory of victory from the conquerors.

"The hands of slain men have soldered the rift"; and in the soul-stirring words of the Bishop of Wilmington, addressed to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic on Decoration Day, not a month ago: "By a miracle of American patriotism, the riven heart-strings of a nation have again been welded so firm and strong that no future tension can ever force them to snap asunder. North and South have clasped hands in an undying friendship."

Why, then, have I awakened to-night the slumbering echoes of by-gone days? Ah, you know why! That you might grave them on the tablets of your hearts; that you might bind them like shields about your necks; that you might be reminded by them to what achievements you are heirs; and that great deeds are to be worked for, bled for, died for, to-day as in the days of Gettysburg, Richmond, and Shiloh; that though war be the dreadful thing and scourge it was meant to be, you might be pardoned for thinking one crowded hour of glorious life worth an age without a name, and for wishing that your brilliant uniforms might be more than a mere parade

dress, and your good swords better than glittering toys; but especially to give point to my assertion that loyal adherence to duty was the true chevalier's first and engrossing care.

Self-reverence or self-respect is the most powerful and one of the most useful of our mental habits. It is the principle to which the noblest actions of our nature may be most frequently traced; the nurse of every splendid and every useful quality. How far it may be occasionally abused is a question which has long been disputed with fanatical acrimony. Every human feeling is liable to imperfection; nor can it be considered a subject of blame that even our best institutions are only a chance of evils.

A sense of honor, in its widest meaning, includes the faculty of forming some ideal standard superior to the lower nature of man and recognizing in ourselves some power of approximating to it. The higher the standard the nobler will be the man who cherishes it and tries to attain to it, but it is by no means a rare gift confined to a few select natures. On the contrary, it is the commonest and most universal incentive to good conduct. Even in the rudest and simplest form of admiration for physical courage, it makes heroes of many a common sailor or soldier. It makes a hero of the ship captain who dies with his passengers and leans over the gunwale to give the parting boat its course, and who, though conscious that his name shall never be heard above the wash of the fatal waves, still goes down quietly to his grave, rather than break his faith to those few emigrants. It makes a hero of the poor country clown who, fresh from the plough-tail, stands firm and undismayed in the shattered squares of Waterloo or on the bloody ridge of Inkermann, because he has been brought up in the fixed idea that a Briton must never run from a Frenchman or a Russian.

But from those common and universal forms of self-reverence we rise, step by step, to the higher ideals, which give us among gifted natures what may be called "the salt of the earth," the shining examples which guide the world to higher things. Bayard, "fearless and unblamed," bleeds to death amid the ruins of France, because he scorns the help and compassion of the rebel Bourbon. Sidney, dying on the fields of Zutphen, instead of quenching his own intolerable thirst, hands

over the cup of water to the wounded sentinel, because his soul, nourished on noble thoughts, and his fancy fed on the old ballads which, like that of "Chevy Chase," stirred him like a trumpet blast, had led him to conceive the ideal of a perfect knight, which would have been tarnished by any shade of a selfish action. Gordon sacrifices his life at Khartoum not only cheerfully, but almost instinctively, because the suggestion that he might save himself by abandoning those who had trusted in him seems an absolute impossibility.

The grand figure of Lee towers above all others in the history of our own times and of our own country, and will tower still higher when future races of American historians shall record its stirring events with impartiality, because the great Virginian forsook home, fortune, a certain future, all —in his endeavor to choose what was right. Indeed, the creative hand of God cannot fashion a nobler heart than that which takes such a motto for the shaping of its ways; nor can history record a nobler life than that in which the actual deed is in keeping with such a guiding principle.

It has been my good fortune to live in terms of close religious intimacy with a veteran chaplain* who served our gallant bands during those days of trying warfare. From that day in April, 1861, when the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor, to that day in April, 1865, when the heroic struggle ended by the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox Courthouse, in Virginia, his priestly zeal had ministered to our troops. He had shared their exultation in the flitting hours of success. He had cheered their drooping spirits and roused their energies in the brief hours of dark despondency; and whether in closed ambulance, or on open field amid shell, shot, grape, and canister, had shriven the wounded, spoken of duty's crown to the fallen, and made pure for heaven and the land of unbroken peace the parting spirits of the valorous dead.

When I told him of my purpose to recall in this lecture those scenes of past glory and woe, and the memory of the leader who had wrapped them round with imperishable fame, and shed over them the halo of immortality, the aged priest wrenched himself as if by a mighty effort from the vice-like

*The late Rev. Darius Hubert, S.J.

grasp of the disease which crippled his frame. His voice shook with an emotion which I shall never forget. His hand pressed his brow as if to stir again to life his buried thoughts. His eyes, dimmed by years, sparkled through the large tears that filled them, as after a pause he made reply: "Ah, tell them, the young men of the South, that during four years these eyes have been the daily witnesses of deeds of selfless devotion and endurance, which, when written, will dwarf the proudest records of ancient chivalry; tell them that the chieftain whose hand so often met mine in the warm grasp of friendship, and who, even at the head of a charging column, always paid me, the humble minister of Christ, the courteous homage of a reverential bow which a king might well envy, was a Christian knight, truest of the true, from foot to brow, from heel to crown, all noble.

"Tell them that when in open and crowded convention the tall and handsome soldier accepted the position to which he was appointed by the State of Virginia, that of Commander-in-Chief of all her military forces, his was a calm, self-possessed dignity, the like of which I have not seen in other men. When, with the grace of manner which distinguished him, he accepted his new responsibilities, 'trusting in Almighty God, the voice of my approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens,' he was the picture of the ideal patriot marked as one to be forever remembered by all Americans.

"There never was in history a great man whose life was one such blameless record of duty nobly done.

"A perfect gentleman of a State long renowned for its chivalry, he was just, gentle, generous, childlike in the simplicity of his character. His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in sorrow and pain, his nice sense of personal honor, and genial courtesy endeared him to all his friends. I shall never forget his sweet, winning smile, and his clear, honest eyes, that seemed to look into your heart while they searched your brain. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others—a man with whom few of whom I have ever read are worthy to be classed."

THE OLD-TIME SLAVE

By PETER FRANCISCO SMITH

[From Lucian Lamar Knight's 'Reminiscences of Famous Georgians,' 1907, volume 1, Appendix, pages 567-570.]

By the precious and holy memories of the past, we pay this willing and loving tribute to the character of the old-time slave. From the wilderness of bloom that decks the fields where he lived and moved, we bring one simple flower to lay on his inanimate dust. Many of them have passed the river, and roam the green fields beyond the swelling flood. A few of that best and noblest type of the race still lingeringly await their summons to join the majority on the other side. Strangers and pilgrims in the earth, buffeted by the fickle caprice of fortune, their weary feet are brushing the dews on Jordan's bank and their ears catch the faint murmurs of the breakers on the shores. May they find a shallow ford.

The little log cabin is crumbling. Its battered doors swing on rusty hinges, and the rude key and ruder lock have parted forever. The vine that sheltered the humble portal is withered, and the watchdog's honest bark is heard no more. Half hidden by thorn and thistle it stands a sad reminder of "departed joys, departed never to return." Dearer to memory than lofty dome or gilded palace, the very ground on which it stands is holy. The shadows of the fitful flame no longer play on its desolate hearth, and tenantless and dreary the rude winds murmur through the chinks. The cricket has hushed its plaintive song. The owl and the bat seek shelter amid its ruins. Rank weeds have hidden the old familiar path, winding its way around the hill, and there is nothing to remind us of Auld Lang Syne.

And how lonely, how sadly the gray-haired old sires wander up and down in the earth and hum the song of the weary pilgrim:

> No foot of land do I possess,
> No cottage in the wilderness.

What sweet and glorious memories linger about the old homestead and the "little log cabin by the lane!" Even to

one not given to the melting mood, each hallowed spot demands the tribute of a tear. The playground beneath the venerable and umbrageous oak, the verdant fields and the new-mown hay; the bubbling fountain and the rustic seats; the velvet lawn and the winding brook; the honeysuckle and the rose, and ten thousand other charms crowd on the memory; and how gladly we would feel again their inspiration and once more quench our thirst in

> The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
> The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

But what would all these glorious memories be to us without the old uncles and aunties of our childhood? The dear old souls who have long since put off this mortal and been clothed in robes immortal. With what romantic interest their lives were invested and how it deepens with the lapse of years!

The shovel and the hoe lie rusting in the hedge, and the old scythe has lost its cunning fingers. No more the yellow grain bends to its glittering edge, for the songs of the harvest are hushed and the hands of the reaper are still. The fiddle and the bow are gone, and gone the young hearts their wild strains did ravish. Once their irresistible witchery charmed the wee sma' hours and inspired the song and dance the live-long night. But the hands which wooed its wild notes will touch its vibrant chords no more. Stringless and tuneless and mute, the sweetest relic of the long ago, it sleeps with the echoes its music waked.

And the springs have run dry, and the well-known stream has vanished with its source. We seek in vain the spots where the patient fisherman watched the tremulous line, by the light of the torch, and won the fickle finny tribe with the conjured bait. But Old Black Joe and his mysterious tackle are gone, and faded his tracks on the mossy banks. Age and toil had whitened his head and bent his form, and he passed from the shadow of his cabin to the light beyond the stars. The shadows lengthened and lengthened to the east until his last sun sank to rest in the sea. The patriarch watched its fading splendors. His humble life-work was finished. His ear caught the echoes of angelic choirs and he went to meet them with a song in his heart:

I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling,
Old Black Joe.

The old-time darkey was a philosopher. His thoughts never ranged beyond the smoke of his cabin. Content with food and raiment, his little patch of ground, and at peace with all the world, he cheerfully and proudly drove his team afield. He was a Christian. He "saw God in the clouds and heard him in the wind." If he sinned much, he prayed often, and his repentance was instantaneous and evangelical. He praised God in song all the days of his pilgrimage, and the sweet melody of his unpremeditated hymns echoed around the earth. To his unquestioning faith the groves, the hills, the fields, and his cabin were the temples of the living God. He was a poet; the eldest child of nature, rocked in her cradle and nurtured at her breast. He knew the language of birds and flowers. He conversed with all the dwellers of the forest and knew their speech by heart. He listened with wild rapture to the rustle of waving harvest, sniffed their fragrance and breathed the very breath of song. He was a true and faithful friend; true to his old master; true to his children and his children's children unto the third and fourth generation. If there was an occasional predatory excursion his wayward feet never invaded a neighbor's field. He consumed what his toil had made and the good Lord forgave him. God bless the forlorn and ragged remnants of a race now passing away. God bless the old black hand that rocked our infant cradles, smoothed the pillow of our infant sleep, and fanned the fever from our cheeks. God bless the old tongue that immortalized the nursery rhyme; the old eyes that guided our truant feet; and the old heart that laughed at our childish freaks. God bless the dusky old brow, whose wrinkles told of toil and sweat and sorrow. May the green turf rest lightly on their ashes and the wild flowers deck every lonely grave where "He giveth His beloved sleep." May their golden dreams of golden slippers, of golden streets, of golden harps, and of golden crowns have become golden realities.

A STORM OFF THE BERMUDAS

By WILLIAM STRACHEY

[From 'A True Reportory of the Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, (1610). Strachey was resident in Virginia from 1610 to 1612. Many commentators believe this description of a storm to have been one of the sources of Shakespeare's 'Tempest.']

On St. James his day, July 24, being Monday (preparing for no less all the black night before) the clouds gathering thick upon us, the winds singing and whistling most unusually, which made us to cast off our Pinnace, towing the same until then asterne, a dreadful storm and hideous began to blow from out the Northeast, which, swelling and roaring as it were by fits, some hours with more violence than others, at length did beat all light from heaven, which like an hell of darkness, turned black upon us, so much the more fuller of horror, as in such cases horror and fear use to overrun the troubled and overmastered senses of all, which (taken up with amazement) the ears lay so sensible to the terrible cries, and murmurs of the winds and distraction of our Company, as who was most armed and best prepared, was not a little shaken. . . .

For four and twenty hours the storm, in a restless tumult, had blown so exceedingly, as we could not apprehend in our imaginations any possibility of greater violence, yet did we still find it, not only more terrible, but more constant, fury added to fury, and one storm urging a second, more outrageous than the former, whether it so wrought upon our fears, or indeed met with new forces. Sometimes strikes in our Ship amongst women, and passengers not used to such hurly and discomforts, made us look one upon the other with troubled hearts, and panting bosoms, our clamors drowned in the winds, and the winds in thunder. Prayers might well be in the heart and lips, but drowned in the outcries of the Officers—nothing heard that could give comfort, nothing seen that might encourage hope. . . .

Our sails, wound up, lay without their use, and if at any time we bore but a Hollocke, or half forecourse, to guide her before the Sea, six, and sometimes eight men, were not enough to hold the whipstaffe in the steerage, and the tiller below in the Gunner room; by which may be imagined the strength of

the storm, in which the Sea swelled above the Clouds and gave battle unto heaven. It could not be said to rain, the waters like whole Rivers did flood in the ayre. And this I did still observe, that whereas upon the Land, when a storm hath poured itself forth once in drifts of rain, the wind as beaten down, and vanquished therewith, not long after endureth—here the glut of water (as if throatling the wind ere while) was no sooner a little emptied and qualified, but instantly the winds (as having gotten their mouths now free and at liberty) spake more loud, and grew more tumultuous and malignant. What shall I say? Winds and Seas were as mad as fury and rage could make them.

. . . . . .

Howbeit this was not all; it pleased God to bring a greater affliction yet upon us, for in the beginning of the storm we had received likewise a mighty leak, and the ship in every joint almost having spewed out her Okam, before we were aware (a casualty more desperate than any other that a Voyage by Sea draweth with it) was grown five foot suddenly deep with water above her ballast, and was almost drowned within, whilest we sat looking when to perish from above. This, imparting no less terror than danger, ran through the whole Ship with much fright and amazement, startled and turned the blood, and took down the braves of the most hardy Mariner of them all, insomuch as he that before happily felt not the sorrow of others, now began to sorrow for himself, when he saw such a pond of water so suddenly broken in, and which he knew could not (without present avoiding) but instantly sink him. So as joining (only for his own sake, not yet worth the saving) in the public safety, there might be seen Master, Master's Mate, Boatswain, Quarter Master, Coopers, Carpenters, and who not, with candles in their hands, creeping along the ribs, viewing the sides, searching every corner, and listening in every place, if they could hear the water run. Many a weeping leak was this way found and hastily stopt, and at length one in the Gunner room made up with I know not how many pieces of Beef; but all was to no purpose, the Leak (if there was but one) which drunk in our greatest Seas and took in our destruction fastest, could not then be found, nor ever was, by any labor, counsel, or search.

The waters still increasing, and the Pumps going, which at length choaked with bringing up whole and continual Bisket (and indeed what we had, ten thousand weight) it was conceived as most likely, that the Leak might be sprung in the Bread room, whereupon the Carpenter went down and ript up all the room, but could not find it so. . . .

Once so huge a Sea brake upon the poop and quarter, upon us, as it covered our ship from stern to stem, like a garment or a vast cloud. It filled her brimfull for a while within, from the hatches up to the spar deck. This force or confluence of water was so violent, as it rushed and carried the Helm man from the Helm and wrested the Whipstaffe out of his hand, which so flew from side to side, that when he would have seized the same again, it so tossed him from starboard to larboard, as it was God's mercy it had not split him. It so beat him from his hold, and so bruised him, as a fresh man hazarding in by chance fell fair with it and by main strength bearing somewhat up, made good his place, and with much clamor encouraged and called upon others, who gave her now up, rent in pieces and absolutely lost. . . .

During all this time the heavens looked so black upon us, that it was not possible the elevation of the Pole might be observed; not a star by night nor sunbeam was to be seen. Only upon the Thursday night, Sir George Summers being upon the watch, had an apparition of a little round light, like a faint star, trembling and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, half the height upon the mainmast, and shooting sometimes from shroud to shroud, tempting to settle as it were upon any of the four shrouds, and for three or four hours together, or rather more, half the night it kept with us, running sometimes along the mainyard to the very end and then returning. At which Sir George Summers called divers about him and showed them the same, who observed it with much wonder and carefulness. But upon a sudden, towards the morning watch, they lost the sight of it and knew not what way it made. . . .

East and by South we steered away as much as we could to bear upright, which was no small carefulness nor pain to do, albeit we much unrigged our ship, threw overboard much luggage, many a trunk and chest (in which I suffered no mean loss) and staved many a butt of beer, hogsheads of oil, cider,

wine, and vinegar, and heaved away all our ordnance on the starboard side, and had now purposed to cut down the main-mast, the more to lighten her, for we were much spent, and our men so weary, as their strengths together failed them with their hearts, having travailed now from Tuesday till Friday morning, day and night, without either sleep or food; for the leakage taking up all the hold, we could neither come by beer nor fresh water. Fire we could keep none in the Cook-room to dress any meat, and carefulness, grief, and our turn at the Pump or Bucket, were sufficient to hold sleep from our eyes. . . . Tuesday noon till Friday noon we bailed and pumped two thousand tun, and yet, do what we could, when our ship held least in her (after Tuesday night second watch) she bore ten foot deep, at which stay our extreme working kept her one eight glasses, forbearance whereof had instantly sunk us; and it being now Friday, the fourth morning, it wanted but little that there had been a general determination, to have shut up hatches and commending our sinful souls to God, committed the ship to the mercy of the sea. Surely that night we must have done it, and that night had we then perished; but see the goodness and sweet introduction of better hope by our merciful God given unto us. Sir George Summers, when no man dreamed of such happiness, had discovered and cried "Land!" Indeed the morning, now three quarters spent, had won a little clearness from the days before, and it being better surveyed, the very trees were seen to move with the wind upon the shore-side.

ANECDOTES CONCERNING NOTED MEN

Humor has played a larger part in the life and literature of America than in that of any other country. And in no part of America has humor been more distinctive or abundant than in the South. The quality of Southern humor is well represented in the preceding volumes. The anecdotes that follow throw such additional sidelights on character, social life, and political conditions in the South as could hardly be expected from the more formal selections already introduced. As humor belongs more to life than to literature proper, the names included in this section are not necessarily absent from the other volumes, the anecdotes serving rather as additional biographical material.

ANECDOTES CONCERNING NOTED MEN

JOHN ALLEN

Private John Allen, of Mississippi, who had frequently represented his state in Congress, was once called on for an address on "The Mistakes of the War." It was at a Confederate reunion and Allen was surrounded by Confederate officers of high rank. He was nonplussed for the moment but finally responded as follows: "You have called on me to speak on 'The Mistakes of the War.' I do not feel as though it would be profitable, or, indeed, necessary, for me to go into the subject at length in this presence. When I look around upon this brilliant assemblage of generals and colonels and majors, it seems to me sufficient to point out one of the mistakes of the war, and if it was a fatal mistake I was not responsible for it. I was only a private." His hearers saw the point, and the speaker was roundly cheered.

"I want to tell you of the greatest legal victory of my life," said Allen once to a group of congressmen. "It was down in Tupelo, just after the war. I was at that time a practicing lawyer—that is, I practiced when I had any cases to practice with. One day 'Uncle' Pompey, a negro of the settlement, came into my office and said: 'Mars John, I wants you to cl'ar me. I'se gwine to be 'rested for stealin' two hams outen de cross-road store.' 'Well, Pompey, did you really steal the hams?' 'Mars John, I just took 'em.' 'Did any one see you?' 'Yas, boss,' said the old negro disconsolately, 'two ole white buckrats.' 'Well, Pompey,' I replied, 'I can't do anything for you under the circumstances.' 'Now, Mars John,' said Old Pompey, 'here's ten dollars. I jist want you to try.'

"Well, I consented to try," said Allen. "The case was to be heard before an old magistrate named Johnson. He was totally uneducated, and was moreover a perfect dictator. No negro ever came before him who was not fined the maximum penalty. The magistrate heard the case. That Pompey stole the hams there could be no doubt from the testimony. I did not cross-examine the witnesses; but when the testimony was

all in, I arose, and in my most dignified manner addressed the magistrate: 'May it please your honor, it would be useless for me to argue the position my client now holds, and before one who would adorn the Superior if not the Supreme bench of this grand old commonwealth; and I may say that those who know you best say that you would grace even the Supreme Court of the United States—the highest tribunal in the land. It will be useless to dwell upon the testimony; you have heard it, and know the case as well as I do. However, it may not be out of order for me to call your honor's attention to a short passage in the old English law, which clearly decides the case, and which for the moment your honor may have forgotten.'

"Then I fished down into my pocket and drew forth, with a great flourish, an old copy of 'Julius Cæsar.' I opened it with great dignity, and read the line familiar to every schoolboy—'*Omnia Gallia in partes tres divisa est.*' 'That decides the case,' said I, throwing the book upon the table. 'That clearly acquits the defendant.'

"With great dignity and solemnity I took my seat. The old magistrate was completely nonplussed. He looked at me a moment quizzically, and scratched his head; then, turning to Pompey, he raised himself to his full height, and said: 'Pompey, I know you stole them hams, but by the ingenuity of your lawyer, I've got to let you go. Git out! and if you ever come here again, lawyer or no lawyer, you git six months.' "

BILL ARP

"In the summer of 1863," said the late Fitz Hugh Lee, "Bill Arp—we called him Major Charles H. Smith then—was in the Richmond Hospital. The hospital was crowded with sick and dying soldiers and the Richmond ladies visited it daily, carrying with them delicacies of every kind, and did all they could to cheer and comfort the suffering. On one occasion a pretty miss of sixteen was distributing flowers and speaking gentle words of encouragement to those around her, when she overheard a soldier exclaim: 'Oh, my Lord!' It was Bill Arp. Stepping to his bedside to rebuke him for his profanity, she remarked: 'Didn't I hear you call upon the name

of the Lord? I am one of his daughters. Is there anything I can ask him for you?' Looking up into her bright, sweet face, Bill replied: 'I don't know but you could do something for me if I wasn't married.' 'Well,' said she, 'what is it?' Raising his eyes to hers and extending his hand, he said, 'As you are a daughter of the Lord, if I wasn't married, I'd get you to ask him if he wouldn't make me his son-in-law.' "

THOMAS H. BENTON.

MANY anecdotes are told illustrative of Benton's egotism. When his great work, 'Thirty Years in the United States Senate,' was about to come from the press, its publishers, (the Appletons), sent a messenger to him to get his views as to the number of copies that should be printed. The messenger having presented the case, the old man loftily said:

"Sir, they can ascertain from the last census how many persons there are in the United States who can read, sir"; and that was the only suggestion he would condescend to make. That he believed his book would be read by everybody who could read at all, admits of little doubt.

WHEN the Czar Nicholas was the most conspicuous personage in Europe, some one was telling how strangers knelt in his presence. On finishing the narrative, the speaker said to Benton:

"I suppose, Colonel, that you would not think of kneeling to the Czar?" to which he responded, with most imperial emphasis:

"No, sir! No, sir! An American kneels only to God and woman, sir."

A SHORT time after Calhoun's death, a friend said to Benton, "I suppose, Colonel, you won't pursue Calhoun beyond the grave?" to which he replied:

"No, sir. When God Almighty lays his hand upon a man, sir, I take mine off, sir."

IN a stump speech Benton was once denouncing the New York *Tribune* and its editors: "Horace Greeley wears a white

hat, his hair is white, his skin is white, and I give it to you as my candid opinion that his liver is of the same color."

He then began a similar tirade against Greeley's assistant editor, Richelieu Robinson: "He is an Irishman, an Orange Irishman, a red-headed Irishman, and"—but noticing a number of red-headed men and women in his audience he concluded as follows: "Fellow citizens, when I say that Robinson is a red-headed Irishman, I mean no disrespect to persons whose hair is of that color. I have been a close observer of men and affairs for forty years, and I can on my veracity declare that I never knew a red-haired man who was not an honest man, nor a red-haired woman who was not a virtuous woman, and I give it as my candid opinion that had it not been for Robinson's red hair he would have been hanged long ago!"

LOGAN E. BLECKLEY

THE legal decisions of the late Chief Justice Bleckley, of Georgia, would alone place him in the front rank of modern humorists. Following are extracts:

It not infrequently happens that a judgment is affirmed upon a theory of the case which did not occur to the court that rendered it, or which did occur and was expressly repudiated. The human mind is so constituted that in many instances it *finds the truth* when wholly unable to *find the way* that leads to it:

> The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
> His conduct still right, with his argument wrong:
> Still aiming at honor, yet fearing to roam.
> The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home.
>
> *Lee v. Porter,* 63 Ga. 346.

THE legal unity of husband and wife has, in Georgia, for the most purposes, been dissolved, and a legal duality established. A wife is a wife, not a husband, as she was formerly. Legislative chemistry has analyzed the conjugal unit, and it is no longer treated as a compound. A husband can make a gift to his wife, although she lives in the house with him, and attends to her household duties, as easily as he can make a present to his neighbor's wife. This puts her on an equality with other ladies and looks like progress. Under the new order of

things, when he induces her to enter into the business of keeping boarders and promises to let her have all the proceeds, he is allowed to keep his promise if she keeps the boarders. It would seem that the law ought to tolerate him in being faithful to his word in such a matter, even though he has pledged it only to his wife, and we think it does.

McNaught v. Anderson, 78 Ga. 503.

In the ornithology of litigation this case is a tomtit furnished with a garb of feathers ample enough for a turkey. Measured by the verdict, its tiny body has only the bulk of $25, but it struts with a display of record expanded into 83 pages of manuscript. It seems to us that a more contracted plumage might serve for a small bird, but perhaps we are mistaken. In every forensic season we have a considerable flock of such cases, to be stripped and dissected for the cabinets of jurisprudence. We endeavor to pick our overfledged poultry with judicial assiduity and patience.

Lukens v. Ford, 87 Ga. 542.

HENRY CLAY

Clay could tell an anecdote in a captivating way. There was a freedom, a sweep, an elegance in his anecdotal style which was irresistible. One of the anecdotes he was fond of telling related to an incident which occurred in Kentucky when he was abroad, in 1814, acting as Commissioner in negotiating the treaty of Ghent. He used to tell the story for the purpose of illustrating how readily and triumphantly a Kentucky stump speaker could encounter an emergency and surmount an obstacle. Clay, while abroad, was in the habit of writing letters to his friends at home giving them an account of the progress of the negotiation of the treaty. When a letter from him arrived in Lexington, the news of its reception would be circulated, and his neighbors would assemble to hear it read. In one of his letters, which was read to an outdoor crowd by a veteran politician, Clay used the phrase *sine qua non* several times. At the third repetition of the phrase, an old man, wearing a hunting shirt, who stood on the edge of the crowd, called out to the reader:

"Say, Gineral, what's siner quer non?"

The "Gineral" had no idea what the phrase meant, but he was one of the kind who are always equal to the occasion, and elevating his voice to its utmost pitch, he shouted:

"Sine qua non is an island in Passamaquoddy Bay, and Henry Clay goes for Sine qua non!"

This declaration was received with enthusiastic applause, and Henry Clay's great reputation among his neighbors as a patriotic and unflinching upholder of his country's rights against Great Britain became greater than ever.

Shortly after the agitation of the famous compensation bill in Congress, Clay, who voted in favor of the bill, found a formidable opposition arrayed against his re-election. After addressing the people from the hustings, previous to the opening of the poll, he stepped down into the crowd, when he met an old and influential friend of his named Scott, one of the first settlers of Kentucky, and of course, in his younger days, a great huntsman. The gentleman, stepping up, addressed Clay as follows: "Well, well, Harry, I've been with you in six troubles—I'm sorry I must desert you in the seventh; you have voted for that miserable compensation bill—I must now turn my back upon you." "Is it so, friend Scott? Is this the only objection?" "It is." "We must get over it the best way we can. You are an old huntsman?" "Yes." "You have killed many a fat bear and buck?" "Yes." "I believe you have a good rifle?" "Yes, as good a one as ever cracked." "Well, did you ever have a fine buck before you when your gun snapped?" "The like of that has happened." "Well now, friend Scott, did you take that faithful rifle and break it to pieces on the very next log you came to—or did you pick the flint and try it again?" The tear stood in the old man's eye—the chord was touched. "No, Harry, I picked the flint and tried her again—and I'll try you again—give us your hand." We need scarcely say that the welkin rang with the huzzaing plaudits of the by-standers.—Clay was borne off to the hustings, and re-elected.

Perhaps Clay's most famous retort was that made to a long-winded congressman who, in the midst of an interminable speech, turned to Clay and said, "You speak for the

present generation, but I speak for posterity." Clay replied: "It seems you are resolved to speak until your audience arrives."

WILLIAM T. HASKELL

Judge Philip Lindsley, of Dallas, Texas, in *The Taylor-Trotwood Magazine* for July, 1908, tells the following anecdote which he heard from the lips of the famous Tennessee orator, William T. Haskell:

A fox-hunting farmer had a favorite hound, and was fond of boasting of his dog's speed. One morning at break of day, he and his friends started a fox, and the dogs went yelling, the favorite in the lead. On they sped, over hills, and across creek and vale, the hunters at last outstripping all the pack, except the favorite dog. He was clear out of sight, but ever and anon they heard the deep bark of the flying hound, and the excitement was at fever pitch. Then they came upon a woodman, cutting down a tree.

"Did you see anything of a dog and fox running by just now?" exclaimed the farmer.

"Yes," said the woodman.

"How were they making it?"

"Oh," said the woodman, "the dog was a *leetle* ahead!"

PATRICK HENRY

We do not commonly associate humor with Patrick Henry, but few lawyers have had greater skill in turning ridicule to their service. Perhaps the most striking illustration in Henry's career was the celebrated case against John Hook, narrated in Wirt's 'Life of Patrick Henry.' Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent upon the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action against Mr. Venable, in the district court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have disported him-

self in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent [Judge Stuart], he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience: at one time he excited their indignation against Hook: vengeance was visible in every countenance; again, when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigor of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched, with the blood of their unshod feet—"where was the man," he said, "who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellar, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms, the meanest soldier in that little band of patriots? Where is the man? *There* he stands —but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge." He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains around Yorktown, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of: he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence—the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches—they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of "Washington and Liberty!" as it rang and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river— "but, hark!, what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of *John Hook*, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *beef! beef! beef!*"

The whole audience was convulsed: a particular incident will give a better idea of the effect, than any general description. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court-house, and threw himself on the grass, in the most violent paroxysm of laughter, where he was rolling, when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief into the yard also. "Jemmy Steptoe," said he to the

clerk, "what the devil ails ye, mon?" Mr. Steptoe was only able to say, that *he could not help it.* "Never mind ye," said Hook, "wait till Billy Cowan gets up: *he'll show* him the la'." Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of *beef;* it was the cry of *tar and feathers*: from the application of which, it is said, nothing saved him but a precipitate flight.

THE following exchange of notes is said to have taken place between Governor William B. Giles, of Virginia, and Patrick Henry:

"Sir, I understand that you have called me a bob-tail politician. I wish to know if it be true; and if true, your meaning. WM. B. GILES."

To which Henry replied:

"Sir, I do not recollect having called you a bob-tail politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or occasion, I can't say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not.

" Very respectfully,
PATRICK HENRY."

PETER L. HERMAN.

MR. MILES O. SHERRILL, State Librarian of North Carolina, in 'The Methodist Handbook' for 1906, relates the following stories of Rev. Peter L. Herman, a former Methodist minister of the State:

"Rev. Peter L. Herman was full of good humor; he used to relate a case where imagination dominated the mind. A Mr. Jones was a pronounced hypochondriac, and claimed that his stomach was all gashed up as if by pieces of glass. He an-

noyed the physicians a great deal; so finally Dr. B. made up his mind to relieve Mr. Jones. He informed him that he was going to take out his stomach and replace it with a sheep's stomach, and Jones very readily consented. The Doctor had a mutton killed; he brought the stomach and administered chloroform to Jones, lanced and stitched his stomach, applying the blood from the sheep; had the sheep's stomach placed near by hacked to pieces, just about as Mr. Jones had so often described his, and when Jones was restored, the Doctor said: 'Mr. Jones, there is your stomach.'

'Oh! yes, doctor, I have told you doctors the condition of my stomach, but you said I was crazy, now you see who is crazy.'

A week or two later the Doctor met his patient, and said: 'Well, Mr. Jones, how are you getting on now?'

'Fine, fine, doctor; only have one trouble; it seems to me that I have a great hankering after grass.' "

"A FRIEND was discussing the eternal decrees of God with Brother Herman, and during the discussion Brother Herman caught a large horse-fly, bent its head over until it seemed to be separated from the body, and said to his friend: 'Now, brother, do you really believe the great God from all eternity fore-ordained and decreed that I, P. L. Herman, of North Carolina, U. S. A., should pull off the head of this fly?'

'Yes, I do,' said his friend.

'Well,' says Peter, 'I will not do it'; and he cast the fly up in the air and away it flew."

ANDREW JACKSON.

MR. SAMUEL T. PICKARD, in a recent number of *The Youth's Companion,* tells the following story of Andrew Jackson, then (1788) twenty-one years of age, and Waightstill Avery, Attorney General of North Carolina. "It was Jackson's habit to carry in his saddle-bags a copy of 'Bacon's Abridgement!' and to make frequent appeals to it in his cases. This precious book was always carefully done up in coarse brown paper, such as grocers used before the neat paper bags of the present day were invented. The unwrapping of this

much-prized volume before a court was a very solemn function, as performed by Jackson.

"Avery, uncommonly fond of a joke, procured a piece of bacon, just the size of the book, and while Jackson was addressing the court, slipped the volume out from its wrapping and substituted the bacon. While still addressing the court, Jackson raised the flap of his saddle-bags, drew out the brown paper package, carefully untied the string, unfolded the paper with the decorous gravity of a priest handling the holy things of the altar, and then, without looking at what he held in his hand, exclaimed triumphantly:

"'We will now see what Bacon says.'

"The court, bar, jury and spectators were convulsed with laughter before Jackson saw the trick that had been played on him. Of course he was furious. He snatched a pen, and on the blank leaf of a law-book wrote a peremptory challenge, which he delivered then and there. He asked for no apology —nothing but blood would do. He commanded Avery to select a friend and arrange for a meeting at once. Avery made no answer to this peremptory demand, thinking his peppery antagonist would laugh rather than fight, as he grew cooler. But he did not know the young man. Jackson grew hotter instead of cooler. Next morning he sent this note:

"'August 12, 1788.

"'Sir: When a man's feelings and character are injured, he ought to seek a speedy redress. You received a few lines from me yesterday, and undoubtedly you understood me. My character you have injured; and further you have insulted me in the presence of the court and a large audience. I therefore call upon you as a gentleman to give me satisfaction for the same. And I further call upon you to give me an answer immediately without equivocation, and I hope you can do without dinner until the business is done; for it is consistent with the character of a gentleman when he injures another to make a speedy reparation. Therefore I hope you will not fail in meeting me this day. From your obt. st.,

"'ANDREW JACKSON.

"'P. S.: This evening after the court adjourns.'

"The challenge was accepted; and in the dusk of the sum-

mer evening the duel came off in the presence of the same crowd that had laughed in the court room. When the word was given, Jackson fired, his ball flicking Avery's ear, scratching it slightly. Now was Avery's chance to change the later history of his country, but his Puritan blood asserted itself. He fired in the air, then advanced and offered Jackson his hand, which was accepted."

SAM P. JONES.

FEW persons of this generation have been so gifted in repartee or have had so large a fund of apt anecdote and illustration as the late Sam Jones. He was also a thoroughgoing optimist. "This world is a thousand times better to me," he used to say, "than I have been to it. I have no kick or complaint. I don't kick anyway. I am like the fellow that got both legs cut off by the train. They gathered around and began condoling with him. He looked up and said 'Gentlemen, I'm not kicking'." Among his sermon illustrations are the following:

I was talking out West, some time ago, and I said: "Prosperity has come again. The clearing-house receipts, the railroad earnings, the marts of trade, and the wheels of commerce roll higher than at any time in the history of America. Prosperity has come again!" A good old Silver Loon in the audience stood up and said, "It hain't hit me yit," and I said, "Neighbor, it's mighty hard to hit nothing."

I LIKE to see a preacher that nobody can ride. Some of them can be ridden like the darky's old mule. He drove into town on Saturday evening, driving his old mule to a one-horse wagon. The darkies gathered round him, and they said, "Uncle Mose, have you swapped mules again?" "Yes, and dat am de best mule I ever had. Anybody can drive dat mule. The children can drive him. You may have him if you'll ride him." They said, "Take the harness off him and we'll ride him." They took the mule out of the shafts, and took the harness off of him, and a darkey jumped on the mule. But he did not stay very long. And then another, and another tried him, and met a like fate. By and by a lean, tall fellow came up wearing a number fifteen shoe. He got on the mule,

and the mule turned his head this way and that way and went off down the road. When it got about six hundred yards, he turned him, and he came lagging back. He said, "Uncle Moses, in justice this mule am mine; but I am not gwine to take de mule. Dar aint no justice in it. When I got on de mule, he turned dis way, and dat way, and he seed my feet, and he thought he was in de shafts; he don't know it to dis minute dat I's been riding him."

A FATHER was one day walking down the streets of a city with his little son. They met a dude. The little fellow turned and looked up at his father, and said, "Papa, what was that?" The father answered, "It is a dude, son." The little fellow said, "Papa, who makes dudes?" The father answered, "God, makes them, I suppose." "Well, then," said the little fellow, "God loves to have fun as well as the balance of us."

THEY remind me of an old darkey that went to a doctor. He said, "Doctor, I have come to you about my mule; he is sick, and is going to die, it looks like, and I can't get another. Doctor, can't you give me something for my mule?" The doctor said, "Yes, I'll help you, Uncle, in your trouble; here is some calomel. Go home and put this calomel in a big cane joint, and put the joint in the mule's mouth, and blow. He will take it up, and I think it will help him." "Yes, Boss, I'se gwine follow your directions." He went home, and the next day he sent for the doctor. The doctor came and the old darkey was piled up in bed, nearly dead. The doctor said, "I thought it was your mule that was sick, and here you are in bed." "Hit shorely was de mule, doctor, but hit's me now." "What's the matter with you?" "Hit was dat calomel, doctor." "You fool, I told you to give it to the mule." "Well, I did try to, doctor, but you see it was disser way, dat ar mule blowed fust."

BROTHER CHAUNCY said, "Look heah, Brother Green, you 'lowed you didn't do nuffin for yo'self but dat you trusted in de promises ob de good Lawd as you finds 'em in de good book. But I notice, when dat bull come down de road, you tuck to your heels jes lak I did. How you gwine 'splain dat in your

theology?" Brother Green replied, "Brother Chauncy, I'se gwine tell you how dat is. I don't think dar was any ob dem wild animals loose when de Lawd made dem promises."

Eli Perkins gives the following instances of Jones's quickness of repartee:

One day, when the reporters had been criticizing the revivalist's Saxon language, he became indignant, and said: "Do you want my opinion of these reporters who abuse our meetings?" "Yes." "Well, in my humble opinion, I will be in heaven when these miserable little reporters who malign me are sitting on one ear in hell, trying to keep cool by fanning themselves with the other."

"Brother Jones," exclaimed Brother Smitzer, without stopping to ask any other question, "is it possible that you chew tobacco?" "I must confess I do," quietly replied Sam. "Then I would quit it, sir," energetically continued Brother Smitzer. "It is a very unclerical practice, and I must say a very uncleanly one. Tobacco! Why, sir, even a hog would not chew it." "Brother Smitzer," responded his amused listener, "do you chew tobacco?" "I? No, sir!" he answered gruffly, with much indignation. "Then pray, my dear brother," said Sam, "which is most like a hog, you or I?"

J. PROCTOR KNOTT.

J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, the author of the famous Duluth Speech, was once discussing the respective claims of Sampson and Schley in the defeat of Cervera at Santiago. His opponent took the ground that all the honor belonged to Admiral Sampson.

"My dear sir," replied Knott, "it is exceedingly gratifying to me to hear you take the position you have in this matter. It is like a balm to my conscience and settles a point that has worried me many a day.

"I was walking through the woods with a boy friend of mine, when we saw a rabbit run into a sink-hole. We stood around the hole awhile, when I told the boy to keep watch while I went to get some fire to smoke the rabbit out. When I returned the boy had the rabbit. I promptly took it away

from him, claiming it belonged to me because I told him to catch him if he came out.

"That was over fifty years ago, and you are the first man who has ever agreed with me that the rabbit was mine. I feel now that I was right in taking it, and my conscience is at rest."

FITZ HUGH LEE.

A CERTAIN Confederate colonel was making a political speech in the court house. "Talk about my war record," he said, "why, my war record is a part of the State's history. Why, gentlemen, I carried the last Confederate flag through this very town." "Yes," replied Fitz Hugh Lee, "for I was here at the time." "Thank you for your fortunate recollection," gratefully exclaimed the colonel. "It is pleasant to know that there still live some men who move aside envy and testify to the courage of their fellow beings. As I say, gentlemen, my war record is a part of the State's history, for the gentleman here will tell you that I carried the last Confederate flag through this town." "That's a fact," said Fitz Hugh. "I saw him do it. He carried the Confederate flag through this town, but Kilpatrick and Ellsworth were after him, and he carried it so blame fast you couldn't have told whether it was the Confederate flag or a small-pox warning."

THOMAS F. MARSHALL.

THOMAS F. MARSHALL, better known as Tom Marshall, a celebrated lawyer and orator of the past generation, (who, unfortunately, was too much given to strong drink), used to tell how he was driven to the bottle and his law partner to the Bible, in a way which humorously but powerfully suggests Clay's marvelous ability as an advocate. "The way of it was this," Marshall used to say. "Bob Breckenridge" (Robert Jefferson Breckenridge, afterwards a distinguished clergyman)—"Bob Breckenridge and I formed a partnership when we first started out to practice law. The firm of Breckenridge and Marshall soon began to take the lead of all the law firms in Kentucky. We marched right on, without a break, until, in our own opinion at least, we were at the head of the State bar, with one solitary exception; and that exception was Henry Clay. We had never had a chance at him; but we had no

doubt whatever as to what the result would be if we should have the good fortune to encounter him in open court. We felt assured that we should at once and forever put an end to his supremacy and soar to the head ourselves. We watched for an opportunity to tackle the old lion, and, after a long wait, fortune at last favored us. We heard that Clay had been retained to prosecute a certain case, and we immediately rushed off and volunteered our services to the defence, so as to get a chance at him. Our offer was accepted and we awaited the day of the trial with feelings of fretful impatience solaced with anticipations of triumph. Time dragged heavily on, but finally the day of trial came. When it came to the summing up, as Breckenridge and I both wanted to take a hand in laying out Clay, we arranged with the judge that we should divide our time between us, and each address the jury. I, being the junior partner, spoke first. When I arose to begin my plea, I felt a pang of remorse at the thought that I was about to displace the splendid old man who sat before me from his proud pre-eminence, and myself take the honored position what he had so long conspicuously occupied. But I smothered my sentimentality and proceeded to business. I had made elaborate preparation for the occasion, and I did it and myself the amplest justice. I felt that Clay could hardly hold up his head after I got through with him. In fact, in my own estimation, I laid him out so cold that nothing was left for Breckenridge to do but to dance on his remains; and he did dance on them—a regular war dance. When Bob concluded and sat down, we expected that Clay would throw up the sponge without attempting any reply to our unanswerable arguments and eloquence. But not a bit of it. The old lion got up, and with one swoop of his paw he drove Breckenridge to the Bible and me to the bottle, and we have both been there ever since."

Marshall was once so exasperated at a decision of the judge that he retorted sharply, saying "Our Savior was convicted upon just such a ruling as that." "Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "enter a fine of ten dollars against Mr. Marshall." "Well, this is the first time I ever heard of anybody being fined for abusing Pontius Pilate," was the quick response of

Marshall. The judge, very indignant, ordered another fine of ten dollars. Marshall, with as much gravity as the circumstances permitted, addressed the court as follows: "As a good citizen, I feel bound to obey the order of this court; but as I don't happen to have twenty dollars about me, I shall be compelled to borrow it from some friend; and seeing no one present whose confidence and friendship I have so long enjoyed as your honor's, I make no hesitation in asking the small favor of a loan for a few days, to square the fines you have entered against me." This was a stumper. The judge, looking at Marshall and then at the clerk, replied: "Mr. Clerk, remit Mr. Marshall's fines: the State is better able to lose twenty dollars than I am."

Once when Marshall was delivering a political speech in Buffalo, he was interrupted repeatedly by a drunken man's calling out "Louder! Louder! Louder!" Marshall stood this for a while; but at last, turning gravely to the presiding officer, said: "Mr. Chairman: At the last day, when the angel shall descend and, with his golden trumpet, proclaim that 'time shall be no longer,' I doubt not, sir, that there will be in that vast crowd, as now, some drunken fool from Buffalo, shouting 'Louder! louder!' " Marshall went on with his speech, but there were no more cries of "louder!"

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

No more brilliant editor than George Denison Prentice ever lived in the South. The following excerpts from 'Prenticeana,' published in 1859, will give an idea of the pungency of his style:

A Judge in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

An Alabama editor says, in an ill-natured paragraph, that he is "very unlike the gentleman of the Louisville Journal." The latter replies that he is probably unlike *any* gentleman.

We think it is an undeniable truth that the Africans, let

them go to what part of the world they may, retain more unequivocally than any other people the odor of nationality.

A PAPER, calling itself literary and miscellaneous, advertises that it intends to swallow up every thing around it "like a great maelstrom." We have little doubt that it will be a great "take in."

AN editor says that he gives no heed to what we say—that our words go in at one ear and out at the other. We have no doubt of it. Things pass easily through a vacuum.

A BITTER writer in a sectarian newspaper calls his opponent "hypocrite and hyena." There is some similarity between the two animals. One prays, and both prey.

A WESTERN editor talks of giving in one of his columns the fibs of his neighbor. We presume that the other thirty-five are to be filled with his own, as usual.

THE question is discussed in some of the Missouri papers whether raising hemp is a good business. A much better business certainly than being raised by it.

A CANADA editor says he has "a keen rapier to prick all fools and knaves." His friends, if they are prudent, will take it from him. He might commit suicide.

A MAN in the interior of Kansas has brought suit against his neighbor for bruising his shins. If the jury award damages they should order the amount to be paid in shin-plasters.

A RICHMOND paper says that "the moon has been rising for some nights with a face as red as a toper's." No imputation ought to be cast upon Cynthia's sobriety. She fills her horn only once a month.

A CONTEMPORARY wants to know whether fat men are not more kind and compassionate than lean ones. Perhaps they

are as a general rule, but all bowels are not bowels of compassion.

A WESTERN editor not noted for brilliancy, says that he "would rather put questions than respond to them." He is perhaps right. He has probably read that fools may ask questions, but it takes wise men to answer them.

MR. THOMAS POTT, a citizen of Western Texas, publishes a violent communication against his neighbors in general because he had an axe stolen. His rage is evidently a tempest in a *T. Pott.*

THE Washington Union asks whether any party that acts from mere policy can long retain power. Certainly it can, if it acts from a wise policy, and more especially if it acts from the best of all policies, honesty.

A COUNTRY editor says that we may question his veracity, but that we have no veracity to question. We should never think of questioning such veracity as his, for it won't answer.

A LADY has just sent us a basket of fruit, the very sight of which, she thinks, must make us smack our lips. We thank her, and would greatly prefer smacking hers.

BRIGHAM YOUNG in a recent sermon, told the Mormons that it was "more important to raise saints than to raise crops." No doubt he thinks it the more agreeable husbandry of the two.

A CONTEMPORARY wants to know in what age women have been held in the highest esteem. We don't know. But certainly fashionable ladies fill a larger space in the world now than they ever did before.

A LADY who could not conceal even from herself the plainness of her face, boasted that her back was perfect. "That is the reason, I suppose, that your friends are always glad to see it," said one of her listeners.

A DISHONEST and malicious critic, by severing passages from their context, may make the best book appear to condemn itself. A book, thus unfairly treated, may be compared to the laurel—there is honor in the leaves but poison in the extract.

WE have heard of men celebrating their country's battles, who, in war, were celebrated for keeping out of them.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

IN his 'Reminiscences of Famous Georgians,' volume II, pages 438-439, Mr. Lucian Lamar Knight replaces an old joke with a more authentic one as follows: "Wholly fictitious is the anecdote which represents some burly Georgian, first Mr. Toombs and then Judge Cone, as saying to Mr. Stephens that if his ears were pinned back and his head was greased he could swallow him whole, and which represents Mr. Stephens as retorting that if the swallower could actually do this he would have more brains in his stomach than he ever had in his head. Perhaps the anecdote has been told around nearly every stove in Georgia. But neither General Toombs nor Judge Cone could have been so stupid as to make the boorish remark, which is supposed to have called forth the famous retort; and General Toombs and Mr. Stephens, it must be remembered, though sometimes at variance upon political issues, were devoted lifelong friends. Some of the graybeards have actually gone so far as to say that they heard Mr. Stephens make the reply in question; but Uncle Ephraim could also swear that "he seed Marse Henry's ghost." Such solemn asseverations must all be taken in the Pickwickian sense. To find the author of the famous retort it is necessary to take down from the bookshelves one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

"Within the limits of authentic tradition the nearest approach to this specimen of gastronomical humor dates back to the presidential contest of 1860, when Mr. Stephens, who supported the Douglas ticket, engaged in joint debate with Colonel Ranse Wright, afterwards General A. R. Wright, who supported the American or Know-Nothing candidates.

"Colonel Wright was one of the ablest campaigners in the State, and on this particular occasion he made one of his best

efforts. But the effect of the speech was broken by the skillful manner in which Mr. Stephens was reported to have said that, metaphorically speaking, he could eat Ben Hill for breakfast, Ranse Wright for dinner, and Bob Trippe for supper; and of course this ridiculous yarn brought down the house. The laugh was long and continuous as the audience gazed upon the diminutive storage room of the invalid statesman and thought of the little man with the big appetite.

"But it came Mr. Stephens's turn to speak; and, after denying that he had made such a statement, he added that if he had contemplated a feast of the character described, he would certainly have changed the order; he would have taken Ben Hill for breakfast, Bob Trippe for dinner, and remembering the advice of his mother, always to eat light suppers, he would have tipped off with his friend Colonel Wright. The building fairly shook with the mirth which followed this sally. Colonel Wright realized that he was worsted in the tilt, but he joined heartily in the laugh at his expense."

ROBERT TOOMBS.

Shortly after the war Toombs met Thad Stevens in Augusta. "Well, Mr. Toombs," said Stevens, "how do you rebels feel after being licked by the Yankees?"

"We feel just as Lazarus did," was the reply.

"How is that?" asked Stevens.

"Lazarus was licked by the dogs, wasn't he?" said Toombs.

"My opinion of the Yankees," Toombs once remarked, "is apostolic, 'Alexander the Coppersmith did me much evil. The Lord reward him according to his works.'"

Standing near by was an officer in the Federal army, who overheard the remark.

"But, general," said he, "you must admit that we whipped you nevertheless."

"No, sir," replied General Toombs, "we just wore ourselves out whipping you."

WILLIAM H. UNDERWOOD.

"Don't you think," said an attorney to the famous Georgia wit, "that Jim Pearson is the greatest liar you ever saw?"

"I should be sorry to say that of brother Pearson," replied Judge Underwood thoughtfully, "but he certainly wrestles harder with the truth than any other lawyer in the circuit."

Judge Underwood was a staunch Henry Clay Whig, while his son John, later known as Judge John W. H. Underwood, sometimes went from one party to the other. "What are John's politics?" asked a friend.

"Really, now," replied Judge Underwood, "I can't tell you; I haven't seen the boy since breakfast."

John once applied to his father for a letter of recommendation to Governor George W. Crawford. Knowing the Judge's eccentricities John thought it the part of prudence to read the testimonial before presenting it. The letter ran as follows:

My Dear Governor: This will be handed you by my son John. He has the greatest thirst for an office, with the least capacity to fill one, of any boy you ever saw.

Sincerely yours,
William H. Underwood.

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE.

More North Carolina jokes owe their paternity to Governor Vance than to any other one man. The following are from Clement Dowd's 'Life of Zebulon B. Vance':

Vance was not always careful to examine his witnesses in his office before putting them on the stand. His client in this instance was indicted for assault, it being also alleged that he had bitten off part of the prosecutor's ear. There was a plea of guilty as to the assault, but the maiming was denied. The defendant's contention was that the piece of ear was torn off in the scuffle which took place in a piece of new ground where there were many fresh cut roots and bushes. The evidence was being submitted to the Court, as affecting the measure of punishment. After all the regular witnesses had testified, the defendant put his hand on Vance's shoulder and pulling him back, whispered, "Put up

Jack Deans." "Who is Jack Deans?" said Vance. "What does he know?" "That's all right," said the client, "he seed all the fight, helped to part us, and he'll swear he didn't see no biting." The witness was called to the stand and under his examination stated that he saw the fight from beginning to end, helped to part the combatants, and that he saw no biting; he was very emphatic in the assertion that he did not see the defendant bite the ear. When turned over for cross-examination, he said very meekly, in reply to the solicitor's question, that he knew he was required by his oath to tell the *whole* truth. "Well, sir," said the solicitor sharply, "you have told us what you didn't see, now tell us what you did see." The witness was downcast and reluctant at first but under the urging of the solicitor presently raised up his head and casting a forlorn look towards his friend and his lawyer, said: "Well, jist as we raised him up, I seen him spit a piece of the ear outen his mouth!" Vance was heard to say afterwards that he would never put another witness on the stand in any sort of a case without first knowing what he would say.

A FRIEND said to him on one occasion, "Vance, I do not understand how it is that you and your brother Bob belong to different churches. You are a Presbyterian, and he a Methodist." "That is a little queer," said Vance, "but a stranger thing than that is that Bob believes in the doctrine of falling from grace and never falls, while I do not believe in the possibility of falling from grace, but am always falling."

ONE day having some business with an old colored man, he asked his brother in black, "Uncle, do you belong to the Church?" The man replied, "Yes, Boss, thank the Lord." "What Church do you belong to?" "To the Presbyterian Church," replied the darkey. "Uncle, do you believe in election?" "O, yes, Boss, I believes in election." "Well, Uncle, do you think you are elected?" Said Vance. "Yes, Boss, thank the Lord, I thinks I am," said the darkey. "Well, Uncle, do you think I am elected?" inquired Vance. "I'd never heerd, Boss, as how you was a candidate," replied the colored brother candidly.

Eminence in church or State had no terrors for Vance's humor when once aroused. The late Bishop Lyman, of North Carolina, was a man of great dignity and graciousness of manner and was always serious. He called on Senator Vance in the marble room and requested him to bring with him Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, who was general counsel of the House of Bishops, and as learned in the ecclesiastical as in the civil laws, and a great Episcopalian. After some prefatory formalities the Bishop dived at once into the business that he wished to consult the great lawyer about; this concluded, they unbent in personal conversation. Vance assured them that he had narrowly escaped being a considerable theologian himself. "When I was a lad in those great mountains that laugh at the Vermont hills and that our good Bishop has shown his appreciation of by building him a home in, I was blessed with a good aunt who sent me to a most excellent Calvinist school, and delighted in devoting the saving of her needle to making a Presbyterian preacher out of me. I submitted to it for a year or more and made some progress in learning the hard sayings, if not in amazing grace, until my conscience rebelled and in my next visit to her I frankly confessed that I could not go on in the path of her choosing. I cannot bear even now to think of the grief she showed at my determination, and, of course, she must have a reason for it. I tried to explain to her that one good reason was as good as a thousand and that everything was embraced in the simple reason that I did not feel myself good enough to be a Presbyterian minister. She wrestled with me in spirit and refused to let me depart until she had got a promise of some sort out of me. Finding me quite settled in my decision, she reluctantly gave up her dream—then a bright hope seemed to come to her, and caressing my hand she said in an eager way, 'Zeb, don't you think you are good enough to be an Episcopal preacher?"

At a roll call in congress on May 9, 1860, a Mr. Delano was absent but returned before the last name had been called and asked permission to vote. The Speaker inquired if the gentleman was within the bar of the House when his name was called. He answered that he was within the bar of the restaurant. Mr. Cochrane said if he would explain fully what

he was doing in the restaurant, perhaps he might get leave to vote. Mr. Delano said: "I was engaged in the great work of self-protection." Mr. Vance interposed, "I thought perhaps the gentleman might have been engaged in the matter of *internal improvements.*"

VANCE'S quick wit was much in evidence during his college days at the University of North Carolina. Ex-Governor Swain was then President. President Swain was in the habit of lecturing before his class on political economy, and related with much glee that the currency of the State of Franklin (cut off from North Carolina) consisted of coon skins. "After awhile," the Governor said, "the traders got to sewing to possum skins the tails of the coons. What kind of a currency would you call that, Mr. Vance?" the Governor enquired of Zeb. The young man answered him at once: "A retail currency."

WHILE Vance was in the University a temperance lecturer of great power, Philip S. White, started a total abstinence society, which was quite numerously joined. One morning before breakfast a knot of students gathered around the well, which stands in the quadrangle, and contains water so pure and cool that our alumni ever long for it as they journey through life. A friend said: "Vance, why are those boys gathered about the well?" "Why, they are members of Philip S. White's Temperance Society. Tom Blank got on a spree last night—Governor Swain was in hot pursuit of him. As he ran by the well he threw his tickler in and broke it on the rocks of the curbing. Those temperance fellows have been drinking water since day-break."

SENATOR GEORGE VEST, of Missouri, was once commenting upon the inadequate postoffice facilities in Kansas City. "Why, Mr. President," he said, "I have seen waiting at the delivery windows a line of ladies half a mile long." "Mr. President," put in Vance, "I wish to inquire if that is the usual length of women in Missouri."

HENRY WATTERSON.

Oscar Wilde, in his lecture at Louisville, Kentucky, was denouncing the invasion of the sacred domain of art by the meaner herd of tradespeople and miscellaneous nobodies. Rising to his climax he exclaimed, "Ay, all of you here are Philistines—mere Philistines."

"Yes," said Watterson, "we are Philistines, and that is why we are being assaulted with the jawbone of an ass."

LETTERS

As in the case of Anecdotes, Letters have not been excluded merely because the writers have already appeared in the preceding volumes. Letters are necessarily more or less autobiographical. They may also contain material of great historical value. The following selections have been made with such purposes in view.

LETTERS

"AGNES" TO MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR

[From 'Reminiscences of Peace and War,' by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. Copyright, 1904, The Macmillan Company. Used here by permission.]

RICHMOND, April, 4, 1863.

MY DEAR: I hope you appreciate the fact that you are herewith honored with a letter written in royal-red ink upon sumptuous gilt-edged paper. There is not, at the present writing, one inch of paper for sale in the capital of the Confederacy, at all within the humble means of the wife of a Confederate officer. Well is it for her—and I hope for you—that her youthful admirers are few, and so her gorgeous cream-and-gold album was only half filled with tender effusions. Out come the blank leaves, to be divided between her friend and her Colonel. Don't be alarmed at the color of the writing. I have not yet dipped my goose-quill (there are no steel pens) in the "ruddy drops that visit my sad heart," nor yet into good orthodox red ink. There are fine oaks in the country, and that noble tree bears a gall-nut filled with crimson sap. One lies on my table, and into its sanguinary heart I plunge my pen.

Something very sad has just happened in Richmond—something that makes me ashamed of my jeremiads over the loss of the petty comforts and conveniences of life—hats, bonnets, gowns, stationery, books, magazines, dainty food. Since the weather has been so pleasant, I have been in the habit of walking in the Capitol Square before breakfast every morning. Somehow nothing so sets me up after a restless night as a glimpse of the dandelions waking up from their dewy bed and the songs of the birds in the Park. Yesterday, upon arriving, I found within the gates a crowd of women and boys—several hundreds of them, standing quietly together. I sat on a bench near, and one of the number left the rest and took the seat beside me. She was a pale, emaciated girl, not more than eighteen, with a sun-bonnet on her head, and dressed in a clean calico gown. "I could stand no longer," she ex-

plained. As I made room for her, I observed that she had delicate features and large eyes. Her hair and dress were neat. As she raised her hand to remove her sun-bonnet and use it for a fan, her loose calico sleeve slipped up and revealed the mere skeleton of an arm. She perceived my expression as I looked at it, and hastily pulled down her sleeve with a short laugh. "This is all that is left of me!" she said. "It seems real funny, doesn't it?" Evidently she had been a pretty girl—a dressmaker's apprentice, I judged from her chafed forefinger and a certain skill in the lines of her gown. I was encouraged to ask: "What is it? Is there some celebration?"

"There *is*," said the girl solemnly; "we celebrate our right to live. We are starving. As soon as enough of us get together we are going to the bakeries and each of us will take a loaf of bread. That is little enough for the government to give us after it has taken all our men."

Just then a fat old black Mammy waddled up the walk to overtake a beautiful child who was running before her. "Come dis a way, honey," she cried, "don't go nigh dem people," adding, in a lower tone, "I'se feared you'll ketch somethin' fum dem po'-white folks. I *wonder* dey lets 'em into de Park."

The girl turned to me with a wan smile, and as she rose to join the long line that had now formed and was moving, she said simply, "Good-by! I'm going to get something to eat!"

"And I devoutly hope you'll get it—plenty of it," I told her. The crowd now rapidly increased and numbered, I am sure, more than a thousand women and children. It grew and grew until it reached the dignity of a mob—a bread riot. They impressed all the light carts they met, and marched along silently and in order. They marched through Cary Street and Main, visiting the stores of the speculators and emptying them of their contents. Governor Letcher sent the mayor to read the Riot Act, and as this had no effect he threatened to fire on the crowd. The city battalion then came up. The women fell back with frightened eyes, but did not obey the order to disperse. The President then appeared, ascended a dray, and addressed them. It is said that he was received at

first with hisses from the boys, but after he had spoken some little time with great kindness and sympathy, the women quietly moved on, taking their food with them. General Elzey and General Winder wished to call troops from the camps to "suppress the women," but Mr. Seddon, wise man, declined to issue the order. While I write, women and children are still standing in the streets, demanding food, and the government is issuing to them rations of rice.

This is a frightful state of things. I am telling you of it because *not one word* has been said in the newspapers about it. All will be changed, Judge Campbell tells me, if we can win a battle or two (but, oh, at what a price!), and regain the control of the railroads. Your General has been magnificent. He has fed Lee's army all winter—I wish he could feed our starving women and children.

Dearly,

"AGNES."

"AGNES" TO MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR

[From 'Reminiscences of Peace and War,' by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. Copyright, 1904, The Macmillan Company. Used here by permission.]

RICHMOND, April 5, 1865.

MY DEAR:—I am not at all sure you will ever receive this letter, but I shall risk it. *First,* I join you in humble thanks to God for the great mercy accorded both of us. Your General lives. My Colonel lives. What words can express our gratitude? What is the loss of home and goods compared with the loss of our own flesh and blood? Alas! Alas! for those who have lost all!

I am sure you have heard the grewsome story of Richmond's evacuation. I was at St. Paul's Sunday, April 1, when a note was handed to President Davis. He rose instantly, and walked down the aisle—his face set, so we could read nothing. Dr. Minnegerode gave notice that General Ewell desired the force to assemble at 3 P. M., and also that there would be no further service that day. I had seen no one speak to the doctor, and I wonder at the acuteness of his perception of the state of affairs. As soon as I reached the hotel I wrote a note to the proprietor, asking for news. He answered that

grave tidings had come from Petersburg, and for himself he was by no means sure we could hold Richmond. He requested me to keep quiet and not encourage a tendency to excitement or panic. At first I thought I would read my services in the quiet of my little sky parlor at the Spotswood, but I was literally in a fever of anxiety. I descended to the parlor. Nobody was there except two or three children with their nurses. Later in the afternoon I walked out and met Mr. James Lyons. He said there was no use in further evading the truth. The lines were broken at Petersburg and that town and Richmond would be surrendered late at night—he was going out himself with the mayor and Judge Meredith with a flag of truce and surrender the city. Trains were already fired to carry the archives and bank officials. The President and his Cabinet would probably leave at the same time.

"And you, Judge?"

"I shall stand my ground. I have a sick family, and we must take our chances together."

"Then seriously—really and truly—Richmond is to be given up, after all, to the enemy?"

"Nothing less! And we are going to have a rough time, I imagine."

I could not be satisfied until I had seen Judge Campbell, upon whom we so much relied for good, calm sense. I found him with his hands full of papers, which he waved deprecatingly as I entered.

"Just a minute, Judge! I am alone at the Spotswood and—"

"Stay there, my dear lady! You will be perfectly safe. I advise all families to remain in their own houses. Keep quiet. I am glad to know the Colonel is safe. He may be with you soon now."

With this advice I returned and mightily reassured and comforted the proprietor of the Spotswood. He immediately caused notice to be issued to his guests. I resolved to convey my news to the families I knew best. The Pegrams were in such deep affliction there was no room there for anxious fears about such small matters as the evacuation of cities, but I could see my dear Mrs. Paul, and Mrs. Maben, and say a comforting word at the Allan home,—closed to all the world since poor

John fell at Gettysburg. Mrs. Davis was gone and out of harm's way. The Lees were sacred from intrusion. Four members of that household—the General, "Rooney," Custis, and Robert—were all at the post of danger. Late in the afternoon three hundred or more prisoners were marched down the street; the negroes began to stand about, quietly observant, but courteous, making no demonstration whatever. The day, you remember, was one of those glorious days we have in April, and millions on millions of stars watched at night, looking down on the watchers below. I expected to sit by my window all night as you always do in a troubled time, but sleep overtook me. I had slept, but not undressed, when a loud explosion shook the house—then another. There were crashing sounds of falling glass from the concussion. I found the sun had risen. All was commotion in the streets, and agitation in the hotel. The city government had dragged hogsheads of liquor from the shops, knocked in the heads, and poured the spirits into the gutters. They ran with brandy, whiskey, and rum; and men, women, and boys rushed out with buckets, pails, pitchers and in the lower streets hats and boots, to be filled. Before eight o'clock many public buildings were in flames, and a great conflagration was evidently imminent. The flames swept up Main Street, where the stores were quickly burned, and then roared down the side streets almost to Franklin.

The doors of all the government bakeries were thrown open and food was given to all who asked it. Women and children walked in and helped themselves. At ten o'clock the enemy arrived,—ten thousand negro troops, going on and on, cheered by the negroes on the streets.

So the morning passed—a morning of horror, of terror! Drunken men shouted and reeled through the streets, a black cloud from the burning city hung like a pall over us, a black sea of faces filled the street below, shells burst continuously in the ashes of the burning armory. At four in the afternoon a salute of thirty-four guns was fired. A company of mounted dragoons advanced up the street, escorting an open carriage drawn by four horses in which sat Mr. Lincoln and a naval officer, followed by an escort of cavalry. They drove straight to Mr. Davis's house, and returned the way they came. I had a good look at Mr. Lincoln. He seemed tired and old—

and I must say, with due respect to the President of the United States, I thought him the ugliest man I had ever seen. He was fairly elected the first time, I acknowledge,—but was he the last? A good many of the "free and equal" were not allowed a vote then.

The next day I persuaded one of the lads in the hotel to take a walk with me early in the morning, and I passed General Lee's house. A Yankee guard was pacing to and fro before it—at which I felt an impulse of indignation,—but presently the door opened, the guard took his seat on the steps and proceeded to investigate the contents of a very neatly furnished tray, which Mrs. Lee in the kindness of her heart had sent out to him.

I am obliged to acknowledge that there is really no hope now for our ultimate success. Everybody says so. My heart is too full for words. General Johnson says we may comfort ourselves by the fact that war may decide a *policy,* but never a *principle.* I imagine our *principle* is all that remains to us of hope or comfort. Devotedly,

"AGNES."

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN TO MRS. KRUTTSCHNITT

[From 'The Life of Judah P. Benjamin,' by Pierce Butler, in the American Crisis Biographies. Copyright, 1906, George W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia. Used here by permission.]

HAVANA, 1st August, 1865.

I WROTE to you from Nassau, my darling sister, and sent you a long account of my perils and sufferings in effecting my escape from the Yankees. I left Nassau on the day after my arrival there (on the 22d July), and arrived here on the 25th, after a very favorable passage, the first lucky weather that I have had on my voyages. I have now recovered entirely from my fatigue, have had time to provide myself with comfortable clothing, and have been received here with great kindness and attention. I shall leave for England by the steamer on the 6th (my birthday), and hope to see my wife and daughter once more by the 1st of September.

This letter will be carried to you by Alexander Benjamin, a young kinsman with whom I made acquaintance in Nassau.

It seems that he is a grandson of Emanuel Benjamin, our uncle, and is therefore second cousin to us. I have been very much pleased with him, and am greatly indebted to him for the unwearied kindness and attention with which he set himself to work to supply my numberless wants when I arrived at Nassau. He was the chief clerk of Mr. Heyliger, who was the agent of the Confederate government at Nassau, and is an excellent man of business, as well as a gentleman in manners, feelings, and deportment. Every one in Nassau spoke of him in high terms, and I beg, my love, that you give him a warm and cordial welcome for my sake. I am quite taken with him.

Since my arrival here, General Kirby Smith has arrived from Mexico, but is unable to give me any news of my dear Joe and Lionel. I am quite anxious to hear of them, and beg that you will not fail to give me any news of them, as well as of our poor forlorn sisters, by the very first mail for Liverpool. If you give your letters to Mr. Benjamin, he will know how to forward them without fear of their being intercepted. I trust that Sis and Hatty have been able to reach New Orleans in safety, and I take it for granted that they would return there as their best refuge. From what I have learned since my arrival here I have very strong reason for believing that I have saved about 600 bales of cotton, and in that event I will have no difficulty in providing for them so as to place them above want.

I did not write you in my last of the narrow escape I had from water-spouts when in my little boat at sea. I had never seen a water-spout, and often expressed a desire to be witness of so striking a phenomenon. I got, however, more than I bargained for. On the night before I reached Bemini, after a day of intense heat, the entire horizon was black with squalls. We took in our sail, unstepped the mast, and as we were on soundings, we let go the anchor in order to ride out the squalls in safety. They were forming all around us, and as there was no wind, it was impossible to tell which of them would strike us. At about nine o'clock, however, a very heavy, lurid cloud in the west dipped down toward the sea, and in a single minute two large water-spouts were formed, and the wind began blowing furiously directly toward us, bringing the water-

spouts in a straight line for our boat. They were at the distance of a couple of miles, and did not seem to travel very fast. The furious whirl of the water could be distinctly heard, as in a long waving column that swayed about in the breeze and extended from the ocean up into the cloud, the spouts advanced in their course. If they had struck us we would have been swamped in a second, but before they reached us the main squall was upon us with such a tremendous blast of wind and rain combined that it was impossible to face the drops of water which were driven into our eyes with such violence as to compel us instantly to turn our backs to it, while it seemed that the force of the wind was so great that it would press our little boat bodily down into the sea. The waves were not high, the strength of the blast being such as to keep the surface of the water compressed. On turning our backs to this tremendous squall, judge of our dismay on seeing another water-spout formed in another squall in the east, also traveling directly towards us, although the wind was blowing with such fury from the west. There must have been contrary currents at different heights in the air, and we had scarcely caught sight of this new danger, when the two spouts first seen passed our boat at a distance of about one hundred yards (separated from each other by about a quarter of a mile), tearing up the whole surface of the sea as they passed, and whirling it furiously into the clouds, with a roar such as is heard at the foot of Niagara Falls. The western blast soon reached the spout that had been coming toward us from the east and checked its career. It wavered and broke, and the other two spouts continued their awful race across the ocean until we lost sight of them in the blackness of the horizon. A quarter of an hour after, all was calm and still, and our boat was lazily heaving and setting on the long swell of the Bahama Sea. It was a scene and picture that has become photographed on my brain, and that I can never forget.

We are all in intense anxiety on the subject of our honored and noble chief, Jefferson Davis. By the last accounts there was every probability that those in power at Washington would succeed in getting rid of him by the tortures inflicted on him in prison, and that the delay in trying him was intended to give time for this moral assassination. No nobler gentleman,

no purer man, no more exalted patriot ever drew breath; and eternal infamy will blacken the base and savage wretches who are now taking advantage of their brief grasp of power to wreak a cowardly vengeance on his honored head.

On looking over the New Orleans papers I see that many of our old friends are returning, and I specially note that Payne, Huntington & Co. have resumed business. Don't fail to let me know if my dear friend Wash [Huntington] is in New Orleans, and if so, give him a thousand memories of love and friendship for me, and say that I will write to him from Liverpool. You can read to him those parts of my letters that don't refer to family affairs.

I long, dearest, beyond expression to see you all once more, and to have your darling chicks gathered round the knee of 'Uncle Ben.' You must write me fully about them all, as well as about your own health, and dear Kitt's health and purposes —whether he is going into business, etc., etc.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN TO MISS BENJAMIN

[From 'The Life of Judah P. Benjamin,' by Pierce Butler, in the American Crisis Biographies. Copyright, 1906, George W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia. Used here by permission.]

London, August 10, 1872.

I have had high professional promotion lately. A number of the judges united in recommending to the Lord Chancellor that I should have a 'patent of precedence,' which gives me rank above all future Queen's Counsel and above all Sergeants at Law (except two or three who already have such patents), and Her Majesty upon the transmission of this recommendation by the Lord Chancellor, who endorsed it, was pleased to issue her warrant directing that such a patent should be granted to me.

I have received it in person from the Lord Chancellor at his own house, and he gave it to me with some very flattering expressions. I need hardly say that as the law journals and the *Times* have contained some articles on the subject it will be of immense value to me in my profession in various ways, both in increased income and in greater facility of labor; for you must know that a 'leader' who has a patent of precedence

has not half as hard work as a 'junior,' because it is the business of the junior to do all the work connected with the pleadings and preparation of a cause, and the leader does nothing but argue and try the causes after they have been completely prepared for him.

As the ladies always want to know all the details of ceremonies, I will say for the gratification of the feminine mind that my patent of precedence is engrossed on parchment, and to it is annexed the great seal, which is an enormous lump of wax as large and thick as a muffin, enclosed in a tin box, and the whole together contained in a red morocco box highly ornamented. As nothing of this kind is ever done under a monarchy without an endless series of charges, etc., it cost me about £80, or $400, to pay for stamps, fees, presents to servitors, etc., etc. Now for the reverse side of the medal.

I have now to wear a full bottomed wig, with wings falling down on my shoulders, and knee breeches and black silk stockings and shoes with buckles, and in this ridiculous array, in my silk gown, to present myself at the next levee of Her Majesty to return thanks for her gracious kindness. In the same dress I am also to be present at the grand breakfast which the Lord Chancellor gives to Her Majesty's Judges and to the leaders of the bar every year in October (at the end of the month), when the Michaelmas Term begins. Fortunately, I have three months for bracing up my nerves to the trial of making myself such an object, and as it is usual to have photographs made of one's self on these occasions I will send some to enable you all to laugh at 'how like a monkey brother looks in that hideous wig.'

Before I forget it, I must just mention that I don't want anything of this sort that I write for the family to get into the papers, for if it were repeated here, it would be known that such details must have originated with me, and I should be suspected, to my great mortification, of writing puffs of myself, than which nothing is deservedly regarded with more contempt. Of course, the *fact* of my promotion being announced could do no harm, but none of the details which could come *only* from *me* must get into the papers.

THOMAS HART BENTON TO JAMES P. PRESTON

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St. Louis, Nov. 14th, 1819.

My very dear Friend:

. . . Our fine country here is becoming a New Virginia. Vast numbers are arriving from the Parent state; but it would not seem like Virginia to me without some Prestons in it; and happily our friend William Campbell has just consummated an event which determines his happiness, and fixes his fate on the banks of the Missouri. I shall hope to see many follow him, even yourself, at least for a visit, which may be easily made with the help of steam boats, now swarming on the Ohio and Mississippi, or in a carriage which would find in our prairies plains for rolling over, more beautiful and extended than Asia itself could boast.

You know what I told you when I parted from you in that temple dedicated to Felicity on the summit of the Allegheny, that I was going forth as an adventurer to begin on a new theatre, and to endeavor to lay with my own hands some foundation of character and fortune. I did so. I crossed the Mississippi on a Sunday evening, four hundred dollars in my pocket, and nobody ahead that I had ever seen before, my law reading to revise and the French language to learn. Heaven has been kind to me for it has given me health to perform in my office, and in the circle of my wants, the labors of a galley slave, and in four years I am comfortably established. If I had brought with me twenty or thirty thousand dollars, I should have been worth to-day from a quarter to half a million. For I had seen enough of the world to see things as they were, and as they would be. I came among people who could not believe it possible that ground about St. Louis, then selling for thirty dollars an acre, should sell at this day for two thousand; but I did believe, nay knew it, and daily saw splendid fortunes passing in review before me, and falling into the hands of those who look a few days ahead. Nor have these times entirely passed away. Our country still presents the finest theatre in America. Our lands are yet cheap, and advance in price while sinking everywhere else. Our towns flourish while so many

others are perishing. Our noble rivers are enlivened with commerce; and the tide of emigration flows in upon us with a force and steadiness which should announce to the old states that the power of this continent is gravitating to the borders of the Mississippi. Look back to what we were thirty years ago; see what we are to-day; tell what we must be in 1830. From that day the West will give the law to the Republic; and those who have views beyond that period should plant themselves betimes on the waters of the West. But I did not begin this letter to make a political essay, but to renew to you and Mrs. Preston the assurance of my never dying friendship.

JEFFERSON DAVIS TO PRESIDENT FRANKLIN PIERCE

[From 'The Davis Memorial Volume,' by J. William Jones. Copyright, 1890, B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va. Used here by permission.]

WASHINGTON, D.C., January 20, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have often and sadly turned my thoughts to you during the troublous times through which we have been passing, and now I come to the hard task of announcing to you that the hour is at hand which closes my connection with the United States, for the independence and union of which my father toiled and in the service of which I sought to emulate the example he set for my guidance. Mississippi, not as a matter of choice, but of necessity, has resolved to enter on the field of secession. Those who have driven her to this alternative threaten to deprive her of the right to require that her government shall rest on the consent of the governed, to substitute foreign force for domestic support, to reduce a State to the condition from which the colony rose. In the attempt to avoid the issue which had been joined by the country, the present administration has complicated and precipitated the question. Even now, if the duty to "preserve the public property" was rationally regarded, the probable collision at Charleston would be avoided. Security far better than any which the Federal troops can give might be obtained in consideration of the little garrison of Fort Sumter. If the disavowal of any purpose to coerce South Carolina be sincere, the possession of a work to command the harbor is worse than useless.

When Lincoln comes in he will have but to continue in the path of his predecessor to inaugurate a civil war, and leave a soi-disant Democratic administration responsible for the fact. General Cushing was here last week, and when he parted it seemed like taking a last leave of a brother.

I leave immediately for Mississippi, and know not what may devolve upon me after my return. Civil war has only horror for me, but whatever circumstances may demand shall be met as a duty, and I trust be so discharged that you will not be ashamed of our former connection or cease to be my friend.

Mrs. Davis joins me in kind remembrance to Mrs. Pierce, and the expression of the hope that we may yet have you both at our country home. Do me the favor to write to me often. Address Hurricane P. O., Warren County, Miss.

May God bless you, is ever the prayer of your friend,

JEFF'N DAVIS.

LAFCADIO HEARN TO ELIZABETH BISLAND

[From 'Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn,' by Elizabeth Bisland. Copyright, 1906, Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Used here by permission.]

FORT DE FRANCE, Martinique, July, 1887.

DEAR MISS BISLAND,—Imagine yourself turned into marble, all white,—robed after the fashion of the Directory,—standing forever on a marble pedestal, under an enormous azure day, encircled by a ring of tall palms, graceful as Creole women,—and gazing always, always, over the summer sea, toward emerald Trois Islets.

That is *Josephine!* I think she looks just like you, "Mamzelle Josephine," or Zefine, if you like.

I want to tell you a little story about her,—just a little anecdote somebody told me on the street, which I want to develop into a sketch next week.

It was after the fall of the Second Empire,—after France felt the iron heel of Germany upon her throat.

Far off in this delicious little Martinique, the Republican rage made itself felt;—the huge reaction passed over the ocean like a magnetic current. So it happened, in a little while, that the Martinique politicians resolved to do that which had al-

ready been done in France,—to obliterate the memories of the Empire.

There was Mamzelle Zefine, *par exemple!* . . They put a rope round her beautiful white neck. They prepared to destroy the statue. Then somebody rang the Church-bell—(you ought to see the sleepy little church: it makes you want to doze the moment you pass into its cool shadow). A vast crowd gathered in the Savane.

It was a crowd of women,—mostly women who had been slaves,—quadroons, mulattoesses; the house-servants, the *bonnes*, the nurses and housekeepers of the old days. (You could form no possible idea of this coloured Creole element without seeing it: it does not exist in New Orleans.) They gathered to defend Mamzelle Zefine.

When the Republican officials came with their workmen at sunrise, Mamzelle Zefine was still gazing toward Trois Islets; she was white as ever; her pure cold passionate face just as lovely: she seemed totally indifferent to what was about to happen,—she was dreaming her eternal plaintive dream.

But she could well afford to feel indifferent! About her, under the circle of the palms, surged a living sea,—a tide of angry faces, above which flashed the lightning of cane-knives, axes, *couteaux de boucher*. "Ah! li vieu! lâches! cafa'ds! pott'ons! Vos pas cabab toucher li! Touche li—yon tete fois! Osé toucher li! Capons Républicains! Osé toucher li!"

Mamzelle Zefine still gazed plaintively toward Trois Islets. She must have seemed to that yellow population to live;—for each one she represented some young mistress, some petted child, some memory of the old colonial days. And all the love of the slave for the master—all the strange passionate senseless affection of the servant for the Creole family—was stirred to storm by the mere idea of the proposed desecration. The man who should have dared to lay an evil finger upon Josephine that day would have been torn limb from limb in the public square. The officials were frightened and foiled: they pledged their faith that the statue should not be touched.

So they took the ropes away; and they piled flowers at Mamzelle Zefine's white feet; they garlanded her; they twined the crimson jessamines of the tropics about her beautiful white throat. And she is still here,—always in the circle of the palms,

always looking to Trois Islets, always beautiful and sweet as a young Creole maiden,—dreamy, gracious, loving,—with a smile that is like some faint, sweet memory of other days.

Always,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

STONEWALL JACKSON TO MRS. JACKSON

MANASSAS, July 22d. [1861].

MY PRECIOUS PET,—Yesterday we fought a great battle and gained a great victory, for which all the glory is due to *God alone*. Although under a heavy fire for several continuous hours, I received only one wound, the breaking of the longest finger of my left hand; but the doctor says the finger can be saved. It was broken about midway between the hand and knuckle, the ball passing on the side next the forefinger. Had it struck the centre, I should have lost the finger. My horse was wounded, but not killed. Your coat got an ugly wound near the hip, but my servant, who is very handy, has so far repaired it that it doesn't show very much. My preservation was entirely due, as was the glorious victory, to our God, to whom be all the honor, praise, and glory. The battle was the hardest that I have ever been in, but not near so hot in its fire. I commanded the centre more particularly, though one of my regiments extended to the right for some distance. There were other commanders on my right and left. Whilst great credit is due to other parts of our gallant army, God made my brigade more instrumental than any other in repulsing the main attack. This is for your information only—say nothing about it. Let others speak praise, not myself.

STONEWALL JACKSON TO REV. WILLIAM S. WHITE

[A day or two after the battle of Manassas, and before the news of the victory had reached Lexington in authentic form, the postoffice was thronged with people, awaiting with intense interest the opening of the mail. Soon a letter was handed to the Rev. Dr. White, who immediately recognized the well-known superscription of his deacon soldier, and exclaimed to the eager and expectant group around him: "Now we shall know all the facts." Upon opening it the bulletin read thus.]

MY DEAR PASTOR: In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my

contribution for our colored Sunday-school. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige yours faithfully,

T. J. JACKSON.

THOMAS JEFFERSON TO ROGER C. WEIGHTMAN

[This letter to the mayor of Washington City was the last that Jefferson wrote.]

MONTICELLO, June 24, 1826.

RESPECTED SIR: The kind invitation received from you, on the part of the citizens of the city of Washington, to be present with them at their celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence, as one of the surviving signers of an instrument pregnant with our own, and the fate of the world, is most flattering to myself, and heightened by the honorable accompaniment proposed for the comfort of such a journey. It adds sensibly to the sufferings of sickness, to be deprived by it of a personal participation in the rejoicing of that day. But acquiescence is a duty, under circumstances not placed among those we are permitted to control. I should, indeed, with peculiar delight, have met and exchanged there congratulations personally with the small band, the remnant of that host of worthies, who joined with us on that day, in the bold and doubtful election we were to make for our country, between submission or the sword; and to have enjoyed with them the consolatory fact, that our fellow-citizens, after half a century of experience and prosperity, continue to approve the choice we made. May it be to the world, what I believe it will be (to some parts sooner, to others, later, but finally to all), the signal of arousing men to burst the chains under which monkish ignorance and superstition had persuaded them to bind themselves, and to assume the blessings and security of self-government. That form which we have substituted, restores the free right to the unbounded exercise of reason and freedom of opinion. All eyes are opened, or opening, to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legiti-

mately, by the grace of God. These are grounds of hope for others. For ourselves, let the annual return of this day, forever refresh our recollections of these rights, and an undiminished devotion to them.

I will ask permission here to express the pleasure with which I should have met any ancient neighbors of the city of Washington and its vicinities, with whom I passed so many years of a pleasing social intercourse; an intercourse which so much relieved the anxieties of the public cares, and left impressions so deeply engraved in my affections as never to be forgotten. With my regret that ill health forbids me the gratification of an acceptance, be pleased to receive for yourself, and those for whom you write, the assurance of my highest respect and friendly attachments. TH. JEFFERSON.

L. Q. C. LAMAR TO THE VICKSBURG COMMITTEE

[This letter contains perhaps the most elaborate comparison yet made between Washington and Lee.]

OXFORD, Miss., Dec. 5, 1870.

To Col. William H. McCardle, and others, Committee, etc., Vicksburg, Miss.

GENTLEMEN: When, on the occasion of Gen. Lee's death, I received your invitation to deliver an address on the 19th of January next, at the city of Vicksburg, the strongest impulses prompted me to an immediate and cordial acceptance. Subsequent reflection, however, showed me that I could not so regulate my engagements as to permit the making of a positive promise to be present on that proudly mournful occasion.

If my long delay in giving you a final answer seems strange, consider it as due to my anxious desire to avoid the necessity of relinquishing such an opportunity of giving voice to the emotions which fill my soul when contemplating the life that has just closed amid the tears of a nation's sorrow.

While a career illuminated by every accomplishment of the soldier and scholar, as well as the highest feelings of the patriot and gentleman, is beyond all eulogy, it is nevertheless our duty and delight to make every effort to give some expression to our sense of its grandeur, just as it behooves us to make

every preparation for eternity, although eternity is beyond the grasp of our comprehension.

The day of his death will be the anniversary of the South's great sorrow. But it was not *his* darkest day. I was at Appomattox when the flag which had been borne in triumph upon his many battlefields was torn from his loving and reluctant grasp. After the terms of capitulation had been arranged, chance brought him to the spot where my tent was pitched.

I had seen him often before. On one occasion, especially, I remember how he appeared in a consultation of leading men, where, amid the greatest perturbations, his mind seemed to repose in majestic poise and serenity. Again, I saw him immediately after one of his grand battles, while the light of victory shone upon his brow.

But never shall I forget how completely his wonted composure was overthrown in this last sad interview. Every lineament of his grand face writhed, and the big tears fell from his eyes as he spoke of the anguish of the scene he had just witnessed. And yet his whole presence breathed the hero still. A consciousness of a great calamity to be greatly endured gave to his face the grandeur of victory as well as the mournfulness of death; and when he exclaimed, *"It is worse than death!"* I could easily see how he would have welcomed the grave for himself and all that he loved, could it have only averted his country's awful woe. Ah, my countrymen! well may you weep over his grave, for there lies one whose heart broke in the very tension of its love for you and your country.

Between the characters of Washington and Lee, Dr. Palmer, in a recent address, draws a parallel which is no less true than it is eloquent and suggestive. The points of resemblance between them were indeed many and striking. Both were Southerners; both were slaveholders; both, by inclination as well as inheritance, were planters; both possessed in an eminent degree those qualities which ennoble and invigorate the Southern character; and both were inspired by a heroic devotion to liberty and right. But here the parallel ends. As the orbs of heaven are alike in brilliancy and grandeur and divinity, while yet "one star differeth from another star in glory," so were the wonderful virtues which were common to the souls of both these men strangely diverse in their manifestations. Each was

a man *sui generis*. Purely original in their characters, neither ever thought of forming his own nature on any prototype or of establishing in himself an archetype for others. This indifference to what men generally seek with greatest assiduity —conformity to some recognized model—naturally produced peculiarities to some extent alike, but to a larger extent unlike.

For instance, both were of unflecked social purity. Washington, however, was cold and austere in his nature. Inaccessible to men, formal to women, no warmth of social enjoyment or rational pleasure ever thawed the frigid dignity which enveloped him. Lee, on the contrary, was affectionate and genial. Cheerful without levity, cordial but not obtrusive, he enlivened the hours of relaxation with a humor almost sportive in its fancy, while the moments of sorrow were comforted by the sympathies of a loving heart.

The soul of Washington was pure and cold, like an Alpine glacier; the soul of Lee was limpid and warm, like the waters of the Indian ocean.

Both were just, magnanimous, and modest. Washington, however, was born with a love for command, and a yearning after it. He fawned upon no one, and he scorned to act the part of a demagogue; but those whom he suspected of disputing his leadership he denounced with fierce and vehement wrath. Even those who beheld him for the first time intuitively recognized in him a master; for the intensity of his will, and its calm self-assertion, placed him in authority over men as naturally as the sweep of pinion and the strong grasp of talons place the eagle in the kingship of birds.

To Lee self-assertion was a thing unknown. His growth into universal favor and honor was the result of a slowly dawning consciousness in the popular mind of his retiring merit and transcendent excellence, of that affinity which silently draws together great men and great places when a nation is convulsed.

Washington wooed glory like a proud, noble, and exacting lover, and won her. Lee sought not glory; he turned away from her. But glory sought him, and overtook him, and threw her everlasting halo around him; while he, all unconscious of his immortality, was following after duty.

Both were born to command, and both led the armies of

a mighty struggle. But Washington, though in a great measure he began and conducted to a successful end a great revolution, has never had accorded to him by history the title of a great military genius. From a want of opportunity or some other cause it was not permitted to him to make those brilliant manifestations of military capacity which startle the world into the acknowledgment of that attribute.

Lee, by his splendid generalship and grand battles, wrung homage from the lips of his bitterest enemies, and inspired his armies, always inferior to the enemy in numbers and appointments, to endure sacrifices and perform prodigies of valor which excited the wonder and admiration of the world.

Washington was a man of strictest integrity and sublime virtue and there is much in his writings which evinces a profound sense of a Divine Providence in human affairs; but he could not, I apprehend, be called a pious man.

Lee, with the same majestic morality, with the same imposing virtues of truthfulness, courage, and justice, blended the sweet and tender graces of a holy heart and a Christian life.

Both were patriots, but Washington stood before the world an avowed revolutionist. The movement he led was an acknowledged insurrection against established authority. He drew his sword to sever the connection between colonies and their parent country, between subjects and their legitimate sovereign—a connection that rested on historic foundation and on undisputed legal rights.

But there was not in Lee or his cause one single element of revolution or rebellion. Conservative in his nature and education and associations, unswerving in his loyalty to the power which for him was paramount to all others, the cause in defence of which he drew his sword was founded upon historic rights, constitutional law, public morality, and the inviolable right of free and sovereign States, many of whose constitutions were established and in peaceful operation while that of the United States lay unthought of in the far-off years of futurity.

It has been said that "General Lee's memory belongs to no particular section; that his fame is to be, not that of the *Confederate* chieftain, but of the great *American* soldier." I

must confess that I do not believe that this sentiment finds any genuine response in the hearts of our people. True, the war has closed; and it is high time that the evil passions which it aroused should be hushed. Would to God that the memories of its outrages and atrocities could be banished forever from the minds of men! And if the victorious North would afford to the defeated people of the South the benefits of the Union and constitution, in whose name the desolations of war were visited upon them, and permit them to enjoy, in the Union, *real union,* concord, amity, and security from oppression, the Southern people would be prompt to bury all the animosities of the war, to remember only its glories, and to regard the glories won by each people as the common property of the American nation. But into this common heritage they will never consent to put the name and fame of Robert E. Lee. They will ever feel that they cannot, and ought not, to surrender him to America. They cannot forget that after the war had closed, after the South had surrendered her arms and submitted to the Constitution of the United States upon the Northern interpretation of it, after slavery had been abolished and secession pronounced null and void in every Southern State, after the integrity of the Union was established and recognized in every county, town, house, and hovel in the desolate land, Robert E. Lee and his people were, to the day of his death, branded as rebels and proscribed as traitors to America. By far the greatest military genius on the American continent, his love for his country obliged him to withdraw from the American army and throw himself into the breach of its colossal invasion; one of the most superb gentlemen in America, he was proscribed from the higher employments of American society, and compelled to earn his living in the seclusion of a Southern college; possessed of the highest order of statesmanship known to America, he was deprived of the ordinary rights of American citizenship; and thus his eyes closed in death on America. Purity of heart, fervor of religion, might of intellect, and splendor of genius, were rendered hateful in the sight of those who arrogate to themselves exclusively the title of the American people, by the single sin of love for the South, the land of his birth.

He has already taken his place in history; not as an Amer-

ican, but as a Southern patriot and martyr, of whom America was not worthy. Every thought of his brain, every pulsation of his heart, every fold and fibre of his being, were Southern. Not a drop but of pure Virginia blood flowed in his veins. Virginian, Southern, Confederate, secession, from crown to sole, he had no aspiration in common with America as America now is, or sympathy with her works as they now are; and from the day on which his venerable State seceded from the American Union there was not an hour when he would not have gladly offered up life and all that life holds dear on the altar of Southern rights against American oppression.

It has been said that "Gen. Lee belongs to civilization." Aye, he belongs to civilization! But let it not be forgotten—for such will be the record of impartial history—that it was the Southern type of civilization which produced him! And now that a sublime self-immolation has fixed him on the topmost pinnacle of fame, let his immortal image look down forever upon the ages, the perfect representative of the mighty struggle, the glorious purpose, and the long-sustained moral principle of the heroic race from which he sprung. Thanking you, gentlemen, for the kindness which prompted your invitation, I am,

Your friend and obedient servant,

L. Q. C. LAMAR.

SIDNEY LANIER TO MRS. LANIER

[From 'Letters of Sidney Lanier.' Copyright, 1899, by Mary Day Lanier. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used here by permission.]

NEW YORK, Sunday, October 18, 1874.

I HAVE been in my room all day; and have just concluded a half-dozen delicious hours, during which I have been devouring, with a hungry ferocity of rapture which I know not how to express, 'The Life of Robert Schumann,' by his pupil von Wasielewski. This pupil, I am sure, did not fully comprehend his great master. I think the key to Schumann's whole character, with all its labyrinthine and often disappointing peculiarities, is this: That he had no mode of self-expression, or, I should rather say, of self-expansion, besides

the musical mode. This may seem a strange remark to make of him who was the founder and prolific editor of a great musical journal, and who perhaps exceeded any musician of his time in general culture. But I do not mean that he was confined to music for self-expression, though indeed, the sort of critical writing which Schumann did so much of is not at all like poetry in its tranquilizing effects upon the soul of the writer. What I do mean is that his sympathies were not *big* enough, he did not go through the awful struggle of genius, and lash and storm and beat about until his soul was grown large enough to embrace the whole of life and the All of things, that is, large enough to appreciate (if even without understanding) the magnificent designs of God, and tall enough to stand in the trough of the awful cross-waves of circumstance and look over their heights along the whole sea of God's manifold acts, and deep enough to admit the peace that passeth understanding. That is, indeed, the fault of all German culture, and the weakness of all German genius. A great artist should have the sensibility and expressive genius of Schumann, the calm grandeur of Lee, and the human breadth of Shakespeare, all in one.

Now in this particular of being open, unprejudiced, and unenvious, Schumann soars far above his brother Germans; he valiantly defended our dear Chopin, and other young musicians who were struggling to make head against the abominable pettiness of German prejudice. But, withal, I cannot find that his life was great, as a whole: I cannot see him caring for his land, for the poor, for religion, for humanity: he was always a restless soul; and the ceaseless wear of incompleteness finally killed, as a maniac, him whom a broader Love might have kept alive as a glorious artist to this day.

The truth is, the world does not require enough at the hands of genius. Under the special plea of greater sensibilities, and of consequent greater temptations, it excuses its gifted ones, and even sometimes makes a "law of their weakness." But this is wrong: the sensibility of genius is just as much greater to high emotions as to low ones; and whilst it subjects to stronger temptations, it at the same time interposes—if it *will*—stronger considerations for resistance.

These are scarcely fair things to be saying *apropos* of

Robert Schumann: for I do not think he was ever guilty of any excesses of genius—as they are called: I only mean them to apply to the *unrest* of his life.

—And yet, for all I have said, how his music does burn in my soul! It stretches me upon the very rack of delight; I know no musician that fills me so full of heavenly anguish, and if I had to give up all the writers of music save one, my one should be Robert Schumann.

—Some of his experiences cover some of my own as aptly as one-half of an oyster-shell does the other half. Once he went to Vienna—that gay New York of Austria; and he writes back to his sister Theresa:

". . . So my plans have as yet progressed but little. The city is so large that one needs double time for everything. . . . But to tell you a secret, I shouldn't like to live here long, and *alone;* serious men and Saxons are seldom wanted or understood here. . . . In vain do I look for musicians; that is, musicians who not only play passably well upon one or two instruments, but who are cultivated men, and understand Shakespeare and Jean Paul. . . . I might relate all this at full length. But I don't know how the days fly, here; I've been here three months to-day; and the post-time, four o'clock, is always just at hand. . . . Clara goes the first of January to Paris, and probably to London later. We shall then be far apart. Sometimes I feel as if I could not bear it. But you know the reason: she wants to make money, of which we are indeed in need. May the good God guard her, the good, faithful girl!"

ROBERT E. LEE TO GEORGE W. JONES

[Used here by permission of Dr. Charles L. Minor, Asheville, N.C.]

LEXINGTON, VA., 22 March 1869.

MY DEAR GENL:

I am very much gratified at the reception this [illegible] of your letter of the 16th Inst.; enclosing for my perusal one that you had recd from Genl A. C. Dodge, & which as you have given me permission I will retain; not merely for the expression of his kind sentiments towards me which I feel I illy deserve, but in remembrance of the writer. Were it worth his while to refer to my political record, he would find that I was not in favour of secession & was opposed to war. In fact that I was for the Constitution & the Union established by our forefathers. No one now is more in favour of that Union & that Constitution, & as far as I know it is that for which the South has all along contended & if restored as I trust they will be, I am sure there will be no truer supporters of that Union & that Constitution than the Southern people. But I must not wander into politics, a subject I carefully avoid, & return to your letter. Your communication of the 15 Jany last was especially pleasing to me and I am very glad to have authenticated under your own name statements which were made to me at the time of Genl Gratiot's removal, as well as your high opinion of his character. I have never been associated with a person who as far as my knowledge extended laboured more earnestly or more honestly for the Government & the welfare of the people than he did. When you next come to Virginia I hope that you will not halt on the borders but penetrate the interior of the State & that you will come to Lexington. We shall be very glad to see you & I hope that you will be repaid for your journey by the pleasure which you will see your visit affords us. Though rather late I must thank you for introducing me to your friend Mrs. (Naim) whom I met last summer at the Warm Springs. We found her & her sister most agreeable companions & charming ladies. I wished to write to you at that time but they can tell you how closely I was occupied night & day in nursing a sick daughter. I have thought of your friends very often since their departure

& hope that their health has been permanently benefited by their visit to our mountains & that they will be encouraged to repeat it.

Please present my kindest regards to every member of your family, especially to your brave sons, who aided in our struggle for state's rights & constitutional government. We failed, but in the good Providence of God apparent failure often proves a blessing. I trust it may eventuate so in this instance. In reference to certain articles which were taken from Arlington, about which you inquire, Mrs. Lee is indebted to our old friend Capt. James May for the order from the late administration for their restoration to her. Congress, however, passed a resolution forbidding their return. They were valuable to her as having belonged to her great grandmother & having been bequeathed to her by her father. But as the country desires them she must give them up. I hope their presence at the Capital will keep in the remembrance of all Americans the principles & virtues of Washington.

With my earnest prayers for the peace & happiness of yourself & all your family

I am with true respect
Your friend & servant
R. E. Lee.

Genl Geo. W. Jones.

DOLLY MADISON TO HER NIECE, MARY CUTTS

[From 'Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison,' edited by her grand-niece. Copyright, 1888, Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Used here by permission.]

Montpelier, July 30, 1826.

Your letter, my dearest niece, with the one before it, came quite safely, for which I return thanks and kisses. I rejoice too, dear Dolly, to see how well you write and express yourself, and am as proud of all your acquirements as if you were my own daughter. I trust you will yet be with me this summer, when I shall see your improvement in person also. and enjoy the sweet assurance of your affection. Mary Lee and her husband have been indisposed, but are better. They say often they hope you will come with your dear mother, as

do all your relatives and friends in this quarter. The old lady—even the negroes, young and old, want to see you, dear.

We had old Mr. Patterson and his son Edward from Baltimore to stay with us several days, and they tell me that Madame Bonaparte is still in France, and her son gone to Rome to visit his father. Mr. Monroe left us yesterday, disappointed in his views of raising money from his land. Mr. B. continued on his way to the Springs, and I am disappointed at not sending a packet to you, enclosing the flounce which I wanted you to wear, worked by me long ago.

I received by the last post a letter from your cousin Payne, at New York; he writes in fine health and spirits, and says he will be detained only a few weeks longer in that city. I sincerely hope to see him soon, though it is impossible for him to prefer Virginia to the North. If I were in Washington with you I know I could not conform to the formal rules of visiting they now have, but would disgrace myself by rushing about among my friends at all hours. Here I find it most agreeable to stay at home, everything around me is so beautiful. Our garden promised grapes and figs in abundance, but I shall not enjoy them unless your mamma comes, and brings you to help us with them; tell the boys they must come too. Alas! poor Walter, away at sea! I can scarcely trust myself to think of him—his image fills my eyes with tears.

Adieu, and believe me always your tender mother and aunt,

Dolly P. Madison.

P. S. We are very old-fashioned here. Can you send me a paper pattern of the present sleeve, and describe the width of dress and waist; also how turbans are pinned up, bonnets worn, as well as how to behave in the fashion?

EDGAR ALLAN POE TO F. W. THOMAS

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FORDHAM, near New York,
Feb. 14th, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND THOMAS: Your letter dated Nov. 27, has reached me at a little village of the Empire State after having taken at its leisure, a very considerable tour among the P. Offices—occasioned I presume by your endorsement "to forward" wherever I might be—and the fact is where I might not have been for the last three months, is the legitimate question. At all events now that I have your well known MS. before me, it is most cordially welcomed. Indeed it seems an age since I heard from you and a decade of ages since I shook you by the hand—although I hear from you now and then. Right glad am I to find you once more in a true position—"in the field of letters." Depend upon it after all, Thomas, literature is the most noble of professions. In fact, it is about the only one fit for a man. For my own part there is no seducing me from the path. I shall be a *littérateur* at least, all my life; nor would I abandon the hopes which still lead me on for all the gold in California. Talking of gold and of the temptations at present held out to "poor-devil authors" did it ever strike you that all that is really valuable to a man of letters—to a poet in especial—is absolutely unpurchasable? Love, fame, the dominion of intellect, the consciousness of power, the thrilling sense of beauty, the free air of Heaven, exercise of mind and body, with the physical and moral health which result—these and such as these are really all that a poet cares for:—then answer me this—*why* should he go to California? Like Brutus, "I pause for a reply" which like F. W. Thomas, I take it for granted you have no intention of giving me.

SEARGENT SMITH PRENTISS TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[From 'A Memoir of S. S. Prentiss,' edited by his brother. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1855, 1879.]

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI,
Feb. 5, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR:

My brother, who has just returned from abroad, informs me that, while in England, he enjoyed the gratification of paying you a visit, during which he learned that some members of your family were interested to a considerable amount in certain Mississippi bonds, which you considered worthless, supposing them to have been repudiated by the State of Mississippi. I take great pleasure, at his suggestion, in giving you some information on the subject. There are two classes of Mississippi bonds, issued at different periods, and for different purposes. One class has been repudiated by the legislative body, but the other has not been; nor is the validity of this latter class questioned at all. It is true no provision has been made during several years for the payment of the interest; but this neglect has arisen from other causes than that of repudiation.

The bonds in which you are interested, I perceive by a memorandum of my brother's, belong to this class. Their validity is acknowledged on all hands; nor has any pretence ever been set up of illegality, or irregularity—either in their inception or sale. *I have no doubt of the ultimate payment of these bonds, both principal and interest;*—and in this opinion I am sustained by all intelligent men in the country. How soon provision will be made for their liquidation, it is difficult to predict with any certainty. I am of opinion that in two or three years, the State will provide for the payment of the interest, and place the ultimate payment of the principal beyond any cavil. I would, therefore, advise the holders of this class of Mississippi bonds to avoid sacrificing them.

The doctrine of repudiation has had a momentary and apparent triumph in this State; but its success was accidental. It is not an exponent of the opinions of a majority of the people; nor is there the slightest danger of the principle be-

coming permanent. Indeed, it receives no countenance amongst honest and honorable men, and it is my deliberate opinion that four-fifths of the people of this State utterly abhor repudiation, and look upon its supporters as the advocates of fraud and dishonesty. But you will perhaps say this opinion is paradoxical; your Legislature, under your form of Government, is chosen by the people and expresses its will. This Legislature has, by a deliberate act repudiated a portion, at least, of the public obligations. That act is the act of the people. How, then, can it be said, that four-fifths are opposed to what all have done? I admit the force of the question, and the apparently anomalous character of my proposition; still it is correct—I know it is so, from my own observation; and in this case it has happened—as it does frequently in others—that a measure may be carried in the legislative body, at variance with the wishes and opinions of four-fifths of the electors. In the present instance, repudiation resulted out of a contest between two political parties, though it formed no element of either. These two parties were very equally divided, and a slight influence was sufficient to give to either the preponderance. At this juncture, a few reckless and profligate demagogues, observing the embarrassed and distressed state of the country, which was then at its height, seized upon the idea of repudiating the public debt, and threw it, as a make-weight, into their own side of the political scales. A few persons, for the most part among the ignorant and credulous, alarmed at the thought of increased taxation, which the demagogues told them would consume all their substance, and excited by artful appeals to their prejudices, and bold assertions of fraud on the part of the purchasers of the public bonds, were led away by this dishonest doctrine, and thus enabled their false leaders to succeed in placing their party in power. Thus the repudiators, though but a small body, and wholly incapable, as a party by themselves, have been able, by holding the balance of power between the two great and legitimate parties of the State, to foist themselves into temporary importance and apparent success. But those who made use of them, are already ashamed of their infamous allies, and repudiators are now repudiated by all honest and honorable men.

In times of great public distress, I have no doubt the doctrine of repudiation will be advanced by unprincipled politicians, in the different States, and perhaps, occasionally, with apparent and temporary success; but I feel perfectly certain, that it can never become permanent in any State. It cannot obtain as a public policy, until a majority of the people cease to be individually and privately honest. Notwithstanding the disgrace and obloquy which have, to a certain degree justly, fallen upon this State, its citizens are, in the main honest, and look upon the authors of their degradation with as little favor as you do.

I owe you, perhaps, an apology for going beyond the object of my letter (which was simply to inform you that the bonds you hold have not been repudiated by the Government, and that I believe they will be ultimately paid); if so, I trust I shall find it, in my desire to relieve at least a portion of my countrymen from the imputation of intentional dishonesty in the eyes of a poet and philosopher, whose good opinion is capable of adding weight even to the character of a nation.

If I can at any time serve you in this, or any other matter, it will afford me much gratification to do so.

Very respectfully,
Your obd't servant,
S. S. Prentiss.

To Wm. Wordsworth, Esq., Rydal Mount, England.

P. S. As I am, of course, an utter stranger to you, I will refer you to Mr. Everett, the American minister at your Court, in relation to the weight which should be attached to my opinions on this subject, should you deem it of sufficient importance to give them any consideration.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON TO MRS. PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

[From 'The Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston,' by Elizabeth Preston Allan. Copyright, 1903, Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Used here by permission.]

LEXINGTON, VA., June 24, '86.

MY DEAR MRS. HAYNE,—I think it is kind above everything in you to have written to me when your hands were so full of anxiety and work. I got your postal announcing your departure to Macon, and had not known of your return until your letter came yesterday; I thought much of you during your absence, and wondered how Mr. Hayne was standing all the excitement he would be destined to encounter. It could hardly be wondered at that after such a drain upon his mental and physical energies, he should have had somewhat of a relapse on getting home. But it discouraged me very much, nevertheless, that there should be any such giving in as you speak of. I do trust that there has been no return of his trouble, and that it is nothing more than the reaction after so much movement and excitement; it must have been exceedingly gratifying to be so warmly and affectionately received by the people of his own adopted State.

I think no poet in America has ever received a greater number of ovations than your husband; the recognition of him as the Laureate of the South, and the best Nature poet in America, has been grudgingly delayed, but surely it has fully come at last; and there must be to him a satisfaction in it inexpressible, that at last his merits have wrung from North and South the acknowledgment they should gracefully and spontaneously have yielded long ago. But there the truth stands, *the recognition has come,* the poet has been crowned, and everywhere he is acknowledged. This fact must be some compensation to lighten the weary hours of sickness: he has reached the goal towards which he set his life, even if he should now drop his pen from his hand, and write no more. Let us thank God for this, and feel that his hand-to-hand, stout struggle with destiny has been a successful one, and that nothing henceforth can take him down from the pedestal on which he stands!

And how much of all this, my dear Mrs. Hayne, is due to you! If you had not been the brave-hearted woman you are, the struggle might not have been so manfully maintained; I am sure Mr. Hayne feels this, and is willing to share with you half his fame; it is you who have helped to make a shrine of Copse Hill; and you as well as he deserved to have your name engraven on the silver service received at Macon.

I hope you will be able to keep all visitors away from Mr. Hayne, until he entirely recovers, and gains a little strength again. But I need not warn you to do this, for have you not been the guardian angel who has always stood between him and the rough side of life?

How bitterly I regret the failure of all my endeavors to have you pay me a visit three years ago; to think that we should be friends so long, and yet never have met! And that we should meet now seems unlikely. But we cannot have things our way in this world; as Jean Ingelow says in her last letter to me, "I shall hope to meet, know, and love you in the world beyond." Will that have to content us? Or shall we hope to meet and know each other this side? If the meeting doesn't come soon, I fear I shall be too blind to see you...

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON TO PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

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LEXINGTON, VA., Nov 17th, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. HAYNE,—I enclose you a little poem coaxed out of me by Mr. Hand Browne for the December No. of the *Eclectic*. I want you to like it. The expression of Gen. Lee (uttered in his unconsciousness) seems to me more striking than anything I can now recall from the dying lips of a great commander. *Tête d'armée*—how weak in comparison was Napoleon's utterance! And yet how wonderfully characteristic of the two generals! "Let the tent be struck"—obedient to orders—readiness for the duty of advance—the one's; self-glory, *tête d'armée*—the thought of the other. I hope you received a little picture I sent you of the General's

lying in state—if anything so simple may thus be termed. But engagements press, and I must stop at once.

Very truly yours,

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

JOHN RANDOLPH TO MR. T. B. DUDLEY

GEORGETOWN, Feb. 16, 1817.
Sunday morning.

YOUR letter, written this day week, reached me yesterday. Indeed, all three of your last have arrived regularly on the Saturday morning after their date—a reformation in the post-office that was more desired than expected.

I almost envy you Orlando. I would, if it were not Johnny Hoole's translation; although, at the age of ten, I devoured that more eagerly than gingerbread. Oh! if Milton had translated it, he might tell of

> All who, since, baptized or infidel
> Jousted in Aspromont or Montalban,
> Damasco, or Morocco, or Torbisond;
> Or whom Bisserta sent from Afric shore,
> When Charlemagne, with all his peerage, fell
> By Fontarabia.

Let me advise you to

> Call up him, who left half told,
> The story of Cambuscan bold.

I think you have never read Chaucer. Indeed, I have sometimes blamed myself for not cultivating your imagination, when you were young. It is a dangerous quality, however, for the possessor. But if from my life were to be taken the pleasure derived from that faculty, very little would remain. Shakespeare, and Milton, and Chaucer, and Spenser, and Plutarch, and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and Don Quixote, and Gil Blas, and Tom Jones, and Gulliver, and Robinson Crusoe, "and the tale of Troy divine," have made up more than half of my worldly enjoyment. To these ought

to be added Ovid's Metamorphoses, Ariosto, Dryden, Beaumont and Fletcher, Southern, Otway, Congreve, Pope's Rape and Eloisa, Addison, Young, Thomson, Gay, Goldsmith, Collins, Sheridan, Cowper, Byron, Æsop, La Fontaine, Voltaire, (Charles XII., Mahomed, and Zaïre;) Rousseau, (Julie,) Schiller, Madame de Staël—but, above all, Burke.

One of the first books I ever read was Voltaire's Charles XII.; about the same time, 1780-'81, I read the Spectator; and used to steal away to the closet containing them. The letters from his correspondents were my favourites. I read Humphrey Clinker, also; that is, Win's and Tabby's letters, with great delight, for I could spell, at that age, pretty correctly. Reynard, the Fox, came next, I think; then Tales of the Genii and Arabian Nights. This last, and Shakespeare, were my idols. I had read them with Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Quintus Curtius, Plutarch, Pope's Homer, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, Tom Jones, Orlando Furioso, and Thomson's Seasons, before I was eleven years of age; also, Goldsmith's Roman History, 2 vols. 8vo., and an old history of Braddock's war. When not eight years old, I used to sing an old ballad of his defeat:

> On the 6th day of July, in the year sixty-five,
> At two in the evening, did our forces arrive;
> When the French and the Indians in ambush did *lay*—
> And there was great slaughter of our forces that day.

At about eleven, 1784-5, Percy's Reliques, and Chaucer, became great favourites, and Chatterton, and Rowley. I then read Young and Gay, &c.: Goldsmith I never saw until 1787.

Pray get my Germany from Mr. Hoge, or Mr. Lacy: they have it.

I have scribbled at a great rate. Do thou likewise.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

MR. T. B. DUDLEY.

I have been reading Lear these two days, and incline to prefer it to all Shakespeare's plays. In that and Timon only, it has been said, the bard was in earnest. Read both—the first especially.

JOHN ROLPH TO SIR THOMAS DALE

[John Rolph, of Rolfe, one of the early settlers in Virginia, married Pocahontas, daughter of King Powhatan, in 1613. The following letter, a curious blending of piety and love, was written by Rolph to justify his proposed marriage.]

Honourable Sir, and Most Worthy Governor:—When your leasure shall best serve you to peruse these lines, I trust in God the beginning will not strike you into greater admiration than the end will give you good content. It is a matter of no small moment, concerning my own particular, which here I impart unto you, and which toucheth me so nearly as the tenderness of my salvation. Howbeit, I freely subject myself to your great and mature judgment, deliberation, approbation, and determination; assuring myself of your zealous admonition and godly comforts, either persuading me to desist, or encouraging me to persist therein, with a religious fear and godly care, for which (from the very instant that this began to roote itself within the secrete bosome of my breast) my daily and earnest praiers have bin, still are, and ever shall be poored forthwith, in as sincere a goodly zeal as I possibly may, to be directed, aided, and governed in all my thoughts, words, and deedes, to the glory of God and for my eternal consolation; to persevere wherein I had never had more neede, nor (till now) could ever imagine to have bin moved with the like occasion. But (my case standing as it doth) what better worldly refuge can I here seeke, than to shelter myself under the safety of your favourable protection? And did not my case proceede from an unspotted conscience, I should not dare to offer to your view and approved judgment these passions of my troubled soule; so full of feare and trembling is hypocrisie and dissimulation. But, knowing my own innocency and godly fervour in the whole prosecution hereof, I doubt not of your benigne acceptance and clement construction. As for malicious depravers and turbulent spirits, to whom nothing is tasteful but what pleaseth their unsavory pallate, I passe not for them, being well assured in my persuasion by the often trial and proving of myselfe in my holiest meditations and praises, that I am called hereunto by the Spirit of God; and it shall be sufficient for me to be protected by your-

selfe in all virtuous and pious endeavours. And for my more happy proceedings herein, my daily oblations shall ever be addressed to bring to passe to goode effects, that your-selfe and all the world may truly say, "This is the worke of God, and it is marvellous in our eies."

But to avoide tedious preambles, and to come nearer the matter: first, suffer with your patience to sweepe and make cleane the way wherein I walke from all suspicions and doubts, which may be covered therein, and faithfully to reveale unto you what should move me hereunto.

Let, therefore, this my well-advised protestations, which here I make before God and my conscience, be a sufficient witnesse at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secret of all living harts shall be opened, to condemn me herein, if my deepest intent and purpose be not to strive with all my power of body and minde, in the undertaking of so mighty a matter, for the good of this plantation, for the honour of our countrie, for the glory of God, for my own salvation, and for the converting to the true knowledge of God and Jesus Christ an unbelieving creature,—viz.: Pokahontas. To whom my hartie and best thoughts are and have a long time bin so intangled and inthralled in so intricate a labyrinth, that I was even awearied to unwinde myself thereout. But Almighty God, who never faileth his that truly invocate his holy name, hath opened the gate and led me by the hand, that I might plainly see and discerne the safe pathes wherein to treade.

To you, therefore, (most noble sir,) the patron and father of us in this countrie, doe I utter the effects of this my settled and long-continued affection, (which hath made a mightie warre in my meditations;) and here I do truly relate, to what issue this dangerous combat is come unto, wherein I have not only examined, but thoroughly tried and pared my thoughts, even to the quicke, before I could finde any fit, wholesome, and apt applications to cure so dangerous an ulcer. I never failed to offer my daily and faithful praiers to God for his sacred and holy assistance. I forgot not to set before mine eies the frailtie of mankind, his proneness to evill, his indulgence of wicked thoughts, with many other imperfections, wherein man is daily insnared and oftentimes overthrown, and them compared to my presente state. Nor was I ignorant

of the heavie displeasure which Almightie God conceived against the sonnes of Levie and Israel for marrying strange wives, nor the inconveniences which may thereby arise, with other the like good notions, which made me look about warily, and with good circumspection into the grounds and principall agitations, which thus provoke me to be in love with one whose education hath been rude, her manners barbarous, her generation accursed, and so discrepant in all nutreture from myself, that oftentimes with fear and trembling I have ended my private controversie with this:—"Surely these are wicked instigations, hatched by him who seeketh and delighteth in man's destruction"; and so with fervent praiers to be ever preserved from such diabolical assaults (as I tooke those to be) I have taken some rest.

Thus when I thought I had obtained some peace and quietness, behold, another more gracious tentation hath made breaches into my holiest and strongest meditations, with which I have been put to a new triall, in a straighter manner than the former; for besides the many passions and sufferings which I have daily, hourly, yea, and in my sleepe indured, even awaking me to astonishment, taking me with remisness and carelessness, refusing and neglecting to performe the duties of a good Christian, pulling me by the eare, and crying, "Why dost not thou indeavour to make her a Christian?" And these have happened to my greater wonder even when she hath bin furthest separated from me, which in common reason (were it not an undoubted work of God) might breede forgetfulness of a fare more worthy creature. Besides, I say, the Holy Spirit hath often demanded of me, why I was created, if not for transitory pleasures and worldly vanities, but to labour in the Lord's vineyard, there to sow and plant, to nourish and increase the fruits thereof, daily adding, with the good husband in the gospel, somewhat to the talent, that in the end the fruits may be reaped, to the comfort of the labourer in this life and his salvation in the world to come? And if this be, as undoubtedly this is, the service Jesus Christ required of his best servant, wo unto him that hath these instruments of pietie put into his hands, and wilfully despiseth to work with them! Likewise adding hereunto her great appearance of love to me, her desire to be taught and instructed in the knowl-

edge of God, her capableness of understanding, her aptness and willingnesse to receive anie good impression, and also the spirituall, beside her own incitements hereunto stirring me up. What shall I doe? Shall I be of so untoward disposition as to refuse to leade the blind into the right way? Shall I be so unnaturall as not to give bread to the hungrie, or uncharitable as not to cover the naked? Shall I despise to actuate these pious duties of a Christian? Shall base feare of displeasing the world overpower and withhold me from revealing unto man these spirituall works of the Lord, which in my meditations and praiers I have daily made known unto him? God forbid! I assuredly trust he hath thus delt with mee for my eternal felicitie and for his glorie; and I hope so to be guarded by heavenly grace, that in the end, by my faithful praiers and christianlike labour, I shall attaine to that blessed promise pronounced by that holy prophet Daniell unto the righteous that bring many unto the knowledge of God—namely: that "they shall shine like the stars forever and ever." A sweeter comfort can not be to a true Christian, nor a greater incouragement to him to labour all the daies of his life in the performance thereof, to be desired at the hour of death and in the day of judgment. Again, by my reading and conference with honest and religious persons, have I received no small encouragement; besides *mea serena conscientia,* the clearnesse of my conscience, clean from the filth of impurity, *quae est instar muri ahenei,* which is to mee a brazen wall. If I should set down at large the perturbations and godly motions which have striven within mee, I should make but a tedious and unnecessary volume. But I doubt not these will be sufficient, both to certify you of my true intent, in discharging my duties to God and to yourselfe, to whose gracious Providence I humbly submit myself, for his glory, your honour, my countrie's good, the benefit of this Plantation, and for the converting of one unregenerate to regeneration, which I beseech God to grant for his dear Sonne Christ Jesus his sake. Nor am I in so desperate an estate that I regard not what becometh of mee; nor am I out of hope but one day to see my countrie, nor so void of friends, nor mean in birth, but there to obtain a match to my great content; nor have I ignorantly passed over my hopes there, nor regardlessly

seek to lose the love of my friends by taking this course: I know them all, and have not rashly overslipped any.

But shall it please God thus to dispose of mee (which I earnestly desire to fulfill my end before set down) I will heartily accept of it, as a godly taxe appointed mee, and I will never cease (God assisting mee) until I have accomplished and brought to perfection so holy a worke, in which I will daily pray God to bless mee, to mine and her eternal happiness. And thus desiring no longer to live, to enjoy the blessing of God, than this my resolution doth tend to such godly ends, as are by mee before declared, not doubting your favourable acceptance, I take my leave, beseeching Almightie God to rain down upon you such plenitude of his heavenly graces as your heart can wish and desire; and so I rest,

At your command, most willingly to be disposed off,

JOHN ROLPH.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS TO EDGAR ALLAN POE

[From 'The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe,' edited by James A. Harrison. Copyright, 1902, Thomas Y. Crowell, and used here by permission.]

NEW YORK, July 30, 1846.

EDGAR A. POE, ESQ.

Dear Sir,—I received your note a week ago, and proceeded at once to answer it, but being in daily expectation of a newspaper from the South, to which, in a Letter, I had communicated a paragraph concerning the matter which you had suggested in a previous letter, I determined to wait until I could enclose it to you. It has been delayed somewhat longer than I had anticipated, and has in part caused my delay to answer you. I now send it you, and trust that it will answer the desired purpose; though I must frankly say that I scarcely see the necessity of noticing the sort of scandal to which you refer.

I note with regret the very desponding character of your last letter. I surely need not tell you how deeply and sincerely I deplore the misfortunes which attend you,—the more so as I see no process for your relief and extrication but such as must result from your own decision and resolve. No friend can help you in the struggle that is before you. Money,

no doubt, can be procured; but this is not altogether what you require. Sympathy may soothe the hurts of Self Esteem, and make a man temporarily forgetful of his assailants;—but in what degree will this avail, and for how long, in the protracted warfare of twenty or thirty years? You are still a very young man, and one too largely and too variously endowed, not to entertain the conviction—as your friends entertain it—of a long and manful struggle with, and a final victory over, fortune. But this warfare, the world requires you to carry on with your own unassisted powers. It is only in your manly resolution to use these powers, after a legitimate fashion, that it will countenance your claims to its regard and sympathy; and I need not tell you how rigid and exacting it has been in the case of the poetical genius, or, indeed, the genius of any order. Suffer me to tell you frankly, taking the privilege of a true friend, that you are now perhaps in the most perilous period of your career—just in that position—just at that time of life—when a false step becomes a capital error—when a single leading mistake is fatal in its consequences. You are no longer a boy. "At thirty wise or never!" You must subdue your impulses; and, in particular, let me exhort you to discard all associations with men, whatever their talents, whom you cannot esteem as men.

Pardon me for presuming thus to counsel one whose great natural and acquired resources should make him rather the teacher of others. But I obey a law of my own nature, and it is because of my sympathies that I speak. Do not suppose yourself abandoned by the worthy and honorable among your friends. They will be glad to give you welcome *if you will suffer them.* They will rejoice—I know their feelings and hear their language—to countenance your return to that community —that moral province in society—of which, let me say to you, respectfully and regretfully,—you have been, according to all reports, but too heedlessly, and, perhaps, too scornfully indifferent. Remain in obscurity for awhile. You have a young wife—I am told a suffering and an interesting one,—let me entreat you to cherish her, and to cast away those pleasures which are not worthy of your mind, and to trample those temptations under foot, which degrade your person, and make it familiar to the mouth of vulgar jest. You may do

all this, by a little circumspection. It is still within your power. Your resources from literature are probably much greater than mine. I am sure they are just as great. You can increase them, so that they shall be ample for all your legitimate desires; but you must learn the worldling's lesson of prudence;—a lesson, let me add, which the literary world has but too frequently and unwisely disparaged. It may seem to you impertinent—that he who gives nothing else should presume to give counsel. But one gives that which he can most spare, and you must not esteem me indifferent to a condition which I can in no other way assist.

I have never been regardless of your genius, even when I knew nothing of your person. It is some years since I counselled M. Godey to obtain the contributions of your pen. He will tell you this. I hear that you reproach him. But how can you expect a magazine proprietor to encourage contributions which embroil him with all his neighbors? These broils do you no good—vex your temper, destroy your peace of mind, and hurt your reputation. You have abundant resources upon which to draw even were there no Grub Street in Gotham. Change your tactics and begin a new series of papers with your publisher. The printed matter which I send you might be quoted by Godey, and might be ascribed to me. But, surely, I need not say to you that, to a Southern man, the annoyance of being mixed up in a squabble with persons whom he does not know, and does not care to know,—and from whom no Alexandrine process of cutting loose would be permitted by society—would be an intolerable grievance. I submit to frequent injuries and misrepresentations, content, though annoyed by the slaves [sic], that the viper should amuse himself upon the file, at the expense of his own teeth.

As a man, as a writer, I shall always be solicitous of your reputation and success. You have but to resolve on taking and asserting your position, equally in the social and literary world, and your way is clear, your path is easy, and you will find true friends enough to sympathize in your triumphs.

Very sincerely though sorrowfully, Yr obdt Servt

W. Gilmore Simms.

P. S. If I could I should have been to see you. But I

have been and am still drudging in the hands of the printers, kept busily employed night and day. Besides my arrangements are to hurry back to the South where I have a sick family. A very few days will turn my feet in that direction.

DR. J. MARION SIMS TO MRS. SIMS

[From 'The Story of My Life,' by J. Marion Sims, M.D., LL.D., Edited by his son, H. Marion-Sims, M.D. New York, D. Appleton and Company, 1894.]

Paris, October 18, 1861 (Friday).

This 18th of October, 1861, has not by any means been the happiest day of my life, but, with perhaps three exceptions, the proudest. The first exception was the day, the 23d day of July, 1833, on which you gave me the rose-bud through the garden fence. We were then young and alone; there were none to approve or condemn. A few seemingly long years rolled tardily over and at last brought the second era, the happiest day, the 21st of December, 1836, on which you became my wife. Family and friends were there to yield assent. Many perfectly happy years passed rapidly, and, together we climbed up the hill of life until, almost at the top, came the first anniversary of the Woman's Hospital the 9th of February, 1856. You were not there, but New York was, and from that day your husband's American reputation was fixed, and your hopes were fulfilled, and your ambition gratified.

To-day Velpeau, Nélaton, Civiale, Ricord, Chassaignac, Follin, Huguier, Debout, Baron Larrey, Sir Joseph Olliffe, Campbell, Johnstone, and many others honored me with their presence at the Hôtel Voltaire, Quai Voltaire, No. 19. I had one of the most difficult operations I ever performed. The patient was a very bad one, short, fat, and nervous. Chloroform was administered by Dr. Johnstone. It acted very badly; the patient became slightly hysterical, and uncontrollable, and chloroform was for a while suspended. Some thought it dangerous to continue it; to stop it was to stop the operation. Velpeau strongly advised against continuing to give it, but Johnstone proceeded, and gave enough to produce quiet, and the operation was performed. It took about forty minutes.

It was one of the most difficult that could be. Everybody was delighted except me. I never had so many obstacles present at one time in any one case. I have had as bad patients, but then the operation was not so difficult; and I have had a few as difficult, but they were in docile patients; but here everything was wrong except my presence of mind and confidence. But all obstacles were so quietly and so thoroughly overcome that everybody congratulated me on encountering them. The triumph is complete, and you may feel secure as to the full and perfect recognition of my claims throughout all Europe. Not only now, but often while I sit in the midst of the decorated *savants* of this great city, my thoughts turn instinctively to the wife of my bosom, who, as the mother of my children, is a thousand times dearer to me than she was in the springtime of life, as the playmate of my childhood and the idol of my youth. To your gentle care and loving kindness and wise counsels I owe all that I am, and I feel that, with all my successes, all my triumphs, with the prospect of lasting fame, I am far, very far from being worthy of you; for when I have told you thousands of times that you were too good for me I have been in earnest. But while I feel a secret, unexpressed gratification at the extraordinary result of my visit here, which would not have been made but for your persistent entreaties, let us not forget the great Author of it all. I have done nothing, but have been led along, I know not how, and have followed blindly, confidingly, and patiently. Nothing has been done just as I would have had it, but all has turned out, or is turning out, better than I could have devised.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH TO QUEEN ANNE, A. D. 1616

[From 'The Adventures and Discourses of Captain John Smith, sometime President of Virginia, and Admiral of New England,' Newly Ordered by John Ashton. London, Cassell and Company.]

To the most high and vertuous Princesse, Queene Anne of Great Britaine.

MOST ADMIRED QUEENE,

The love I beare my God, my King, and Countrie, hath so oft emboldened mee in the worst of extreme dangers, that now honestie doth constraine me to presume thus farre beyond my selfe, to present your Majestie this short discourse: if ingratitude be a deadly poyson to all honest vertues, I must bee guiltee of that crime, if I should omit any means to be thankfull. So it is,

That some ten yeeres agoe being in *Virginia,* and taken prisoner by the power of *Powhatan* their chiefe King, I received from this great Salvage exceeding great courtesie, especially from his sonne *Nantaquas,* the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit, I ever saw in a Salvage, and his sister *Pocahontas,* the King's most deare and wel-beloved daughter, being but a child of twelve or thirteene yeeres of age, whose compassionate pitiful heart, of my desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her; I being the first Christian this proud King and his grim attendants ever saw: and thus inthralled in their barbarous power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those my mortell foes to prevent, notwithstanding al their threats. After some six weeks fatting amongst those Salvage Courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine, and not only that, but so prevailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to *James Towne,* where I found about eight and thirtie miserable poore and sicke creatures, to keepe possession of all those large territories of *Virginia,* such was the weaknesse of this poore Commonwealth, as had the Salvages not fed us, we directly had starved.

And this reliefe, most gracious Queene, was commonly brought us by this Lady *Pocahontas.* Notwithstanding all those passages when inconstant Fortune turned our peace to

Warre, this tender Virgin would stille not spare to dare to visit us, and by her our jarres have beene oft appeased, and our wants still supplyed. Were it the policie of her father thus to imploy her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her His instrument, or her extraordinary affection to our Nation, I know not; but of this I am sure; when her father with the utmost of his policie and power, sought to surprize mee, having but eighteene with mee, the darke night could not affright her from coming through the irkesome woods, and with watered eies gave me intelligence, with her best advice to escape his furie, which had hee knowne, hee had surely slaine her. *James Towne* with her wild traine she as freely frequented, as her father's habitation; and during the time of two or three yeeres, the next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this Colonie from death, famine, and utter confusion, which if in those times had once been dissolved, *Virginia* might have lien as it was at our first arrival to this day. Since then, this businesse having been turned and varied by many accidents from that I left it at: it is most certaine, after a long and troublesome warre after my departure, betwixt her father and our Colonie, all which time shee was not heard of, about two yeeres after, she herselfe was taken prisoner, being so detained neere two yeeres longer, the Colonie by that meanes was relieved, peace concluded, and at last, rejecting her barbarous condition, was married to an *English* Gentleman, with whom, at this present, she is in *England;* the first Christian ever of that Nation, the first *Virginian* ever spake *English,* or had a childe in marriage by an *Englishman,* a matter surely, if my meaning bee truly considered and well understood, worthy a Princes understanding.

Thus, most gracious Lady, I have related to your Majestie, what at your best leisure our approved Histories will account you at large, and done in the time of your Majesties life, and however this might bee presented you from a more worthy pen, it cannot be from a more honest heart, as yet I never begged anything of the State, or any, and it is my want of abilitie, and her exceeding desert, your birth, meanes, and authoritie, hir birth, vertue, want and simplicitie, doth make me so bold, humbly to beseech your Majestie to take this knowledge of her, though it is from one so unworthy to be

the reporter, as myselfe, her husbands estate not being able to make her fit to attend your Majestie: the most and least I can doe, is to tell you this, because none so oft hath tried it as myselfe, and the rather being of so great a spirit, how ever her stature; if she should not be well received, seeing this Kingdome may rightly have a Kingdome by her meanes; her present love to us and Christianitie, might turn to such scorne and furie, as to divert all this good to the worst of evill, where finding so great a Queene should doe her some honour more than she can imagine, for being so kinde to your servantes and subjects, would so ravish her with content, as endeare her dearest bloud to effect that, your Majestie and all the Kings honest subjects most earnestly desire: And so I humbly kisse your gracious hands.

HENRY TIMROD TO PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

['The Poems of Henry Timrod,' by Paul Hamilton Hayne. E. J. Hale & Son, New York, 1873.]

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 30, 1866.

MY DEAR P.——: Nothing has come to me for the past year which has given me such pleasure as your letter of the ——inst. I am overjoyed to renew our correspondence.

Dear old fellow! heart and hand, body, soul, and spirit, I am still yours.

I have the right poet's inclination to plunge *in medias res.* You ask me to tell you my story for the last year. I can embody it all in a few words: *beggary, starvation, death, bitter grief, utter want of hope!* But let me be a little more particular, that you may learn where I stand. You know, I suppose, that the Sherman raid destroyed my business. Since that time I have been residing with my sister, Mrs. Goodwin. Both my sister and myself are completely impoverished. We have lived for a long period, and are still living, on the proceeds of the gradual sale of furniture and plate. We have—let me see! —yes, we have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge—bedstead!!

Until December, I had no employment. Mr. —— passed

through Columbia in November on his way to the sea-board. He called on me, informed me that he was going to re-establish his paper in Charleston, and promised that I should have my old interest in it.

On reaching Charleston, he started, *"The Carolinian,"* and soon he wrote me (but addressing me as a mere *employé)* and offered a salary of fifteen dollars a week for daily editorials. Necessity compels me to accept this offer.

I have now hacked on for *four* months, and as yet have failed to receive a single month's pay.

The plain truth is Mr. —— *can't* pay! He made a grave mistake in carrying his paper to Charleston. Under the shadow of the *"News"* and *"Courier,"* it is languishing, and must die! What I am going to do, I can't imagine.

As for supporting myself and a large family—wife, mother, sister, and nieces, by *literary* work—'tis utterly preposterous!

In a "forlorn-hope" sort of mood, and as a mere experiment, I forwarded some poems in my best style to certain Northern periodicals, and in every instance they were coldly declined.

So all hope of thus turning my rhymes into bread must be resigned. Little Jack Horner, who sang for his supper, and got his plum cake, was a far more lucky minstrel than I am! To confess the truth, my dear P——, I not only feel that I can write no more verse, but I am perfectly indifferent to the fate of what I have already composed.

I would consign every line of it to eternal oblivion, for—*one hundred dollars in hand!*

I can tell you nothing about Charleston, although in February, having a free Railroad ticket, I went down and spent three days there. My eyes were blind to everything and everybody but a few old friends. I dined with Bruns; had a night of it at Henry Raymond's, and went to see the lions in the circus.

The sum of this small experience of my native town is, that the people are generally impoverished, suffering, despondent, with all the spring and elasticity taken out of them. . . . My wife has been very sick. Her low condition of health, indeed, makes me continually anxious.

ROBERT TOOMBS TO MRS. TOOMBS

[From 'Robert Toombs, Statesman, Speaker, Soldier, Sage,' by Pleasant A. Stovall. New York, Cassell Publishing Company.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15, 1853.

MY DEAR JULIA:

This is your birthday, which you bid me remember, and this letter will show you that I have not forgotten it. To-day Gus Baldwin and Dr. Harbin dropped in to dinner, and we drank your good health and many more returns in health and happiness of the 15th of May. I did not tell them that you were forty, for it might be that some time or other you would not care to have them know it, and I am sure they would never suspect it unless told. In truth I can scarcely realize it myself, as you are the same lovely and loving, true-hearted woman to me, that you were when I made you my bride, nearly twenty-three years ago. There is no other change except the superior loveliness of the full blown over the budding rose. I have thrown my mind this quiet Sunday evening over that large segment of human life (twenty-three years) since we were married, and whatever of happiness memory has treasured up clusters around you. In life's struggles I have been what men call fortunate. I have won its wealth and its honors, but I have won them by labor, and toil and strife, whose memory saddens even success; but the pure joys of wedded love leave none but pleasant recollections which one can dwell upon with delight. These thoughts are dearer to me than to most men, because I know for whatever success in life I may have had, whatever evil I may have avoided, or whatever good I may have done, I am mainly indebted to the beautiful, pure, true-hearted little black-eyed girl, who on the 18th of November, 1830, came trustingly to my arms, the sweetest and dearest of wives. You need not fear, therefore, that I shall forget your birthday. That and our bridal day are the brightest in my calendar and memory will not easily part with them.

Yours,

TOOMBS

WILLIAM BARRET TRAVIS TO THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS

COMMANDANCY OF THE ALAMO,
BEJAR, Feb'y 24th, 1836.

To the People of Texas and all Americans in the World:

FELLOW CITIZENS AND COMPATRIOTS:—I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continued Bombardment and cannonade for 24 hours and have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise, the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I *shall never surrender or retreat. Then,* I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country.
VICTORY OR DEATH.

WILLIAM BARRET TRAVIS,
Lt. Col. Comdt.

P. S. The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses 80 or 90 bushels and got into the walls 20 or 30 head of Beeves. TRAVIS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON TO DR. JOHN COCHRAN

[This letter, written August 16, 1779, is said by Washington Irving to be "almost the only instance of sportive writing in Washington's correspondence."]

DEAR DOCTOR: I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honor bound to appraise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise, that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the center. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beef-steak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be near twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover, that apples will make pies; and it is a question, if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beef-steaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear Doctor,

Yours, etc.,
G. WASHINGTON.

Z. B. VANCE TO THE NEW YORK WORLD

CHARLOTTE, N. C., October 13, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK WORLD:

I see by the public prints that General Kilpatrick has decorated me with his disapprobation before the people of Pennsylvania. He informs them, substantially, that he tamed me by capturing me and riding me two hundred miles on a bare-back mule. I will do him the justice to say that he knew that was a lie when he uttered it.

I surrendered to General Schofield at Greensboro, N. C., on the 2d of May, 1865, who told me to go to my home and remain there, saying if he got any orders to arrest me he would send there for me. Accordingly, I went home and there remained until I was arrested on 13th of May, by a detachment of 300 cavalry, under Major Porter, of Harrisburg, from whom I received nothing but kindness and courtesy. I came in a buggy to Salisbury, where we took the cars.

I saw no mule on the trip, yet I thought I saw an ass at the general's headquarters; this impression has since been confirmed.

Respectfully yours,

Z. B. VANCE.

EPITAPHS AND INSCRIPTIONS

THE author began the collection of Epitaphs and Inscriptions under the impression that the Southern States had been signally neglectful of their honored dead. Before completing his work he became convinced that no section of the United States has erected more monuments, in proportion to population, than the South. It is to be hoped that each Southern State will soon collect and publish in book form these interesting memorials, both as an inspiration to the living and as a duty to the dead. The purpose in this part of volume XIV. has been to include only such inscriptions as are noteworthy for their beauty, their quaintness, or their historical significance.

EPITAPHS AND INSCRIPTIONS

ALAMO

[The Alamo Monument, which stood in the hall of the Capitol, at Austin, Texas, was almost completely destroyed by fire in 1881. Only a fragment was rescued; but that fragment, now among the historical relics of the State Library, preserves in legible form the heroic inscriptions. See 'The Alamo Monument' in *The Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association*, April, 1903. The inscriptions are four in number.]

To the God of the Fearless and Free is dedicated this Altar made from the ruins of the Alamo.

Thermopylae had her Messenger of Defeat, but the Alamo had none.

Be they enrolled with Leonidas in the Host of the Mighty Dead.

Blood of Heroes hath stained me; let the Stones of the Alamo speak that their Immolation be not forgotten.

HENRY WATKINS ALLEN

[Monument at Baton Rouge, Louisiana.]

Governor Allen in a letter from the City of Mexico, 25th December, 1865, to a friend in Louisiana, said: "When it shall please God to consign this mutilated body to its last resting place, be it among strangers in Mexico, or friends in Louisiana, I should desire no better epitaph inscribed on my tomb than the sentiment in the closing part of your letter:

"Your friends are proud to know that Louisiana had a Governor who, with an opportunity of securing a million of dollars in gold, preferred being honest in a foreign land without one cent."

Brigadier General in the Confederate Army and last Governor of Louisiana under the old régime.

Born in Prince Edward Co., Va., 29th April, 1820.

Died in the City of Mexico, 22nd April, 1866.

MANUEL ANTHONIO

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

SACRED

To the Memory of
CAPT. MANUEL ANTHONIO,
Who departed this Life
on the 12th. August 1796,
In the 57th. year of his age.

Altho' I here at Anchor be,
With many of our Fleet;
We must set sail one day again,
Our Savior Christ to meet.

NATHANIEL BACON

[This epitaph on Nathaniel Bacon (1642-1676), the central figure of the famous Bacon's Rebellion, was written "by the man that waited upon his person and who attended his corpse to their (?) burial place." Nothing more is known of him.]

Death, Why so cruel? What! no other way
To manifest thy spleen, but thus to slay
Our hopes of safety, liberty, our all,
Which, through thy tyranny, with him must fall
To its last chaos? Had thy rigid force
Been dealt by retail, and not thus in gross,
Grief had been silent. Now we must complain,
Since thou, in him, hast more than thousand slain,
Whose lives and safeties did so much depend
On him their life, with him their lives must end.

If 't be a sin to think Death brib'd can be
We must be guilty; say 'twas bribery
Guided the fatal shaft. Virginia's foes,
To whom for secret crimes just vengeance owes
Deserved plagues, dreading their just desert,
Corrupted Death by Paracelsian art
Him to destroy; whose well tried courage such,
Their heartless hearts, nor arms, nor strength could touch.

Who now must heal those wounds, or stop that blood
The heathen made, and drew into a flood?
Who is 't must plead our cause? nor trump, nor drum
Nor deputations; these, alas! are dumb
And cannot speak. Our Arms (though ne'er so strong)
Will want the aid of his commanding tongue,
Which conquer'd more than Cæsar. He o'erthrew
Only the outward frame: this could subdue
The rugged work of nature. Souls replete
With dull chill'd cold, he'd animate with heat
Drawn forth of reason's limbec. In a word,
Mars and Minerva both in him concurred
For arts, for arms, whose pen and sword alike
As Cato's did, may admiration strike
Into his foes; while they confess withal
It was their guilt styl'd him a criminal.
Only this difference doth from truth proceed:
They in the guilt, he in the name must bleed,
While none shall dare his obsequies to sing
In deserv'd measures; until time shall bring
Truth crowned with freedom, and from danger free
To sound his praises to posterity.

Here let him rest; while we this truth report
He's gone from hence unto a higher Court
To plead his cause, where he by this doth know
Whether to Cæsar he was friend, or foe.

BATTLE MONUMENT

[Erected by the State of Kentucky at Frankfort, A.D. 1850.]

KENTUCKY HAS ERECTED
THIS COLUMN
IN GRATITUDE EQUALLY
TO HER OFFICERS
AND SOLDIERS.

[Bands on the South Side.]

Cerro Gordo.

New Orleans.

Massissinaway.

St. Clair's Defeat.
Col. Wm. Oldham.

Estill's Defeat.
Capt. James Estill.
Lieut. South.

Tippecanoe.
Col. Joseph H. Daviess.
Col. Abraham Owen.
Capt. Jacob Warrick.

Fort Meigs.
Col. Wm. Dudley.
Capt. John C. Morrison.
Capt. Christian Irvine.
Capt. Joseph Clark.
Capt. Thomas Lewis.

Blue Licks.
Col. John Todd.
Col. Stephen Trigg.
Maj. Silas Harlan.
Maj. Wm. McBride.
Capt. Edward Bulger
Capt. John Jordan.
Capt. Isaac Boone.

[Bands on the North Side.]

Mexico.
Lieut. J. W. Powell.

Boonesborough

Harmar's Defeat.
Capt. J. McMurtry.

Whayne's Campaign.
Col. John Hardin.

Monterey.
Maj. P. W. Barbour.

Buena Vista.
Col. Wm. R. McKee.
Lieut. Col. Henry Clay.
Capt. Wm. T. Willis.
Adjutant. E. B. Vaughn

Raisin.
Col. John Allen.
Maj. Benjamin Graves.
Capt. John Woolfork.
Capt. W. G. I. Hart.
Capt. James Meade.
Capt. Robert Edwards

Raisin.
Capt. Virgil McCracken.
Capt. Wm. Price.
Capt. John Edmondson.
Capt. John Simpson.
Capt. Paschal Hickman.
Lieut. John Williamson.

[Bands on the East Side.]

United States Navy.

Lieut. John Gunnell Talbott,
Drowned at Kiliahikai,
December 19, 1870.

Lieut. Hugh Wilson McKee,
Killed in Corea,
June 11, 1871.
Master Alfred Foree,
Drowned off Greytown,
April 12, 1872.
All in the performance of duty.

By order of the Legislature
the name of
Col. J. J. Hardin
of the 1st Illinois Infantry,
a son of Kentucky,
Who fell at the Battle of
Buena Vista,
Is inscribed hereon.

[Bands on the West Side.]

Indian Wars.

Capt. James Shelby.
Capt. Samuel Grant.
Surveyor Hancock Taylor.
Surveyor Willis Lee.

Little Big Horn.

By order of the Legislature
the name of
Lieut. John J. Crittenden, Jr.,
20th U. S. Infantry,
a brave Kentuckian,
Who was killed in the Battle of Little Big Horn, on the 25th of June, 1876, while performing his duty is inscribed hereon.

[Bands on the West Side.]

Thames.

Capt. Wm. Whitley.
Capt. Elijah Craig.

Indian Wars.

Col. James Harrod.
Col. Richard Calloway.
Col. Wm. Christian.
Col. Walker Daniel.
Col. Nathaniel Hart.
Col. John Floyd.

Indian Wars.

Col. Wm. Lynn.
Maj. Evan Shelby.
Maj. Bland Ballard.
Capt. Christian Irvine.
Capt. Wm. McAfee.
Capt. John Kennedy.

Indian Wars.

Capt. Christian Crepps.
Capt. Rogers.
Capt. Wm. Bryant.
Capt. Tipton.
Capt. Chapman.
Capt. McCracken.

Raisin.

Lieut. Robert Logan.
Lieut. Thomas C. Graves.
Lieut. Thomas Overton.
Lieut. Francis Chinn.
Ensign Levi Wells.
Ensign Shawharn.

Raisin.

Surgeon Alex. Montgomery.
Surgeon Thomas C. Davis.
Surgeon John Irvine.
Surgeon Thos. McIlvaine.

JOHN HENRY BONER

[In the Moravian churchyard at Salem, North Carolina. The tribute is by Edmund Clarence Stedman.]

John Henry Boner,
Born in Salem, N.C.,
January 31, 1845.
Died in Washington, D.C.
March 6, 1903.
That gentlest of minstrels,
Who caught his music from the whispering pines.

EVELYN BYRD

[In the old churchyard of Westover, Charles City County, Virginia, among other interesting monuments, are those to the Byrd family, notably Evelyn Byrd, the heroine of romance, and William Byrd, her father, who ran the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina.]

Here in the sleep of peace,
Reposes the body of Mrs. Evelyn Byrd,
Daughter of the Hon. William Byrd, Esq.
The various and excellent endowments
of Nature

Improved and perfected by an accomplished education formed her for the happiness of her friends, for an ornament of her country.

Alas Reader,
We can detain nothing, however valued,
from unrelenting Death.
Beauty, fortune or exalted honour
See here a Proof,

And be reminded by this awful Tomb; that every worldly comfort fleets away, excepting only, what arises from imitating the virtues of our friends and the contemplation of their happiness.

To which
God was pleased to call this Lady
On the 13th day of November, 1737,
In the 29th year of her age.

WILLIAM BYRD

Here Lieth

The Honorable William Byrd, Esq., being born to one of the amplest Fortunes in this Country, he was sent early to England for his Education; where under the Care and direction of Sir Robt Southwell, and even favored with his particular Instruction, he made a happy Proficiency in polite and various Learning. By the means of the same noble Friend he was introduced to many of the first Persons of the Age, for Knowledge, Wit, Virtue, Birth or high Station, and particularly contracted a most intimate and bosom Friendship with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, he was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple, studied for some time in the Low Countries, visited the Court of France, and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society.

Thus eminently fitted for the Service and ornament of his country, he was made Receiver-General of his Majesty's Revenues here, was thrice appointed public Agent to the Court and Ministry of England, and being thirty-seven years a member, at last became President of the Council of the Colony, to all this were added a great Elegancy of Taste and Life, the well bred Gentleman and polite Companion, the splendid Economist and prudent Father of a Family, was the constant Enemy of all exorbitant Power, and hearty Friend of the liberties of his Country.

Nat. March 28th, 1674. Mort. Aug. 26th, 1744. An Etat 70 years.

CABIN JOHN BRIDGE

[Inscription on Cabin John Bridge, six miles west of Washington, D.C. The name of Jefferson Davis was erased in 1862, and restored in 1909 by order of President Roosevelt.]

[First abutment]

Union Arch
Chief Engineer, Captain Montgomery C. Meigs,
U. S. Corps of Engineers.
Esto Perpetua.

[Second abutment]

Washington Aqueduct
Begun A. D., 1853.
President of the U. S., Franklin Pierce.
Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis.
Building A. D., 1861.
President of the U. S., Abraham Lincoln.
Secretary of War, Simon Cameron.

JOSEPH CALDWELL

[Inscription on the monument erected in 1847 to the first President of the University of North Carolina. The monument is of marble and stands in the center of the campus. The President of the United States and the Governor of North Carolina, referred to in the inscription as alumni of the University, were James K. Polk and William A. Graham.]

[North Side]

In grateful acknowledgement
of their obligations to
the first President of this University
JOSEPH CALDWELL, D. D.
The President of the United States
The Governor of North Carolina
and other alumni
have erected this monument
A. D. 1847.

[West Side]

Born at Lamington, New Jersey
April 21, 1773.
Professor of Mathematics in this
University 1796.
Died at Chapel Hill
January 27, 1835.

[South Side]

He was an early
Conspicuous and devoted advocate
of the cause of Common Schools and
Internal Improvements in North Carolina.

HENRY CLAY

[Erected at Lexington by the Commonwealth of Kentucky, A.D. 1887.]

"I can with unshaken confidence appeal to the Divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, no personal motive—have sought no personal aggrandizement, but that in all my public acts, I have had a sole and single eye, and a warm devoted heart, directed and dedicated to what in my best judgment, I believe to be the true interests of my country."

"I know no North, no South, no East, no West—nothing but our country."

GEORGE AUGUSTUS CLOUGH

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina. The first eight lines of this inscription were written by the English poet, Arthur Hugh Clough. His eldest brother, Charles, wrote the last four. Both were brothers of George Augustus. The Cloughs had lived in Charleston many years before, but had returned to England.]

GEORGE AUGUSTUS CLOUGH
a native of Liverpool
Died suddenly of Stranger's fever
Novr. 5th. 1843.
Aged *22*.

Of all thy kindred at thy dying day
Were none to speed thee on thy solemn way;
Yet ever lives distinct and deeply dear
Their sight with them of this thy corner here;
Each heart so oft hath come and sought and seen
That Ocean space hath shrunk to naught between,
And more their own seems now the stranger's shore
Than when with thee they dwelt on it before.

Since God doth early break the golden bowl,
And loose the silver cord that links the soul
To earth, His will be done. Oh, may he rise
A chosen vessel to a heavenly prize.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, AUGUSTA GEORGIA

[North Side]

In Memoriam:
"No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell, so pure of crime."

[South Side]

Worthy
to have lived and known
Our gratitude;
Worthy
to be hallowed and held
in tender remembrance;
Worthy
the Fadeless Fame which
Confederate Soldiers
won.
Who gave themselves in life
and death for us;
For the Honor of Georgia,
For the Rights of the States,
For the Liberties of the People,
For the Sentiments of the South,
For the Principles of the Union.
As these were handed down to them
By the Fathers of our Common Country.

[East Side]

Our
Confederate Dead

[West Side]

Erected A. D., 1878,
By the Ladies' Memorial Association of Augusta,
In honor of the
Men of Richmond County,
who died
In the Cause of the Confederate States.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT. COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

[This eloquent inscription was composed by William Henry Trescot (1822-1898), of Charleston.]

This Monument
Perpetuates the memory
of those who
True to the instincts of their birth,
Faithful to the teachings of their fathers,
Constant in their Love for the State,
Died in performance of their duty;
who
Have glorified a fallen cause
By the simple manhood of their lives,
The patient endurance of suffering
And the heroism of death;
and who
In the dark hours of imprisonment,
In the hopelessness of the hospital,
In the short sharp agony of the field,
Found support and consolation
In the belief
That at home they would not be forgotten.

Those for whom they died
Inscribe on this marble
The solemn record of their sacrifice,
The perpetual gratitude of the State they served,
The undying affection of those whose lives
The separation of death
Has shadowed with an everlasting sorrow;
Scattered over the battlefields of the South,
Buried in remote and alien graves,
Dying unsoothed by the touch
Of familiar and household hands
Their names are here
To recall
To their children and kinsmen

How worthily they lived
How nobly they died;
And in what tender reverence
Their memory survives.

Let the stranger
Who may in future times
Read this inscription,
Recognise that these were men
Whom power could not corrupt,
Whom death could not terrify,
Whom defeat could not dishonor;
And let their virtues plead for just judgment
Of the Cause in which they perished;
Let the South Carolinian
Of another generation
Remember
That the State taught them
How to live and how to die;
And that from her broken fortunes
She has preserved for her children
The priceless treasure of their memories,
Teaching all
Who may claim the same birth-right
That Truth, Courage, and Patriotism
Endure forever.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

Officers of the Confederate Monument Association of Mississippi, A.D., 1890: Miss Sallie B. Morgan, president; Mrs. Belmont Phelps Manship, vice-president; Mrs. Elenor H. Stone, treasurer; Miss Sophie D. Langley, secretary; Mrs. Virginia P. McKay, corresponding secretary.

"All lost! but by the grave
Where martyred heroes rest,
He wins the most who honor saves—
Success is not the test."

"It recks not where their bodies lie,
By bloody hillside, plain, or river;
Their names are bright on fame's proud sky;
Their deeds of valor live forever."

The noble women of Mississippi, moved by grateful hearts and loving zeal, organized June 15, A.D. 1886, the Confederate Monument Association; their efforts, aided by an appropriation of the State of Mississippi, were crowned with success in the erection of this monument to the Confederate dead of Mississippi, in the year 1891.

The men to whom this monument is dedicated were the martyrs of their creed; their justification is in the holy keeping of the God of history.

God and our consciences alone
Give us measures of right and wrong.
The race may fall unto the swift
And the battle to the strong;
But the truth will shine in history
And blossom into song.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

[Dedicated May 19, 1892.]

[North Side]

Our
Confederate
Dead

[South Side]

This Shaft
Placed here with reverent hands, May 19, 1892,
By the Ladies' Memorial Association of Knoxville, Tennessee.
Commemorates
The heroic courage and unshaken constancy
of more than 1,600 soldiers of the South,
Who, in the great war between the States, 1861 to 1865

Were inspired
By the holiness of a patriotic and impersonal love,
And in the mountain passes of Tennessee, whether on stricken field or in hospital ward,
Gave ungrudgingly their lives to their country.

[West Side]

"And their deeds, proud deeds shall remain for us,
And their names, dear names without stain for us,
And the glories they won shall not wane for us,
In legend and lay,
Our heroes in gray
Though dead, shall live over again for us."

[East Side]

"Forgotten! No! We can not all forget,
Or when we do, farewell to honor's face,
To hope's sweet tendence, valor's unpaid debt,
And every noblest grace
Which nursed in love might still benignly bloom
Above a nation's tomb."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

[Dedicated June 17, 1891.]

A. D. 1861 A. D. 1865.

The
Uncrowned Heroes
of the
Southern Confederacy
Whose joy it was to suffer and die for a cause they believed to be just. Their unchallenged devotion and matchless heroism shall continue to be the wonder and inspiration of the ages.

OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD.

JEFFERSON DAVIS
President of the
Confederate States of America.
Soldier, statesman, patriot, Christian. The only man in our nation without a country, yet twenty million people mourn his death.

EDWARD AYLESWORTH PERRY
Captain of the Pensacola Rifles, Colonel of the Second Florida Regiment, General of the Florida Brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia.

STEPHEN R. MALLORY
Secretary of the Navy
of the
Confederate States of America.
" 'Tis not in mortals to command success; but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

[In Hollywood Cemetery.]

[East Side]

Erected by the
General Dabney H. Maury
Chapter
Daughters of the Confederacy
of Philadelphia
In Loving and grateful memory of
The 224 known and unknown
Confederate Soldiers from
Virginia, North Carolina,
South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama.
Who lie buried in National
Cemeteries in Philadelphia.

Unveiled, October, 1902.

[West Side]

Fate denied them victory but
gave them a glorious immortality.

Dying in Captivity
And tendered a monument
In Phila. where they lie buried,
This stone is erected to their

Everlasting honor in the
Heart of the Confederacy
By the
Genl. Dabney H. Maury Chapter,
Daughters of the Confederacy
of Phila., Penna.

J. L. M. CURRY

[Monument in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.]

J. L. M. CURRY
Died February—XII—MDCCCCIII

MARY W. CURRY
Died May—XXII—MDCCCCIII

They that wonder shall
Reign and they that
Reign shall rest.

VIRGINIA DARE

[On Roanoke Island, in Dare County, North Carolina, a monument has been erected by the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association bearing the following interesting inscription.]

On this site in July-August 1585 (O. S.), Colonists sent out from England by Sir Walter Raleigh, built a Fort, called by them the New Fort in Virginia. These Colonists were the first settlers of the English race in America. They returned to England in July 1586, with Sir Francis Drake. Near this place was born on the 18th. of August, 1587, "Virginia Dare," the first child of English parents, born in America, of Ananias Dare and Eleanor White, his wife, members of another band of Colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587. On Sunday, August 20th., 1587, "Virginia Dare" was baptized. Manteo, the friendly Chief of Hatteras Indians, had been baptized on the Sunday preceding. These baptisms are the first known celebrations of Christian Sacrament in the territory of the Thirteen Original United States.

WILLIAM R. DAVIE

[The Father of the University of North Carolina is buried at Waxhaw Church, Lancaster County, S.C. The following inscription is attributed to his friend, Governor Gaston of South Carlina. Davie was not born, however, in Edinburgh but at Egremont, near Whitehaven, in Cumberland County, North England.]

In This Grave are Deposited The Remains of
WILLIAM R. DAVIE,
The Soldier, Jurist, Statesman, and Patriot.
In the Glorious War for
American Independence
He Fought among the Foremost of the Brave.
As an Advocate at the Bar,
He was Diligent, Sagacious, Zealous,
Incorruptibly Honest, of Commanding Eloquence.
In the Legislative Hall
He had no Superior in Enlarged Vision
And Profound Plans of Policy.
Single in his Ends, Varied in his Means, Indefatigable
In his Exertions.
Representing his Nation in an Important Embassy,
He Evinced his Characteristic Devotion to her Interests
And Manifested a Peculiar Fitness for Diplomacy.
Polished in Manners, Firm in Action,
Candid without Imprudence, Wise above Deceit.
A True Lover of his Country,
Always preferring the People's Good to the People's Favor.
Though he disdained to Fawn for Office,
He filled most of the Stations to which Ambition might Aspire,
And declining no Public Trust,
Ennobled whatever he Accepted
By True Dignity and Talent,
Which he brought into the Discharge of its Functions.
A Great Man in an Age of Great Men.
In Life he was Admired and Beloved by the Virtuous and
the Wise.
In Death he has Silenced Calumny and Caused Envy to Mourn.
He was Born in Edinburgh, 1756,
And Died in South Carolina in 1820.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

[Monument in Richmond, Virginia.]

Deo Vindice
Pro Jure Civitatum
Pro Aris et Focis

JEFFERSON DAVIS
President
of
The Confederate States
Of America
1861-1865

[Interior Architrave]

"Not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the Country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit; but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited and which it is our duty to transmit unshorn to our children."—Jefferson Davis, U. S. Senate, Jan. 21st, 1861.

[Exterior Architrave]

Erected by the people of the South in honor of their great Leader, commemorating their love for the man, their reverence for his virtues, their gratitude for his services.

As citizen, soldier Statesman, he enhanced the glory and enlarged the Fame of the United States.

When his allegiance to that government was terminated by his sovereign State, as President of the Confederate States he exalted his country before the nations.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

Exponent of
Constitutional
Principles
Defender of
The Rights of States

Crescit Occulto
Velut
Arbor Aevo Fama

With constancy and courage unsurpassed, he sustained the heavy burden laid upon him by his people.

When their cause was lost, with dignity he met defeat, with fortitude he endured imprisonment and suffering, with entire devotion he kept the Faith.

The Navy
of the
Confederate States

Giving new examples of
Heroism
Teaching new
Methods of warfare,
It carried the
Flag of the South
to
The most distant Seas.

If to die nobly be ever the proudest glory of virtue, this of all men has fortune greatly granted to them: for, yearning with deep desire to clothe their country with freedom, now at last they rest, full of an ageless fame.

The Army
of the
Confederate States

From
Sumter
to
Appomattox,
Four years of
Unflinching struggle
Against
Overwhelming Odds.

Glory ineffable these around their dear land wrapping, wrapt around themselves the purple mantle of death. Dying, they died not at all, but, from the grave and its shadows, valor invincible lifts them glorified ever on high.

VARINA HOWELL DAVIS

[Monument in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.]

Sacred to the memory of
VARINA HOWELL DAVIS
Beloved and faithful wife of
JEFFERSON DAVIS
And devoted mother of his children.
"Her children arise up and call her
Blessed; her husband also and he
Praiseth her." "She stretcheth out her
Hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth
Forth her hands to the needy."
Give her the fruit of her hands,
And let her own works praise her
In the Gates.

VARINA ANNE DAVIS

[Monument in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.]

[East Side.]

In memory of
VARINA ANNE DAVIS

Daughter of the Confederacy.

The beloved child of
Jefferson Davis, President
of the Confederate States of America,
And Varina Howell Davis.

[South Side]

The whole country touched
By her blameless and heroic career,
Mingled its tears with those
Who knew and loved her.

He giveth his beloved sleep.

[West Side]

Erected by the United Daughters
of the Confederacy, Nov. 9, 1899.

In the flower of her beauty, rarely
Gifted in intellect, this noble woman
Trustfully rendered up her stainless
Soul to God who gave it.
Brave and steadfast, her loyal spirit
Was worthy of her people's
Glorious history.

[North Side]

Born in the Executive Mansion
Richmond, Va.
Died Sept. 18, 1898,
At Narragansett Pier,
Rhode Island.

SAM DAVIS

[In Capitol Park, Nashville, Tennessee.]

[Front]

1842 SAM DAVIS 1863

"The Boys Will Have To Fight
The Battles Without Me."

He Gave All He Had—
Life;
He Gained All He Lacked—
Immortality.

This monument is erected
By contributions from citizens
Of every State in the American Union,
On the site authorized
By the 51st General Assembly
Of the State of Tennessee.
1909

[Rear]

When the Lord calls up earth's heroes,
To stand before His face,
O, many a name, unknown to fame
Shall ring from that high place;
Then out of a grave in the Southland
At the just God's call and beck,
Shall one man rise with fearless eyes
With a rope about his neck;
O Southland! bring your laurels,
And add your wreath, O North!
Let glory claim the hero's name
And tell the world his worth.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

JAMES MAUD ELFORD

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

In
Memory of
CAPTN. JAMES MAUD ELFORD,
A native of Bristol, England
But for many years a respectable
Citizen of the United States.
Who died in Charleston 25th. Jany. 1826.
Aged Fifty-Four Years.
When this experienced and successful
Sea Captain retired from Navigation,
It was only to study and reveal its theory,
And lend the lights of his genius to
His brethren of the Ocean.
He was the author of several scientific
Nautical inventions,
Particularly of an admirable system
Of Marine Telegraphic Signals,
Which afford the Sea the same
Facilities of language
As the Land.

He was prosperous and happy
in domestic Life,
And his Widow and twelve Childre
Mourn his decease.

Skilled in the Stars, in useful learning wise,
He serv'd the Earth, by studying the skies,
To know them well his best pursuits were given,
He studied first, and then he entered Heaven.

MRS. JAMES MAUD ELFORD

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

Sacred
To the Memory of
MARGARET CHARLOTTE
ELFORD,
Wife of
JAMES MAUD ELFORD,
Who departed this Life 9 May
1817
Aged 43 years 4 months and 20 days
Leaving a Husband with seven
young Children to lament
their irreparable loss.
She was
In Childhood Obedient.
In Wedlock Virtuous.
In Prosperity Humble.
In Adversity Resigned.
In Sickness Patient.
In Death Happy.

HENRY W. GRADY

[Monument in Atlanta, Georgia.]

[Front]

HENRY W. GRADY
Journalist, Orator, Patriot
Editor of the Atlanta Constitution.
Born in Athens, Georgia, May 24th, 1850.
Died in Atlanta, December 23rd, 1889.
Graduated at the state university in the year 1868.
—He never held or sought public office—
"When he died he was literally loving a nation into peace."

[Rear]

"This hour little needs loyalty that is loyal to one section and yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and

trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts—that knows no South, no North, no East, no West; but endears with equal patriotic love every foot of our soil, every state in our Union."

Boston, December, 1889.

"The citizen standing in the doorway of his home—contented in his threshold—his family gathered about his hearthstone—while the evening of a well spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—he shall save the republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted."

University of Va., June 25th, 1889.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

[Erected in Wilmington, North Carolina. Dedicated May 2, 1907.]

[West Face]

The
North Carolina Society
of the Colonial Dames
of America
have erected this
Monument to the memory
of the Colonial
Heroes
of the Lower Cape Fear.

[East Face]

The Cape Fear
first explored
1663
first settlement
at Old Town
1665
permanent settlemen.
at Brunswick
1725
Wilmington Established
1733

[North Face]

CORNELIUS HARNETT
1723
1781
Patriot and Statesman.

[South Face]

In honor of
The hundred and fifty
men who made the first
armed resistance
in the American Colonies
to the oppressive
Stamp Act
of the British Parliament
February 19th, 1766.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina. This inscription is from the pen of the late Right Reverend Stephen Elliott, Bishop of Georgia.]

[West Side]

Beneath this Marble,
the too perishable Monument of a Widow's Love,
are deposited the bones and ashes
of ROBERT Y. HAYNE.
No sculptured stone is needed to perpetuate
the memory of this illustrious name.
The Archives of his Country
are ennobled by his Honors,
and his public services are stamped
for Immortality
Upon the face of his native State,
and upon the Institutions of the Union.
It is the smitten Heart
that would relieve its anguish
by this record of his rare virtues,
his real nobleness, his incomparable excellence.
That heart alone can know how far
The wisdom of the Statesman, the eloquence of the Senator,
and the courage of the Hero
were transcended by those sublimer qualities
which made him the Idol of his Wife,
the Pattern of his Children
the Guide of his Friends,
the honest, incorruptible Patriot.
The Wisdom which counselled Nations, ruled his Home,
The Tongue which swayed the People, charmed his Fireside,
The Heart which nerved a state, allured his Household.
His Widow and his Children
could find no consolation in his loss
save in the humble hope
that they have given him up to that God
who is the Father of the Fatherless.

[East Side.]

No son of South Carolina
Was ever more cherished by his noble Mother
Than the subject of this memorial.
Her honors were heaped upon him in early
and rapid succession.
Elected at his majority to her House of Representatives
He soon became its Speaker;
And was thence transferred to the responsible
station of Attorney General.
When just old enough to claim his seat,
He was chosen to represent Her
In the Senate of the Union.
Having eloquently vindicated her Principles,
In her moment of extreme peril,
She entrusted her Honor to his keeping,
laying upon his shoulders
the burden of her Government.
No sooner was the sword sheathed
than she summoned him to advocate the interest
of her Agriculture and Commerce.
In the fulfilment of these trusts
He sacrificed his Life
having lived long enough for his own fame:
having died too soon for his Country's good.

BENJAMIN HARVEY HILL

[At State Capitol, Atlanta, Georgia.]

[Front]

BENJAMIN HARVEY HILL
Born September 14th, 1823.
Died August 16th, 1882.
This monument is erected by his
Fellow citizens in commemoration
Of the indomitable courage,
Unrivaled eloquence and devoted
Patriotism characterizing the
Illustrious dead.

[Left Side]

Member of the Provisional Congress
of the Confederate States,
Senator of the Confederate States
from 1861 to 1865.
Member of the House of Representatives
of the United States, from 1875 to 1878.
Senator of the United States
from 1878 to the date of his death.

[Rear]

"We are in the house of our fathers.
Our brothers are our companions,
And we are at home, thank God."
Amnesty Speech, January 11th, 1876.

"Who saves his country saves himself,
Saves all things, and all things saved
Do bless him. Who lets his country die
Lets all things die, dies himself, ignobly,
And all things dying curse him."
Notes on The Situation.

"The Union under the Constitution knows
no section, but does know all the states."
Speech in the U. S. Senate, June 11th, 1879.

[Right Side]

Member of the House of Representatives.
of Georgia during 1851 and 1852.
Senator of Georgia during 1859 and 1860.
Member of the Convention of 1861.
Beloved in private life, distinguished
at the Bar and eminent in public relations, he was
at all times the champion of human liberty.

MRS. ANDREW JACKSON

[This inscription on Mrs. Jackson's tomb at the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tennessee, was composed by President Jackson himself.]

Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died on the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of

her fellow-creatures and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor, to the wretched a comforter, to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God.

THOMAS J. JACKSON

[Foley's English statue of Stonewall Jackson was unveiled in Richmond, Virginia, October 26, 1876. The pedestal bears this inscription.]

Presented by English Gentlemen
As a tribute of admiration for
The Soldier and Patriot,
THOMAS J. JACKSON,
And gratefully accepted by Virginia
In the name of the Southern People.
Done A. D., 1875.
In the hundredth year of the Commonwealth.
"Look! there is Jackson standing like a stone wall."

THOMAS JEFFERSON

[The inscription on this monument was composed by Jefferson himself. The original shaft is on the campus of the University of Missouri. The monument now standing at Monticello was erected in 1882 by order of Congress.]

Here was buried
THOMAS JEFFERSON
Author of the
Declaration
of
American Independence
of the
Statute of Virginia
for
Religious Freedom
and Father of the
University of Virginia.
Born April 2, 1743. O. S.
Died July 4, 1826.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON

[Soon after the fall of General Albert Sidney Johnston at the battle of Shiloh and the transfer of his remains to New Orleans, a lady visiting the cemetery found pinned to a rough board that rested on the temporary tomb the following beautiful epitaph. It was written in a delicate hand with a pencil, and the rain had nearly obliterated the characters; but she made a verbatim copy of the manuscript, and sent it to one of the New Orleans papers with the request that if possible the name of the author should be published. The exquisite lines went the rounds of the press of this country and England as a model of English composition. Public curiosity being aroused, the authorship was traced to John Dimitry, a native of New Orleans, and a son of Alexander Dimitry. Young Dimitry, though only a boy, served in Johnston's army at Shiloh and on visiting New Orleans and the grave of his dead chieftain wrote the lines on the inspiration of the moment and modestly pinned them on the headboard as the only tribute he could offer. When the question arose concerning the form of epitaph to be placed on the monument erected to the memory of the dead Confederate General, the committee of citizens in charge with one voice decided upon this, and it is now inscribed upon the broad panel at the base of the statue, in Austin, Texas.]

In Memory.
Beyond this stone is laid,
For a season,
ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON,
A general in the army of the Confederate States,
Who fell at Shiloh, Tennessee,
On the sixth day of April, A. D.,
Eighteen hundred and sixty-two;
A man tried in many high offices
And critical enterprises,
And found faithful in all.
His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience;
And even that life, on a woeful Sabbath,
Did he yield as a holocaust at his country's need.
Not wholly understood was he while he lived;
But, in his death, his greatness stands confessed in a people's tears.
Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting
In that finer ambition which makes men great and pure.
In his honor—impregnable;
In his simplicity—sublime.
No country e'er had a truer son—no cause a nobler champion;

No people a bolder defender—no principle a
purer victim
Than the dead soldier
Who sleeps here;
The cause for which he perished is lost—
The people for whom he fought are crushed—
The hopes in which he trusted are shattered,
The flag he loved guides no more the charging lines,
But his fame, consigned to the keeping of
that time, which,
Happily, is not so much the tomb of virtue
as its shrine,
Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth
to noble ends.
In honor, now, our great captain rests;
A bereaved people mourn him.
Three commonwealths proudly claim him;
And history shall cherish him
Among those choicer spirits, who, holding
their conscience unmix'd with blame,
Have been, in all conjunctures, true to themselves, their country, and their God.

SOLOMON JONES

[The headstone bearing the following inscription is on the side of the road between Hendersonville, North Carolina, and Mount Hebron nearby.]

Here lies SOLOMON JONES,
The Road-Maker,
A True Patriot.
He labored fifty years to leave the world better
than he had found it.

KENTUCKY MONUMENT

[In the Chickamauga National Park. Dedicated May 7, 1899. The words are from a message of former Governor William O. Bradley.]

As we are united in life, and they united in death, let one monument perpetuate their deeds, and one people, forgetful of all asperities, forever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of that terrible conflict which made all men free and retained every star on the nation's flag.

R. E. LEE

[Monument at Vicksburg, Mississippi.]

In Memoriam
R. E. LEE,
The Great, the Good, the Wise,
Called hence to his reward.
Of all the men that ever carved their names on Time,
he stands alone.
Others have become famous for their triumphs:
he made failure glorious,
And won honors from defeat.
Vanquished!
he was yet a victor.
To honor virtue is to honor him;
To reverence wisdom is to do him reverence.
In life,
he was a model for all who live;
In death,
he left a heritage to all.
One such example is worth more to earth,
than the stained triumphs of ten thousand Caesars!

MERIWETHER LEWIS

[Monument in Lewis County, Tennessee, sixty miles southwest of Nashville. The grave is in the exact center of the county. In 1848 the Legislature appropriated five hundred dollars for the monument.]

[West Side]

MERIWETHER LEWIS
Born near Charlottesville, Va., Aug. 18,
1774, died Oct. 11, 1809, aged 35 years.

[South Side]

An officer of the Regular Army. Commander of the
expedition to the Oregon in 1803-1806. Gov-
ernor of the Territory of Louisiana. His
melancholy death occurred where this
monument now stands, and under
which rest his mortal
remains.

[East Side]

In the language of Jefferson: "His courage was undaunted. His firmness and perseverance yielded to nothing but impossibilities. A rigid disciplinarian, yet tender as a father to those committed to his charge; honest, disinterested, liberal, with a sound understanding, and a scrupulous fidelity to truth."

[North Side]

Immaturus obi: sed tu felicior annos
Vive meos, Bona Respublica! vive tuos.
Erected by the Legislature of Tennessee,
A. D. 1848.

DAVID MARTIN

[Magnolia Cemetery, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.]

DAVID MARTIN
His last words were: "I die a Christian and a Democrat"

CHARLOTTE MASSEY

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

Here
Lies the Body of
CHARLOTTE MASSEY
who departed this Life
June 24th, 1787.
Aged 25 years.
View this tomb as you pass by
For as you are so once was I
And as I am so must you be
Prepare yourself to follow me.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY

Monument in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.]

[North Side]

In memory
of
MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY
Born in
Spottsylvania Co., Virginia,
January 14th, 1806.
Died in
Lexington, Virginia,
February 1st, 1873.
"All is well."
MAURY.

[West Side]

Entered the Navy
of
The United States
1825,
That of
The Confederate States
1861.
Author of
"Maury's Sailing Directions"
and
"The Physical Geography of the Sea."

HUNTER HOLMES McGUIRE

[Monument in Capitol Square, Richmond, Virginia.]

To
HUNTER HOLMES McGUIRE, M.D., LL.D.,
President of the American Medical
And of the
American Surgical Associations;
Founder of the University College of Medicine;

Medical Director, Jackson's Corps,
Army of Northern Virginia,
An eminent civil and military surgeon
And beloved physician;
An able teacher and vigorous writer
A useful citizen and broad Humanitarian,
Gifted in mind and generous in heart,
This monument is erected by his many friends.

DAVID MOSSOM

[Rev. David Mossom, who officiated at the marriage of George Washington and Mrs. Custis, is buried in the Churchyard of St. Peter's, New Kent County, Virginia. His monument is within the chancel and bears the following inscription.]

Reverendus David Mossom prope Jacet,
Collegii St. Joannis Cantabrigiae obiti, Alumnus,
Hujus Parochiae Rector Annos Quadraginta,
Omnibus Ecclesiae Anglicanae Presbyteriis
Inter Americanos Ordine Presbyteratus Primus;
Literatura Paucis secundus,
Qui tandem senis et Moerore Confectus
Ex variis Rebus arduis quas in hac vita perpessus est
Mortisq: in dies memor ideo virens et valens
Sibi hunc sepulturae locum posuit et elegit
Uxoribus Elizabetha et Maria quidem juxta sepultis
Ubi requirescat dones resuscitatus ad vitam Eternam
Per Jesum Christum salvatorem nostrum
Qualis erat, indicant illi quibus benenotus
Superstiles Non hoc sepulchrale saxum
Londini Natus 25 Martii 1690
Obiit 4 Janii 1767.

NEGRO SLAVES

[In Fort Mill, South Carolina. On the East side is the figure of a negro man, on the West side that of a negro woman. See also inscription on monument to Harry Talbird, page 6463.]

[On the North Side]

1895
Erected by Sam'l E. White,
In Grateful Memory of Earlier
Days, with Approval of the
Jefferson Davis
Memorial Association.
Among the Many Faithful,

Nelson White	Anthony White
Sandy White	Jim White
Warren White	Henry White
Silas White	Nathan Springs
Handy White	Soloman Spratt

[On the South Side]

1860
Dedicated to
The Faithful Slaves
Who, loyal to a sacred trust,
Toiled for the Support
Of the Army, with Matchless
Devotion, and with Sterling
Fidelity Guarded Our Defenceless
Homes, Women, and Children, During
The Struggle for the Principles
Of Our "Confederate States of
America."
1865

OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH

[The following lines, written about 1840 by Miss Eliza Lewis Hening, of Virginia, are engraved on the walls of the Old Blandford Church at Petersburg, Virginia. "Complete evidence of Miss Hening's claim," says Miss Clarke, in 'Songs of the South,' p. 323, "has been furnished by her niece, Miss E. V. Swann, Trenholm, Virginia." The building is now being restored by the Ladies' Memorial Association as a Confederate Memorial Chapel.]

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile,
Thou art hastening to thy fall,
And around thee in thy loneliness
Clings the ivy to thy wall.
The worshippers are scatter'd now
Who met before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose
In days of old lang syne.

And rudely sighs the wandering wind,
Where oft, in years gone by,
Prayer rose from many hearts to Him,
The highest of the high.
The tramp of many a busy foot
Which sought thy aisles is o'er,
And many a weary heart around
Is still'd for evermore.

How oft ambition's hope takes wing!
How droop the spirits now!
We hear the distant city's din:
The dead are mute below.
The sun which shone upon their paths
Now gilds their lonely graves;
The zephyrs which once fann'd their brows
The grass above them waves.

Oh, could we call the many back
Who've gathered here in vain,
Who careless roved where we do now,
Who'll never meet again,—
How would our souls be stirr'd
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The light of other days!

WILLIAM NELSON PENDLETON

[Monument in Lexington, Virginia.]

Here Rests
WILLIAM NELSON PENDLETON, D. D.
Son of
Edmund Pendleton
And Lucy Nelson His Wife,
Of Caroline County, Virginia.

Born December 26th, 1809.
Died January 15th, 1883.
For 46 Years
A Clergyman of the
Protestant Episcopal Church;
28 Years
Rector of Latimer Parish
Rockbridge County, Virginia.

Brig. General C. S. A.
Chief of Artillery
Army of Northern Virginia.
One of Lee's Commissioners
Of Surrender at Appomattox.

Of Gentle Birth
And of Goodly Presence,
He was a Man
Pure, True, Noble.
A Scholar
Ripe, Exact, Accomplished.
A Teacher
Wise, Thorough, Efficient.
A Soldier
Generous, Dauntless, Skillful.
A Christian
Steadfast, Unmoveable.
Always Abounding
In the Work of the Lord.

A Preacher
Earnest, Persuasive, Vigorous.
A Pastor
Tender, Devoted,
Faithful Unto Death
To Seek and to Save the Sheep.

He Filled Every Position with Honor:
Performed Every Duty with Fidelity:
Served God: Loved Mankind.

Lexington Va.

JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU
Born at
Abbeville May 10th. 1789,
Died at Charleston March 9th. 1863.
Jurist, Orator, Statesman, Patriot.
Future times will hardly know how great a life
This simple stone commemorates,—
The tradition of his eloquence, his
Wisdom and Wit may fade;
But he lived for ends more durable than fame.
His eloquence was the protection of the poor and wronged,
His learning illuminated the principles of Law—
In the admiration of his Peers,
In the respect of his People,
In the affection of his Family,
His was the highest place;
The just meed
Of his kindness and forbearance.
His dignity and simplicity,
His brilliant Genius and his unwearied industry,
Unawed by Opinion
Unseduced by Flattery,
Undismayed by disaster.
He confronted Life with antique Courage
And Death with Christian Hope.

In the great Civil War
He withstood his People for his Country,
But his People did homage to the Man
Who held his conscience higher than their praise;
And his Country
Heaped her honours on the grave of the Patriot,
To whom, living,
His own righteous self-respect sufficed,
Alike for Motive and Reward.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair
And what may quiet us in a life so noble."

This stone is erected by his Daughter
Caroline Carson.

GEORGE E. PICKETT

[Monument in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.]

Pickett's Division,
Army Northern Virginia
Whose officers and men
Fought bravely and died
Nobly, and though denied
Success, "On fame's eternal
Bead roll worthie to be
Fyled."

"Wherever field was to be
Held or won,
Or hardship borne, or right
To be maintained,
Or danger met, or deed of
Valor done,
Or honor, glory gained,
Where men were called to
Front death face to face,
There was its
Rightful place."

GEORGE E. PICKETT,
Major General Commanding,
Born in Richmond City, Virginia,
Jan. 25, 1825,
Died in Norfolk City, Virginia,
July 30, 1875.

Vera Cruz, Cero Gordo,
Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino,
Del Rey, Chapultepec, Mexico,
1847, San Juan Island 1859,
Williamsburg, Fair Oaks,
Gaines' Mill, Fredericksburg,
Gettysburg, Plymouth, Cold
Harbor, Clay House, Five Forks,
Sailor's Creek, Appomattox C. H.

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY

[Inscription on tablet in interior of St. Michael's Church, Charleston, South Carolina.]

To the memory of
GENERAL CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY
one of the founders of
the American Republic.
In war
he was the companion in arms
and the friend of Washington.
In peace
he enjoyed his unchanging confidence
and maintained with enlightened zeal
the principles of his administration
and of the Constitution.
As a Statesman
he bequeathed to his country the sentiment,
Millions for defence
not a cent for tribute.
As a lawyer,
his learning was various and profound
his principles pure, his practice liberal.

With all the accomplishments
of the gentleman
he combined the virtues of the patriot
and the piety of the Christian.
His name
is recorded in the history of his country
inscribed on the charter of her liberties,
And cherished in the affections of her citizens.
Obiit XVI August MDCCCXXV.
Aetatis, LXXIX

WILLIAM PITT

[Washington Square, Charleston, South Carolina.]

In Grateful Memory
Of His Services to His Country in General
And to America in Particular,
The Commons House of Assembly
Of South Carolina
Unanimously Voted
This Statue
of
THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.
Who
Gloriously Exerted Himself
In Defending the Freedom of Americans,
The True Sons of England,
By Promoting a Repeal
Of the Stamp Act,
In the Year 1776.
Time
Shall Sooner Destroy
This Mark of Their Esteem
Than
Erase From Their Minds
Their Just Sense
Of His Patriotic Virtues

Statue was voted by the state, on motion of Rawles Lowndes, May 1766. Was erected on Broad and Meeting

streets, July 5, 1769. Right arm destroyed by the fire of the English batteries on James Island during the siege of Charleston in 1780. Removed March 13, 1794. Reerected in front of orphan house 1808. Removed to this spot, May 1881.

WILLIAM HENRY ROBBINS

[The following inscription on a nameless tomb in St. David's Churchyard, Cheraw, South Carolina, has been the subject of much discussion. See *The State*, of Columbia, South Carolina, October, 23, 1907, and Dr. B. M. Palmer's 'Life and Letters of Thornwell,' p. 36. The tomb is that of William Henry Robbins, 1795-1843, with whom Thornwell lived from his fourteenth to his eighteenth year.]

My name, my country, what is that to thee;
What, whether high or low, my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men;
Perhaps I fell below them: what then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou see'st a tomb;
Thou know'st its use; it hides,—no matter whom.

ANDRES ALMONESTER Y ROXAS

[Saint Louis Cathedral, New Orleans, Louisiana. Buried on the epistle side under the altar of the Sacred Heart. The inscription is in Spanish, of which the following is a translation.]

Here lie the Remains
of
DON ANDRES ALMONESTER Y ROXAS
a Native of Mayrena,
In the Kingdom of Andalusia.
He died in the City of New Orleans,
On the 26th Day of April, 1708,
Being 73 years of Age.
A Knight of the Royal and Distinguished
Order of Charles III,
Colonel of the Militia of This Department,
Alderman and Royal Lieutenant of This Corporation,
Founder and Donor of This Holy Cathedral,
Founder of the Royal Hospital of St.
Charles and of Its Church,
Founder of the Hospital for Lepers,
Founder of the Ursulines Convent,

Founder of the School for the Education of Girls,
Founder of the Court House,
All of Which He Had Built at His Own Expense
in This City.
Requiescat in Pace.

JOHN SINGLETON AND FAMILY

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

Sacred & Solemn
to
the Memory of 1 in 4 & 4 in 1
A Husband, Father, Grandfather &
Father in Law.

JOHN SINGLETON
departed this life in the 40th. year of
his age on the 10th. September 1799.

JOHN J. SIMMS
his grandson on the 16th. November 1806
in the morning of his life aged 20 months
and 2 weeks.

HARRIET SIMMS
his only daughter mother of the infant
and wife of Wm. Simms on the 29th.
January 1808 in the bloom of life
aged 23 years.

Man cometh up like a shadow and is
cut down like a flower.

No longer the Physician's healing art avails
But every remedy its master fails.

Happy the babe who privileged by fate
To shorter labor and a lighter weight.
Received but yesterday the gift of breath
Ordered tomorrow to return to death.

CHARLES H. SMITH

[Inscription on Tablet erected in 1908 in the Presbyterian Church of Cartersville, Georgia.]

CHAS. H. SMITH
1826 "Bill Arp" 1903
Author, Philosopher, Royal Arch Mason, Confederate Soldier, Christian. His Pen, So Like Himself, Softened and Sweetened Life to Unnumbered Thousands.
God Rest His Loved and Loving Heart.

WILLIAM SMITH

[Monument in Capitol Square, Richmond, Virginia.]

[South Side]

WILLIAM SMITH
Virginia
Born Sept. 6th 1797 Died May 18th 1887.
1836-40. 1841-42.
Member of the Virginia Senate
1846-49
Governor of Virginia
1841-43 1853-61
Member of the United States Congress
1861-62
Member of the Confederate States Congress
1861-62
Colonel 49th Virginia Volunteers
1862-63
Brig. General Confederate States Army
1863-64
Major General Confederate States Army
1864-65
Governor of Virginia

[East Side]

A man of strong Convictions
Bred in the strict
States Rights School
He yielded paramount allegiance
To his Mother State
And maintained with fearless

And impassioned eloquence
In the Congress of the United States
The sovereignty of Virginia

When the storm of war burst
"His voice was in his sword"

[West Side]

Called from the army
To guide again the destinies
Of this Commonwealth
During 1864-65,
He displayed such energy, resource
And unshaken resolution
As drew to him the heart
Of the whole Southern people.
Tried by both extremes of fortune
He proved equal to the trial,
And died as he had lived
A Virginian of Virginians.

[North Side]

Though past three score,
He entered the military service
As Colonel of Virginia Infantry
And rose by sheer merit
To the rank of Major General.
At First Manassas, Seven Pines
The Seven Days Battle,
Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas,
Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg,
Chancellorsville and Gettysburg
His fiery yet "cheerful courage"
Was everywhere conspicuous
And the only fault imputed to him
By his superiors was
"A too reckless exposure of his person."
Thrice wounded at Sharpsburg,
He refused to leave the field, and
Remained in command of his regiment
Until the end of that
Sanguinary engagement.

J. E. B. STUART

[Monument in Richmond, Virginia.]

[East Side]

MAJ: GEN: J. E. B. STUART
Commanding-Cavalry-Corps
Army-Northern-Virginia
Confederate-States-of-America
This-statue-erected-by-his-Comrades
And-the-City-of-Richmond
A. D. 1906

[South Side]

"Tell
Gen: Stuart
to-act
On-his-own-judgement
and-do
What-he-thinks-best
I-have
Implicit-confidence
in-him."

Gen: T. J. 'Stonewall' Jackson
in-turning-over-the-command
of-his-troops
to-Gen: Stuart
After-being-wounded
at-Chancellorsville
May-3-1863.

[West Side]

Born-in-Patrick-County-Va: Feb-6-1833
Died-in-Richmond-Va: May-12-1864
Aged-31-years

Mortally-wounded-in-the-battle-of-Yellow-Tavern
May-11-1864

He-gave-his-life-for-his-country
And-saved-this-city-from-capture.

[North Side]

"His-grateful
Countrymen
Will-mourn-his-loss
And-cherish
his-memory.
To-his-comrades-in-arms
he-has-left
The-proud-recollection
of-his-deeds
and-the
Inspiring-influence
of-his-example"

Gen: R. E. Lee
Announcing-the-death-of
Gen: Stuart
To-his-army-May-20-1864.

HARRY TALBIRD

[Inscription on the monument erected to a negro slave in Marion, Alabama. The monument stands in the cemetery of Marion, not far from the Confederate Monument.]

[West Side]

HARRY
Servant of
H. Talbird, D.D.
President of Howard College

Who lost his life from injuries received while rousing the students at the burning of the college building on the night of Oct. 15th 1854.

Aged 23 years.

[North Side]

He was employed as waiter in the college, and when alarmed by the flames at midnight and warned to escape for his life replied "I must wake the boys first," and thus saved their lives at the cost of his own.

[East Side]

As a grateful tribute to his fidelity and to commemorate a

noble act, this monument has been erected by the students of Howard College and the Alabama Baptist Convention.

[South Side]

A consistent member of the Baptist Church he illustrated the character of a Christian servant "Faithful even unto death."

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND

[From Tablet in the F. W. Tilton Memorial Library, Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana.]

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND
"Who buildeth broadest
Buildeth best,
Who broadest blesses
Most is blest."
By the Quarante Club
MCMIII

MRS. KENNETH HAPPUCH TURNER

[Guilford Battle Ground, Guilford County, near Greensboro, North Carolina. This is said to be the first monument erected in the United States to a Revolutionary heroine.]

1781 1902
A Heroine of '76
MRS. KENNETH HAPPUCK TURNER
Mother of Elizabeth
The Wife of Joseph
Morehead of N.C., and
Grandmother of Captain
James and John Morehead.
A young N.C. Soldier under
Greene, rode horse-back from
Her Maryland Home and at
Guilford Court House nursed
To health a badly wounded son.

JAMES E. VALENTINE

[Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.]

JAMES E. VALENTINE.
Killed in a Collision,
Dec. 20, 1874, Aged 32 years.

In the crash and the fall he stood
Unmoved, and sanctified his life
That he might fulfil his trust.

Until the Brakes are turned on Time,
Life's throttle-valve shut down,
He wakes to pilot in the crew
That wear the martyr's crown.

On schedule time, on upper grade,
Along the homeward section,
He lands his train at God's round-house,
The morn of resurrection.

His time all full no wages docked;
His name on God's pay-roll,
And transportation through to Heaven
A free pass for his Soul.

MARIA A. VALK

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

Sacred to the Memory
of
MARIA A. VALK,
Whose mortal remains are here Interr'd.
Born 13th. Feby. 1815.
Died 21st. Septr. 1827.

Early, bright, transient,
Chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled was Exhal'd,
And went to Heaven.

ELIZABETH L. VAN LEW

[Shockoe Hill Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia]

ELIZABETH L. VAN LEW
1818 ——— 1900

She risked everything that is dear to man—friends—fortune—comfort—health—life itself—all for the One absorbing desire of her heart—that slavery might be abolished and the Union preserved

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This Boulder
From the Capitol Hill in Boston is a tribute
from Massachusetts friends.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

["The author of this composition is not known. It has been transcribed from a manuscript copy, written on the back of a picture frame in which is a miniature likeness of Washington, and which hangs in one of the rooms of the mansion at Mount Vernon, having been left there sometime after Washington's death." Jared Sparks's 'Life of Washington.']

Washington,
The Defender of his Country, the Founder of Liberty
The Friend of Man.
History and Tradition are explored in vain
For a Parallel to his Character.
In the Annals of Modern Greatness
He stands alone
And the noblest Names of Antiquity
Lose their Lustre in his Presence.
Born the Benefactor of Mankind,
He united all the Qualities necessary
To an Illustrious career.
Nature made him Great,
He made himself Virtuous.
Called by his Country to the Defence of her Liberties,
He triumphantly vindicated the Rights of Humanity,
And on the Pillars of National Independence
Laid the Foundations of a Great Republic.

Twice invested with Supreme Magistracy
By the Unanimous Voice of a Free People,
He surpassed in the Cabinet
The Glories of the Field,
And, voluntarily resigning the Sceptre and the Sword,
Retired to the Shades of Private Life.
A spectacle so new and so sublime
Was contemplated with the profoundest Admiration;
And the Name of WASHINGTON,
Adding new Lustre to Humanity,
Responded to the remotest Regions of the Earth.
Magnanimous in Youth,
Glorious through Life,
Great in Death,
His highest Ambition the Happiness of Mankind,
His noblest Victory the Conquest of himself,
Bequeathing to Posterity the Inheritance of his Fame
And Building his Monument in the Hearts of his Countrymen,
He lived the Ornament of the Eighteenth Century,
He died regretted by a Mourning World.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[Statue in State Capitol, Richmond, Virginia.]

The General Assembly of the Commonwealth
Of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected,
As a monument of affection and gratitude to
GEORGE WASHINGTON
Who, uniting to the endowment of the Hero
The virtues of the Patriot, and exalting both
In establishing the Liberties of his Country,
Has rendered his name dear to his Fellow-Citizens,
And given to the world an immortal example
Of true glory. Done in the year of
CHRIST
One thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight
And in the year of the Commonwealth the twelfth.

JOHN WATSON AND WIFE

[St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina.]

Praises on Tombs are titles vainly spent.
A man's good name is his best Monument.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE

[Greene Street, Augusta, Georgia.]

[West Side]

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.
Born
Sept. 24 1789
Died
Sept. 10 1847

[South Side]

Poet.
Orator.
Jurist.
Historian.
Statesman.

[East Side]

"My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die."

[North Side]

Erected by the
Hayne Literary Circle
of
Augusta, Georgia
1896

QUOTATIONS AND NOTABLE SAYINGS

It is hoped that the topical and alphabetical arrangement of these passages will not only facilitate reference but make this part of the volume a source of varied instruction and suggestion. For the casual reader, the student, the historian, the educator, the preacher, the public speaker or debater, the material here offered is intended to be of permanent service. Some of these sayings, though not hitherto recorded in books of quotations, have marked turning points in history. It should be needless to say that no sentiment has been excluded on the ground of its appearing elsewhere in 'The Library of Southern Literature.'

6469

QUOTATIONS AND NOTABLE SAYINGS

Actions.—A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal professions of good-will are very far from being the surest marks of it.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Social Maxims.*

Allegiance.—I have heard something said about allegiance to the South. I know no South, no North, no East, no West, to which I owe any allegiance.—HENRY CLAY, *In the United States Senate, 1848.*

Alliances, Foreign.—'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Farewell Address.*

Ambition.—Sir, the sun never sets on ambition like this; they who have once felt its scorpion sting, are never satisfied with a limit less than the circle of our planet.—JOHN RANDOLPH, *Vaulting Ambition.*

America.—There are four things, which, I humbly conceive, are essential to the well-being, I may even venture to say, to the existence of the United States, as an independent power.

First.—An indissoluble union of the States under one federal head.

Secondly.—A sacred regard to public justice.

Thirdly.—The adoption of a proper peace establishment; and,

Fourthly.—The prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions, which are requisite to the general prosperity; and, in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community.

These are the pillars on which the glorious fabric of our independency and national character must be supported. Liberty is the basis; and whoever would dare to sap the founda-

tion, or overturn the structure, under whatever specious pretext he may attempt it, will merit the bitterest execration, and the severest punishment, which can be inflicted by his injured country.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Circular Letter, 1783.*

America.—

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One."

—WASHINGTON ALLSTON, *America to Great Britain.*

America.—Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.—STEPHEN DECATUR, *Toast given at Norfolk, April, 1816.*

America.—In this republic of ours is lodged the hope of free government on earth. Here God has rested the ark of his covenant with the sons of men. Let us—once estranged and thereby closer bound—let us soar above all provincial pride and find our deeper inspirations in gathering the fullest sheaves into the harvest and standing the staunchest and most devoted of its sons as it lights the path and makes clear the way through which all the people of the earth shall come in God's appointed time.—HENRY W. GRADY, *The South and Her Problems, Address Delivered at the Dallas, Texas, State Fair, October 26, 1887.*

Americans.—Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of Northern prowess and Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas; a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the constitution received from their fathers.—L. Q. C. LAMAR, *Eulogy of Sumner (1874).*

Americans.—I can but think, Sir, that a blending of the two points of view gives us a truer perspective as to our national development. What you call the Puritan spirit, of which you are justly proud, has never, I think, been confined to New England alone; nor do I believe that Virginia can claim exclusive heritage in the gracious and generous qualities of the Cavalier. Isn't it, after all, the *American spirit,* differentiated by environment?—William Gordon McCabe, *Puritan and Cavalier, Address Delivered before the New England Society, December 22, 1899.*

Anglo-Saxon Supremacy.—The Anglo-Saxon blood has dominated always and everywhere. It fed Alfred when he wrote the charter of English liberty; it gathered about Hampden as he stood beneath the oak; it thundered in Cromwell's veins as he fought his king; it humbled Napoleon at Waterloo; it has touched the desert and jungle with undying glory; it carried the drumbeat of England around the world and spread on every continent the gospel of liberty and of God; it established this republic, carved it from the wilderness, conquered it from the Indians, wrested it from England, and at last, stilling its own tumult, consecrated it forever as the home of the Anglo-Saxon, and the theater of his transcending achievement. Never one foot of it can be surrendered while that blood lives in American veins, and feeds American hearts, to the domination of an alien and inferior race.—Henry W. Grady, *The South and Her Problems, Address Delivered at the Dallas, Texas, State Fair, October 26, 1887.*

Appomattox.—Out there is Appomattox, where on every ragged gray cap the Lord God Almighty laid the sword of his imperishable knighthood.—Henry W. Grady, *Against Centralization, An Address Delivered before the Societies of the University of Virginia, June 25, 1889.*

Arlington.—As to our old home, if not destroyed it will be difficult ever to be recognized. Even if the enemy had wished to preserve it, it would almost have been impossible. With the number of troops encamped around it, the change of officers, the want of fuel, shelter, etc., and all the dire necessities of

war, it is vain to think of its being in a habitable condition. I fear, too, the books, furniture, and relics of Mount Vernon will be gone. It is better to make up our minds to a general loss. They cannot take away the remembrances of the spot, and the memories of those that to us rendered it sacred. That will remain to us as long as life will last and that we can preserve. —Robert E. Lee, *Letter to Mrs. Lee, December 25, 1861.*

Autumn, The Breeze of.—

This gentle and half melancholy breeze
Is but a wandering Hamlet of the trees,
Who finds a tongue in every lingering leaf
To voice some subtlety of sylvan grief.
—William Hamilton Hayne, *An Autumn Breeze.*

Banks.—A power has risen up in the government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests, combined into one mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks. —John C. Calhoun, *Speech, May 27, 1836.*

Banner, The Star-Spangled.—

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
—Francis Scott Key, *The Star-Spangled Banner.*

Beethoven and Angelo.—

One made the surging sea of tone
Subservient to his rod:
One from the sterile womb of stone
Raised children unto God.
—John Banister Tabb, *Beethoven and Angelo.*

Birds, Songs of.—

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
As men love light, the songs of happy birds.
—Albert Pike, *Ode to the Mocking Bird.*

Blessedness, True.—Day by day faithfully to do one's work and to be restless for no more; without bitterness to accept obscurity for ambition; to possess all vital passions and to govern them; to stand on the world's thoroughfare and see the

young generations hurrying by, and to put into the hands of a youth here and there a light which will burn long after our own personal taper is extinguished; to look back upon the years already gone as not without usefulness and honor, and forward to what may remain as safe at least from failure or any form of shame, and thus for one's self to feel the humility of the part before the greatness of the whole of life, and yet the privileges and duties of the individual to the race —this brings blessedness if it does not always bring happiness, and it had brought both to him.—James Lane Allen, *The Mettle of the Pasture.*

Blifil.—I was defeated, horse, foot and dragoons—cut up and clean broke down by the coalition of Blifil and Black George—by the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan with the blackleg.—John Randolph, *Speech in Senate, 1826.*

Bluebird.—

'Tis thine the earliest song to sing
Of welcome to the wakening spring,
Who round thee, as a blossom weaves
The fragrance of her sheltering leaves.
—John Banister Tabb, *The Bluebird.*

Browning, Robert.—I am confident that, at the birth of this man, among all the good fairies who showered him with magnificent endowments, one bad one—as in the old tale—crept in by stealth and gave him a constitutional twist i' the neck, whereby his windpipe became, and has ever since remained, a marvelous tortuous passage. Out of this glottis-labyrinth his words won't and can't come straight. A hitch and a sharp crook in every sentence bring you up with a shock. But what a shock it is! Did you ever see a picture of a lasso, in the act of being flung? In a thousand coils and turns, inextricably crooked and involved and whirled, yet, if you mark the noose at the end, you see that it is directly in front of the bison's head, there, and is bound to catch him! That is the way Robert Browning catches you.—Sidney Lanier, *Letter to Paul Hamilton Hayne (1870).*

Buddha.—

Buddha, beautiful! I pardon thee
That all the All thou hadst for needy man
Was Nothing, and thy Best of being was
But not to be.

—SIDNEY LANIER, *The Crystal.*

Buncombe.—Felix Walker [1753-1828], member of Congress from Buncombe County, North Carolina, was once making a long-winded speech, when noticing the impatience of his listeners, he paused long enough to inform them that he was not speaking for their benefit, but for Buncombe. Though the story has become a classic, it seems pretty certain that bunkum, in the modern sense, was in use almost a century ago in New England, the possible derivation being from the Canadian French "Il est buncum sa" ("Il est bon comme ça"), "It is good as it is." The phrase has crossed the Atlantic, and is as thoroughly accepted in England as in America.—WILLIAM S. WALSH, *Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities.*

Calumny.—To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Moral Maxims.*

Centralization, The Tendency to.—Against this tendency who shall protest? Those who believe that a central government means repression—those who believe that this vast Republic, with its diverse interests and its local needs, can better be governed by liberty and enlightenment diffused among the people than by powers and privileges congested at the center—those who believe that the States should do nothing that the people can do themselves and the government nothing that the State and the people can do—those who believe that the wealth of the central government is a crime rather than a virtue, and that every dollar not needed for its economical administration should be left with the people of the States—those who believe that the hearthstone of the home is the true altar of liberty and the enlightened conscience of the citizen the best guarantee of government!—HENRY W. GRADY, *Against Centralization, An Address Delivered before the Societies of the University of Virginia, June 25, 1889.*

Chaucer.—

Here's a round to thee, Dan Chaucer,
At the festal Christmas time.
Pledge me, poets—to the master
Of our gentle art of rime.

To the eldest of our brothers,
To the honor of his name,
To the sweetness of his spirit,
To the glory of his fame;

To that voice whose music echoes
All the centuries along,
Prophesying art triumphant
In eternity of song.

—JOHN HENRY BONER, *A Christmas Toast.*

Child, Value of.—The most sacred thing in the Commonwealth and to the Commonwealth is the child, whether it be your child or the child of the dull-faced mother of the hovel. The child of the dull-faced mother may, for all you know, be the most capable child in the State. At its worst, it is capable of good citizenship and a useful life, if its intelligence be quickened and trained. Several of the strongest personalities that were ever born in North Carolina were men whose very fathers were unknown. We have all known two such, who held high places in church and state. President Eliot said a little while ago that the ablest man that he had known in many years' connection with Harvard University was the son of a brick mason. The child, whether it have poor parents or rich parents, is the most valuable undeveloped resource of the State.—WALTER HINES PAGE, *Address delivered at the Commencement of the State Normal School at Athens, Ga., Dec. 11, 1901.*

Childhood.—

Old Sorrow I shall meet again,
And Joy, perchance—but never, never,
Happy Childhood, shall we twain
See each other's face for ever!

And yet I would not call thee back,
Dear Childhood, lest the sight of me,
Thine old companion, on the rack
Of Age, should sadden even thee.
—JOHN BANISTER TABB, *Childhood.*

Christianity.—Had the doctrines of Jesus been preached always as pure as they came from his lips, the whole civilized world would now have been Christian.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 433).*

Clay, Henry.—And thou art gone from our midst, gallant Henry Clay! and the world seems drearier than before! Who thinks of thee as of an old man gradually going out of life by wasting and decay; as one, who, in the eclipse or helplessness of physical and mental energies, sinks to his last sleep and rest? No! thou seemest ever young; ever buoyant with a vigorous and impulsive manhood; vital with irrepressible energies, and glowing with Life and Hope and Love; as if all noble feelings and all lofty thoughts were busy in thy heart and brain, claiming from lips and eyes eloquent utterance. We could bear to hear of thy dying thus, though with many a sharp pang of sorrow, and many a thought of sadness mingled with pride and love. But what friend of thine could bear to contemplate thee living—yet receding from life; the noble form bowed down; the lofty crest palsied and lowered; the glorious intellect passing into thick-coming darkness, and bursting only in fitful blaze, if ever, into the life and light of thy old eloquence; the buoyant step now halting on the crutches of senility; words, peevish and garrulous, profaning the tongue that once held senates in transported audience; and rayless and vacant now, the bold and glittering eye, that awed and commanded strong men like a king? Who could have borne to see thee the wreck of thy former self, nothing remaining but the contrast of present nothingness with past grandeur and glory! We are spared that spectacle; for it was mercifully granted to thy prayers to spring out of mortal life at once, with unwasted energies, into the blaze of immortality.—JOSEPH GLOVER BALDWIN, *A Tribute to Henry Clay.*

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor.—

And thou art gone, most loved, most honored friend!
No, never more thy gentle voice shall blend
With air of Earth its pure ideal tones,
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
The heart and intellect. And I no more
Shall with thee gaze on that unfathomed deep,
The Human Soul—as when, pushed off the shore,
Thy mystic bark would through the darkness sweep,
Itself the while so bright! For oft we seemed
As on some starless sea—all dark above,
All dark below—yet, onward as we drove,
To plough up light that ever round us streamed.
But he who mourns is not as one bereft
Of all he loved: thy living Truths are left.

—WASHINGTON ALLSTON, *On the Late S. T. Coleridge.*

Colonialism.—Sir, we are told that this country can do anything, Constitution or no Constitution. We are a great people—great in war, great in peace—but we are not greater than the people who once conquered the world, not with long-range guns and steel-clad ships, but with the short sword of the Roman legion and the wooden galleys that sailed across the Adriatic. The colonial system destroyed all hope of republicanism in the olden time. It is an appanage of monarchy. It can exist in no free country, because it uproots and eliminates the basis of all republican institutions—that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.—GEORGE GRAHAM VEST, *No Colonies, Speech in the United States Senate, December 12, 1898.*

Color, Perception of, by the Blind.—From the experience I have had with voices I guess how the eye distinguishes shades in the midst of light. While I read the lips of a woman whose voice is soprano, I note a low tone or a glad tone in the midst of a high, flowing voice. When I feel my cheeks hot, I know that I am red. I have talked so much and read so much about colors that through no will of my own I attach meanings to them, just as all people attach certain meanings to abstract terms like hope, idealism, monotheism, intellect, which cannot

be represented truly by visible objects, but which are understood from analogies between immaterial concepts and the ideas they awaken of external things. The force of association drives me to say that white is exalted and pure, green is exuberant, red suggests love or shame or strength. Without the color or its equivalent, life to me would be dark, barren, a vast blackness.—HELEN KELLER, *Sense and Sensibility (1908)*.

Command, The Spirit of.—The talent for government lies in these two things—sagacity to perceive, and decision to act. Genuine statesmen were never made such by mere training; *nascuntur non fiunt*—education will form good business men. The maxim *(nascitur non fit)* is as true of statesmen as it is of poets. Let a house be on fire, you will soon see in that confusion who has the talent to command. Let a ship be in danger at sea, and ordinary subordination destroyed, and you will immediately make the same discovery. The ascendency of mind and of character exists and rises as naturally and as inevitably, where there is free play for it, as material bodies find their level by gravitation. Thus a great logician, like a certain animal, oscillating between the hay on different sides of him, wants some power from without, before he can decide from which bundle to make trial. Who believes that Washington could write as good a book or report as Jefferson, or make as able a speech as Hamilton? Who is there that believes that Cromwell would have made as good a Judge as Lord Hale? No, sir; these learned and accomplished men find their proper place under those who are fitted to command, and to command them among the rest. Such a man as Washington will say to a Jefferson, do you become my Secretary of State; to Hamilton, do you take charge of my purse, or that of the nation, which is the same thing; and to Knox, do you be my master of the horse. All history shows this: but great logicians and great scholars are, for that very reason, unfit to be rulers.—JOHN RANDOLPH, *Retrenchment and Reform, 1828*.

Company.—Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Social Maxims*.

Concentration.—

How much of joy, how much of pain
May center in one crowded hour!
How oft some sweet, enchanting strain
Is wed with more than music's power!
While yet a single note doth seem
Insistent with a lifelong dream!

—Philip Lindsley, *Concentration.*

Conduct.—

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils that have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

—Thomas Jefferson, *Ten Rules of Conduct.*

Confederate Cause.—When I think of him, and men not unlike him, and think that even they could not save us; when I see that the cause which called out all their virtues and employed all their ability has been permitted to sink in utter ruin; when I find that the great principles of constitutional liberty, the pure and well-ordered society, the venerable institutions in which they lived and for which they died, have been allowed to perish out of the land, I feel as if, in that Southern Cause, there must have been some terrible mistake. But when I look back again upon such lives and deaths; when I see the virtue and the intellect and the courage which were piled high in exulting sacrifice for this very cause, I feel sure that, unless God has altered the principles and motives of human conduct, we were not wholly wrong. I feel sure that whatever may be the future, even if our children are wiser than we, and our chil-

dren's children live under new laws and amid strange institutions, History will vindicate our purpose, while she explains our errors, and, from generation to generation, she will bring back our sons to the graves of these soldiers of the South, and tell them—aye, even in the fulness of a prosperity we shall not see—This is holy ground; it is good for you to be here!—WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT, *Memorial of J. Johnston Pettigrew (1870).*

Confederate Cause.—That the cause we fought for and our brothers died for was the cause of civic liberty, and not the cause of human slavery, is a thesis which we feel ourselves bound to maintain whenever our motives are challenged or misunderstood, if only for our children's sake. But even that will not long be necessary, for the vindication of our principles will be made manifest in the working out of the problems with which the republic has to grapple. If, however, the effacement of state lines and the complete centralization of the government shall prove to be the wisdom of the future, the poetry of life will still find its home in the old order, and those who loved their State best will live longest in song and legend—song yet unsung, legend not yet crystallized.—BASIL LANNEAU GILDERSLEEVE, *The Creed of the Old South (1892).*

Confederate Dead, The.—

How grand a fame this marble watches o'er!
Their wars behind them—God's great Peace before.
They wrought, they failed, yet, ere the bitter end,
Them, too, did Fortune wondrously befriend.
They never knew, as we who mourn them know,
How vain was all their strife, how vast their woe:
And how the land they gave their lives to save
Returns them all she has to give—a Grave.

—GEORGE HERBERT SASS, *The Confederate Dead.*

Confederate Dead, The.—

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

—Henry Timrod, *Ode, 1867.*

Confederacy, The Flag of.—

Furl that banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust:
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

—Abram Joseph Ryan, *The Conquered Banner.*

Confederate Soldier, The Courage of.—After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valour and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration for your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.—Robert E. Lee, *Farewell Address to His Soldiers, April, 10, 1865.*

Conscience.—Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Rule from copy-book of Washington when a schoolboy.*

Constitution.—This instrument contains an enumeration of powers expressly granted by the people to their government. It has been said that these powers ought to be construed strictly; but why ought they to be so construed? Is there one sentence in the Constitution which gives countenance to this rule? In the last of the enumerated powers, that which grants expressly the means for carrying all others into execution, Congress is authorized to make all laws that shall be necessary and proper for the purpose. But this limitation on the means which may be used is not extended to the powers which are conferred, nor is there one sentence in the Constitution which has been pointed out by the gentlemen of the bar, or which we have been able to discern, that prescribes this rule. We do not therefore think ourselves justified in adopting it. What do gentlemen mean by a strict construction? If they contend only against that enlarged construction which would extend words beyond their natural and obvious import, we might question the application of the term but should not controvert the principle. If they contend for that narrow construction, which, in support of some theory not to be found in the Constitution, would deny to the government those powers which the words of the grant, as usually understood, import, and which are consistent with the general views and objects of the instrument; for that narrow construction which would cripple the government, and render it unequal to the objects for which it is declared to be instituted, and to which the powers given, as fairly understood, render it competent; then we cannot perceive the propriety of this strict construction, nor adopt it as a rule by which the Constitution is to be expounded.—JOHN MARSHALL, *Gibbons v. Ogden.*

Corn.—

As poets should,
Thou hast built up thy hardihood
With universal food,
Drawn into select proportion fair
From honest mould and vagabond air:

From darkness of the dreadful night,
And joyful light;
From antique ashes, whose departed flame
In thee has finer life and longer fame;
From wounds and balms,
From storms and calms,
From potsherds and dry bones
And ruin-stones.

—SIDNEY LANIER, *Corn.*

Cotton.—No, sir, you dare not make war on cotton. No power on earth dares make war upon it. Cotton is king. Until lately the Bank of England was king; but she tried to put her screws as usual, the fall before last, upon the cotton crop, and was utterly vanquished. The last power has been conquered.—JAMES HAMILTON HAMMOND, *Speech in the United States Senate, March, 1858.*

Cotton.—What of the southern farmer? In his industrial as in his political problem he is set apart—not in doubt, but in assured independence. Cotton makes him king. Not the fleeces that Jason sought can rival the richness of this plant, as it unfurls its banners in our fields. It is gold from the instant it puts forth its tiny shoot. The shower that whispers to it is heard around the world. The trespass of a worm on its green leaf means more to England than the advance of the Russians on her Asiatic outposts. When its fibre, current in every bank, is marketed, it renders back to the South $350,000,000 every year.—HENRY W. GRADY, *The South and Her Problems, Address Delivered at the Dallas, Texas, State Fair, October 26, 1887.*

Courage.—I am afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, but to do wrong. The path of duty I shall endeavor to travel, fearing no evil, and dreading no consequences. I would rather be defeated in a good cause than to triumph in a bad one. I would not give a fig for a man who would shrink from the discharge of duty for fear of defeat.—A. H. STEPHENS, *Speech, 1885.*

Creeds.—

Creeds grow so thick along the way,
Their boughs hide God: I cannot pray.
—Lizette Woodworth Reese, *Doubt.*

Critic.—The critic is a literary educator, a professor of literature with a class which embraces the entire reading community. He is to instruct, if he can; he is to judge fairly and to "give his own to each;" but his main business is to stimulate the minds of people, to conduct a live conversation with the public concerning the books they are reading.—Ephraim Syme Nadal, *Essays at Home and Elsewhere.*

Defence.—Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.—Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, *Reply to French Solicitations, 1796.*

Doubt.—

Doubt is the shaft wherein Love wounds himself.
—Amelie Rives, *Herod and Mariamne.*

Dreams of the Blind.—My dreams do not seem to differ very much from the dreams of other people. Some of them are coherent, and safely hitched to an event or a conclusion; others are inconsequent and fantastic. All attest that in Dreamland there is no such thing as repose. We are always up and doing, with a mind for any adventure. We act, strive, think, suffer, and are glad to no purpose. We leave outside the portals of Sleep all troublesome incredulities and vexatious speculations as to probability. I float wraithlike upon clouds, in and out among the winds, without the faintest notion that I am doing anything unusual. In Dreamland I find little that is altogether strange or wholly new to my experience. No matter what happens, I am not astonished, however extraordinary the circumstances may be. I visit a foreign land where I have not been in reality, and I converse with people whose language I have never heard. Yet we manage to understand one another perfectly. Into whatsoever situation or society my wanderings bring me, there is the same homogeneity. If I happen into Vagabondia, I make merry with the jolly folk of the road or the tavern.—Helen Keller, *My Dreams (1908).*

Duty.—Be sure you're right, then go ahead.—DAVID CROCKETT, *Autobiography.*

Echo.—

Dweller in hollow places, hills and rocks,
Daughter of Silence and old Solitude,
Tip-toe she stands within her cave or wood,
Her only life the noises that she mocks.

—MADISON CAWEIN, *Echo.*

Education.—I look to the diffusion of light and education as the resource most to be relied on for ameliorating the condition, promoting the virtue, and advancing the happiness of man. That every man shall be made virtuous, by any process whatever, is, indeed, no more to be expected, than that every tree shall be made to bear fruit, and every plant nourishment. The brier and the bramble can never become the vine and the olive; but their asperities may be softened by culture, and their properties improved to usefulness in the order and economy of the world.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *From a Letter to C. C. Blatchley, 1822.*

Education.—The information of the people at large can alone make them the safe, as they are the sole depository of our religious and political freedom.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 435).*

Education.—The most important civil institution in the State is a public school. No man can really believe in a republican form of government who does not base his political philosophy upon the intelligence and right training of all the people. . . . The chief factors of any civilization are its homes and its primary schools. Homes and primary schools are made by women rather than by men. No State which will once educate its mothers need have any fear about future illiteracy.—CHARLES DUNCAN MCIVER, quoted in W. C. Smith's *Charles Duncan McIver (1907), p. 3.*

Education.—It is very difficult for a rural people to dis-

card the primitive notion that land is the only real estate. They are slow to see that in a civilized country the value of land and land products is not so great as the value of mind and mind products—that brain is better property than land and that ideas and inventions multiply a thousandfold the natural products of the earth. Ideas are worth more than acres, and the possessors of ideas will always hold in financial bondage those whose chief possession is acres of land.—CHARLES D. McIVER, *The Education of Women, Address at the fourth annual Conference for Education in the South, at Winston-Salem, N.C., April, 1901.*

Education.—The ability to maintain schools is in proportion rather to the appreciation of education than to the amount of wealth. We pay for schools not so much out of our purses as out of our state of mind.—WALTER HINES PAGE, *The New Educational Progress.*

Education.—A public school system generously supported by public sentiment, and generously maintained by both State and local taxation, is the only effective means to develop the forgotten man, and even more surely the only means to develop the forgotten woman.—WALTER HINES PAGE, *The New Educational Progress.*

Emerson.—

> Most wise, that yet, in finding Wisdom, lost
> Thy Self, sometimes.
>
> —SIDNEY LANIER, *The Crystal.*

Employment.—Never fear the want of business. A man who qualifies himself well for his calling never fails of employment in it.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 434).*

Environment.—Environment is, as we all know, a potent factor in national development, and I have often speculated as to what would have been the result had the *Mayflower,* owing to her lost "reckoning," "fetched" as far south as she did north of her original destination, and had that cargo of "godly kickers" landed at Jamestown instead of at Plymouth.

In the light of alleged events in 1814, I can't help fancying what a tremendous lot of "Secessionists" all of you would have been in '61, with a wealth of historic argument as to "strict construction" that no Yankee cavalier could ever have met successfully except with the heavier artillery. Grant and Sherman would inevitably have been "rebels"; Wendell Phillips would have threatened some Bob Toombs of Massachusetts that he would yet call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument, and Jefferson Davis of "Brookline" would have sauntered across Boston Common, humming a stave about hanging John Andrew "on a sour apple tree."—William Gordon McCabe, *Puritan and Cavalier, Address Delivered before the New England Society, December 22, 1899.*

Error of Opinion.—Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.—Thomas Jefferson, *First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1801.*

Ethics.—I have but one system of ethics for men and for nations—to be grateful, to be faithful to all engagements, and, under all circumstances, to be open and generous.—Thomas Jefferson, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 434).*

Europe.—Our first and fundamental maxim should never be to entangle ourselves in the toils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs. —Thomas Jefferson, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 437).*

Experience.—I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no other way of judging of the future but by the past.—Patrick Henry, *Speech in Virginia Convention, 1775.*

Eyes, His Wife's.—

Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete—
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,—
I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine!

—Sidney Lanier, *My Springs.*

Fall.—Fall! and everywhere the sights and sounds of falling. In the woods, through the cool silvery air, the leaves. so indispensable once, so useless now. Bright day after bright day, dripping night after dripping night, the never ending filtering or gusty fall of leaves. The fall of walnuts, dropping from bare boughs with muffled boom into the deep grass. The fall of the hickory-nut, rattling noisily down through the scaly limbs and scattering its hulls among the stones of the brook below. The fall of the buckeyes, rolling like balls of mahogany into the little dust paths made by sheep in the hot months when they had sought those roofs of leaves. The fall of acorns, leaping out of their matted green cups as they strike the rooty earth. The fall of red haw, persimmon, and pawpaw, and the odorous wild plum in its valley thickets. The fall of all seeds whatsoever of the forest, now made ripe in their high places and sent back to the ground, there to be folded in against the time when they shall arise again as the living generations; the homing, downward flight of the seeds in the many-colored woods all over the quiet land.—James Lane Allen, *The Reign of Law (1900).*

Falsehood.—One may be guilty of falsehood in many ways. He may lie by telling a half-truth, omitting a circumstance essential to the fidelity of the narrative. He may lie by a shrug of the shoulders, by a gesture, by a deceitful silence, or by palming off in class as his own production the fruit of another's brain: for the essence of a falsehood consists in the intention to deceive. His life may be a colossal lie by being false to his profession or calling, appearing to be rich in grace and good works in the sight of men, but being poor and blind and miserable in the sight of God. There are others who have a habit of exaggerating from a morbid desire of imparting a relish to the conversation, and of attracting the attention of their hearers.—Cardinal James Gibbons, *Truth and Sincerity of Character, Sermon.*

Fame.—

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,

And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.—

—THEODORE O'HARA, *The Bivouac of the Dead (August, 1847).*

Fame.—

Who wears Fame's Tyrian garb, as well must wear
The heavy robe of Grief;
Who bears aloft the palm, must also bear
Hid woundings past belief.

—ROBERT BURNS WILSON, *The Dead Player.*

Famine.—In battle, in the fulness of his pride and strength, little recks the soldier whether the hissing bullet sing his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; for if he had friends, how could he die of hunger? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him; for his foe vampire-like, has exhausted his veins. Famine comes not up like a brave enemy, storming by a sudden onset, the fortress that resists. Famine besieges. He draws his lines around the doomed garrison; he cuts off all supplies; he never summons to surrender, for he gives no quarter. Alas! for poor human nature, how can it sustain this fearful warfare? Day by day the blood recedes; the flesh deserts; the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last the mind, which at first had bravely nerved itself for the contest, gives way under the mysterious influences that govern its union with the body. Then he begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence; he hates his fellow men, and glares upon them with the longings of a cannibal, and, it may be, dies blaspheming!—SEARGENT S. PRENTISS, *Appeal in Behalf of the Famine-Stricken Irish, Address Delivered before the Citizens of New Orleans, February 7, 1847.*

Flag.—Raise high that flag of our fathers! Let Southern breezes kiss it! Let Southern skies reflect it! Southern patriots will love it! Southern sons will defend it, and Southern heroes will die for it! And as its folds unfurl beneath the heavens, let our voices unite and swell the loud invocation:

Flag of our Union! Wave on! Wave on! But wave over freemen, not over subjects! Wave over states, not over provinces! And now let the voices of patriots from the North and from the East, and from the West, join our voices from the South, and send to heaven one universal according chorus! Wave on, flag of our fathers! Wave forever! But wave over a union of equals, not over a despotism of lords and vassals; over a land of law, of liberty, and peace, and not of anarchy, oppression, and strife!—Benjamin H. Hill, *The Flag of Our Fathers, Address Delivered in Atlanta, September, 1876.*

Flag.—Let us love the flag that waved over Marion and Jasper, that waves over us, and which when we are gathered to our fathers shall be a guarantee of liberty and prosperity to our children, and our children's children, and know that what we do in honor shall deepen, and what we do in dishonor shall dim, the luster of its fixed and glittering stars.—Henry W. Grady, *Address delivered at the Augusta Exposition, November, 1887.*

France.—And here, I cannot leave this great and good country without expressing my sense of its preëminence of character among the nations of the earth. A more benevolent people I have never known, nor greater warmth and devotedness in their select friendships. Their kindness and accommodation to strangers is unparalleled, and the hospitality of Paris is beyond anything I had conceived to be practicable in a large city. Their eminence, too, in science, the communicative dispositions of their scientific men, the politeness of the general manners, the ease and vivacity of their conversation, give a charm to their society, to be found nowhere else. In a comparison of this, with other countries, we have the proof of primacy, which was given to Themistocles, after the battle of Salamis. Every general voted to himself the first reward of valor, and the second to Themistocles. So, ask the travelled inhabitant of any nation, in what country on earth would you rather live? Certainly, in my own, where are all my friends, my relations, and the earliest and sweetest affections and recollections of my life. Which would be your second choice? France.—Thomas Jefferson, *Autobiography.*

Fraternity.—Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory. "My countrymen! *Know* one another, and you will *love* one another."—L. Q. C. Lamar, *Eulogy of Sumner (1874).*

Friendship.—Be courteous to all, but intimate with few, and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.—George Washington, *Letter Jan. 15, 1783. To Bushrod Washington.*

Friendship.—I find friendship to be like wine, raw when new, ripened with age, the true man's milk and restorative cordial.—Thomas Jefferson, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 436).*

Friendship.—Friendship is precious, not only in the shade but in the sunshine of life; and thanks to a benevolent arrangement of things, the greater part of life is sunshine.—Thomas Jefferson, *From a Letter to Mrs. Maria Cosway, 1786.*

Gambling.—This is a vice which is productive of every possible evil, equally injurious to the morals and health of its votaries. It is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and the father of mischief. It has been the ruin of many worthy families, the loss of many a man's honor, and the cause of suicide. The successful gamester pushes his good fortune, till it is overtaken by a reverse. The losing gamester, in hopes of retrieving past misfortunes, goes on from bad to worse, till, grown desperate, he pushes at everything and loses his all. In a word, few gain by this abominable practice, while thousands are injured.—George Washington, *Letter Jan. 15, 1783. To Bushrod Washington.*

Gentleman, The Ideal.—The ideal gentleman was always honest; spoke the truth; faced his enemy; fought him if necessary; never quarreled with him nor talked about him; rode

well; shot well; used chaste and correct English; insulted no man—bore no insult from any; was studiously kind to his inferiors, especially to his slaves; cordially hospitable to his equals; courteous to his superiors, if he acknowledged any; he scorned a demagogue, but loved his people, and held it mean to prefer any class or individual interest, most of all his own, to that of the masses of his countrymen. He must be ready at any time, when needful, to lay his life down, not only for his honor's sake, but, more promptly yet, for his country's, his State's, or his community's sake, and that, too, regardless of the dictates of his own private judgment as to the wisdom or unwisdom of the quarrel. It was his duty to try to guide his people in what he considered the right path; but if he failed, it was mean and selfish not to follow them and, if need be, die with them. He was sometimes accused of being an aristocrat; but if so, he belonged to that aristocracy which holds itself servant to the maxim *noblesse oblige*. In his private relations he was perfect in courtesy to all; he exacted perfect courtesy from all, to himself and to those dependent upon him.—John Sharp Williams, *Address in Memory of Edward C. Walthall, February 25, 1899.*

George the Third.—Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First, his Cromwell; and George the Third ["Treason!" cried the Speaker]—*may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it.—Patrick Henry, *Speech in Virginia Convention, 1765.*

Giving.—

He who gives somewhat does a worthy deed,
Of him the recording angel shall take heed.
But he that halves all that his house doth hold,
His deeds are more to God, yea more than finest gold.

—James Matthew Legaré, *Ahab Mohammed.*

God, the Greatness of.—

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.
—SIDNEY LANIER, *The Marshes of Glynn.*

Government.—The aggregate happiness of society, which is best promoted by the practice of a virtuous policy, is, or ought to be, the end of all government. GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Political Maxims.*

Government.—Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatsoever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1801.*

Government.—Government is a trust and the officers of the government are trustees; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.—HENRY CLAY, *Speech at Ashland, Ky., March, 1829.*

Governors, The Two.—"As the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, it's a long time between drinks"—a favorite convivial apothegm in America, suggesting that it is time for some one "to set 'em up again for the boys," or, in other words, to order a fresh round of drinks. An historical origin has been found for the phrase, but, unfortunately with no apparent historical foundation. The story runs that early in the century a native North Carolinian who had moved across the border into South Carolina was forced to fly back again to escape arrest. The Governor of South Carolina straightway issued a requisition on the Governor of North Carolina for the fugitive criminal. But the latter Governor hesitated. The criminal had many and influential friends. Finally the South Carolina executive, with a large retinue,

waited on his official brother at Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina. The visitors were received with all due honors. A banquet was given them; wine and brandy were served. When, at last, the decanters and glasses were removed, the Governor of South Carolina rose to state his errand. A long and acrimonious debate followed. The Governor of South Carolina lost his temper. Rising once more to his feet, he said, "Sir, you have refused my just demand and offended the dignity of my office and my State. Unless you at once surrender the prisoner, I will return to my capital, call out the militia of the State, and take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor, what do you say?"

All eyes were turned on the Governor of North Carolina. The latter rose slowly to his feet, and beckoned to a servant who stood some distance away. His beckoning was firm and dignified, as became his position. He was slow about answering, and again the Governor of South Carolina demanded, "What do you say?"

"I say, Governor, that it is a long time between drinks."

The reply restored good humor. Decanters and glasses were brought out again; and while the visitors remained, if any one attempted to refer to the diplomatic object of the visit he was cut short by the remark that it was a long time between drinks. When the visiting Governor was ready to return home he was escorted to the State line by the Governor of North Carolina, and they parted the best of friends.

The fugitive was never surrendered.—William S. Walsh, *Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities.*

Grammar.—If anybody complains that I have had it [his grammar] looked over, I can only say to him, her, or them, as the case may be, that while critics were learning grammar and learning to spell, I and "Doctor Jackson, LL.D." were fighting in the wars; and if our books and messages and proclamations and cabinet writings and so forth and so on should need a little looking over and a little correcting of the spelling and grammar to make them fit for use, it's just nobody's business. Big men have more important matters to attend to than crossing their *t's* and dotting their *i's*, and such small things.—David Crockett, *Autobiography.*

Greece.—

To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.
—Edgar Allan Poe, *To Helen.*

Happiness.—The four elementary conditions of happiness are, life in the open air, the love of a woman, forgetfulness of all ambition, and the creation of a new ideal of beauty.—Edgar Allan Poe, *The Domain of Arnheim.*

Hate.—

Who rouses hate must look for hell to follow.
—Amelie Rives, *Herod and Mariamne.*

Hayne, Paul Hamilton.—

All strains are his. But most his lines
Are fraught with peace and woodland pleasures,
With bough-swing of the Georgian pines,
Enwoven through the golden measures.
—Samuel Minturn Peck, *Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

Health.—Knowledge indeed is a desirable, a lovely possession, but I do not scruple to say that health is more so. It is of little consequence to store the mind with science if the body be permitted to become debilitated. If the body be feeble, the mind will not be strong. The sovereign invigorator of the body is exercise and of all exercises, walking is the best.—Thomas Jefferson, *To Thomas Mann Randolph, 1786.*

Heart, The.—

O man! when faith succumbs, and reason reels,
Turn to thy heart that reasons not, but feels;
Creeds change! shrines perish! still (her instinct saith),
Still the soul, the soul must conquer Death.
Hold fast to God, and God will hold thee fast.
—Paul Hamilton Hayne, *On the Decline of Faith.*

Hemp.—A round year of the earth's changes enters into the creation of the hemp. The planet has described its vast orbit ere it be grown and finished. All seasons are its servitors; all contradictions and extremes of nature meet in its

making. The vernal patience of the warming soil; the long fierce arrows of the summer's heat, the long silvery arrows of the summer rain; autumn's dead skies and sobbing winds; winter's sternest, all-tightening frosts. Of none but strong virtues is it the sum. Sickness or infirmity it knows not. It will have a mother young and vigorous, or none; an old or weak or exhausted soil cannot produce it. It will endure no roof of shade, basking only in the eye of the fatherly sun, and demanding the whole sky for the walls of its nursery. Ah! type, too, of our life, which also is earth-sown, earth-rooted; which must struggle upward, be cut down, rooted and broken, ere the separation take place between our dross and our worth—poor perishable shard and immortal fibre. Oh, the mystery, the mystery of that growth from the casting of the soul as a seed into the dark earth, until the time when, led through all natural changes and cleansed of weakness, it is borne from the field of its nativity for the long service.—James Lane Allen, *The Reign of Law (1900).*

Heroism.—

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend—
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.
—Lizette Woodworth Reese, *Heroism.*

History.—History in general only informs us what bad government is.—Thomas Jefferson, *Apothegms,* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson,* p. 430).

Honor.—Honor is not a virtue in itself: it is the mail behind which the virtues fight more securely. A man without honor is as maimed in his equipment as an accoutred knight without helmet. Honor is not simply truthfulness; it is truthfulness sparkling with the fire of a suspective personality. It is something more than an ornament even to the loftiest.—George Henry Calvert, *The Gentleman.*

Hospitality.—A landed proprietor, with a good house and a host of servants, is naturally a hospitable man. A guest is

one of his daily wants. A friendly face is a necessary of life, without which the heart is apt to starve, or a luxury without which it grows parsimonious.—JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY, *An Old Virginia Estate and Its Master.*

Hypocrisy.—

The noblest words, if falsely said or sung.
Are but the smooth Delilahs of the tongue.
With softness, deadlier than a brutal blow,
Truth is the Sampson that they overthrow!
—WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE, *Verbal Hypocrisies.*

Illusions.—Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and provide for it.—PATRICK HENRY, *Speech in Virginia Convention, 1775.*

Indian Summer.—

No more the battle or the chase
The phantom tribes pursue,
But each in its accustomed place
The Autumn hails anew:
And still from solemn councils set
On every hill and plain,
The smoke of many a calumet
Ascends to heaven again.
—JOHN BANISTER TABB, *Indian Summer.*

Interview, An.—

An interview would be to me
A sort of an emetic,
Or an appendix to be cut
Without an anaesthetic:

And why expose to public view
A man's intestine features?
'Tis outwardly alone he looks
Unlike his fellow creatures.
—JOHN BANISTER TABB, *To a Proposed Interviewer.*

Ireland.—There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melodious pathos.—SEARGENT S. PRENTISS, *Appeal in Behalf of the Famine-Stricken Irish, Address Delivered before the Citizens of New Orleans, February 7, 1847.*

Jackson, Stonewall.—See, there is Jackson standing like a stone wall.—GENERAL BERNARD E. BEE, *Address to his troops July 21, 1861.*

Jackson, Stonewall.—Hence he never affected mystery. His reticence was not the assumption of impenetrability of purpose. His reserve was not the artifice of one who seeks to awe by making himself unapproachable. He hedged himself about with no barrier of exclusiveness. He assumed no airs of portentous dignity. He studied no dramatic effects. On the field, so far from condescending to those histrionic displays of person, or theatrical arts of speech, by which some commanders have sought to excite the enthusiasm of their armies, when his troops caught the sight of his faded uniform and sunburnt cap, and shook the air with their shouts as he rode along the lines, he quickened his gallop and escaped from view. When among the mountain pyramids, older than those to which the first Napoleon pointed, he did not remind his men that the centuries were looking down on them. When on the plain, he drilled no eagles to perch on his banners, as the third Napoleon was said to have done. But one thing he did, he

impressed his men with such an intense conviction of his unselfish and supreme consecration to the cause for which he had periled all, and so kindled them with his own magnetic fire as to fuse them into one articulated body—one heart throbbing through all the members, one spirit animating the entire frame —that heart, that spirit, his own. It was his sublime indifference to personal danger, to personal comfort and personal aggrandizement, that gave him such power over the armies he commanded, and such a place in the hearts of the people of the Confederate States.—Moses D. Hoge, *Address Delivered at the Unveiling of the Statue of Stonewall Jackson, Richmond, October 26, 1876.*

Jews in American History.—I am a Jew, indeed, and my Judaism is the breath of my nostrils; yet for me, the chosen nation is my American nation; the land of promise is this heaven-blessed land; yea, "thy people shall be my people," cries the American Jew. "Where thou goest, I will go; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried." I cannot forget that the first sailor to tread American soil was a Jewish sailor in the crew of Columbus, that the first white baby born in Georgia was a Jewish baby. I cannot forget the Jewish soldiers in the French and Indian War, in the Revolutionary War, the eight thousand Jew soldiers in the Civil War, who poured out their blood like water in defense of our American liberties. I say, with redoubled fervor, thank God that I am an American citizen.—Leon Harrison, *American Citizenship and the American Jew, Address Delivered in St. Louis, Thanksgiving Day, 1904.*

Jones, John Paul.—

Twice exiled, let his ashes rest
  At home, afar, or in the wave,
But keep his great heart with us, lest
  Our nation's greatness find its grave;
And, while the vast deep listens by,
  When armored wrong makes terms to right,
Keep on our lips his proud reply,
  "Sir, I have but begun to fight!"

—John Charles McNeill, *Paul Jones.*

Keats, John.—

Methinks, when first the nightingale
Was mated to thy deathless song,
That Sappho with emotion pale,
Amid the Olympian throng,
Again as in the Lesbian grove,
Stood listening with lips apart,
To hear in thy melodious love
The pantings of her heart.
—John Banister Tabb, *Keats—Sappho*

Landscape, A Still.—The Eternal Power seemed to have quitted the universe and left all nature folded in the calm of the Eternal Peace. Around the pale-blue dome of the heavens a few pearl-colored clouds hung motionless, as though the wind had been withdrawn to other skies. Not a crimson leaf floated downward through the soft, silvery light that filled the atmosphere and created the sense of lonely, unimaginable spaces. This light overhung the far-rolling landscape of field and meadow and wood, crowning with faint radiance the remoter low-swelling hill-tops and deepening into dreamy half-shadows on their eastern slopes. Nearer, it fell in a white flake or an unstirred sheet of water which lay along the edge of a mass of sombre-hued woodland, and nearer still it touched to spring-like brilliancy a level, green meadow on the hither edge of the water, where a group of Durham cattle stood with reversed flanks near the gleaming trunks of some leafless sycamores. Still nearer, it caught the top of the brown foliage of a little bent oak-tree and burned it into a silvery flame. It lit on the back and the wings of a crow flying heavily in the path of its rays, and made his blackness as white as the breast of a swan. In the immediate foreground, it sparkled in minute gleams along the stalks of the coarse, dead weeds that fell away from the legs and flanks of a white horse, and slanted across the face of the rider and through the ends of his gray hair, which straggled from beneath his soft black hat.—James Lane Allen, *Flute and Violin.*

Lanier, Sidney.—

The dewdrop holds the heaven above,
  Wherein a lark, unseen,
Outpours a rhapsody of love
  That fills the space between.

My heart a dewdrop is, and thou,
  Dawn-spirit, far away,
Fillest the void between us now
  With an immortal lay.
    —JOHN BANISTER TABB, *To Sidney Lanier.*

Law, The Majesty of.—Sirs, it means something to be an American citizen. If it does not mean that the humblest citizen shall have the protection of the best laws of the best government on earth, then we should cease our boasting. Faded is the glory and dim the majesty of law, when it no longer protects a citizen in his legal rights and his legal remedies, whoever and wherever he may be—whether he be a millionaire whose property is threatened by a riot of organized labor, or the poorest tenant in the purlieus of poverty, from whom organized greed would snatch the ice that cools his fevered brow; whether he be the faithful missionary, whose possessions are plundered by the cruel Turk, or the obscure sailor unlawfully seized in the streets of Valparaiso; whether it be a negro laborer shot down by riotous whites in a Northern State for the crime of trying to work, or an idle and vicious negro who, for a real crime, is lynched by a Southern mob.—CHARLTON H. ALEXANDER, *The Majesty of Law, Address Delivered before the University of Mississippi, June 5, 1900.*

Lawlessness.—There is a pestilential evil which is settling like a blight on our land. It is a spirit of lawlessness—either open defiance of law or a lack of reverence for its majesty. It may be the lawless strike, which begins, perhaps, in a just resentment of corporate oppression, but ends in wanton destruction of life or property. It may be political degradation which makes commerce of ballots, and drives voters like cattle into political shambles. It may be a defiant plutocracy, which seduces with cunning or with gold the lawmaking or law-en-

forcing power. It may be the frantic surging of the proletariat in our great cities against the barriers of government and society, or a discordant communism which seeks license in the name of liberty. Whatever may be the evil elsewhere, the predominant danger to the South lies in a lack of reverence for law—a too quick appeal to personal violence in every form.—CHARLTON H. ALEXANDER, *The Majesty of Law, Address Delivered before the University of Mississippi, June 5, 1900.*

Lee, Robert E.—

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

—ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN, *The Sword of Robert Lee.*

Lee, Robert E.—When the future historian shall come to survey the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain about the undulating plain of humanity and he must lift his eyes high toward heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without oppression, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Caesar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles.—BENJAMIN H. HILL, *Address in Atlanta (1874).*

Lee, Robert E.—

Life's foughten field not once beheld surrender;
But with superb endurance, present, past,
Our pure Commander, lofty, simple, tender,

Through good, through ill, held his high purpose fast,
Wearing his armor spotless—till at last,
Death gave the final, *"Forward."*
—Mrs. Margaret Junkin Preston, *Gone Forward.*

Lee, Robert E.—
This man hath breathed all balms of light,
And quaffed all founts of grace,
Till Glory, on the mountain height,
Has met him face to face.
Francis O. Ticknor, *Lee.*

Lee, Robert E.—
Whose touch was the foe undone,
Whose name was a nation's cheer.
—Francis O. Ticknor, *Our Great Captain.*

Lee, Robert E.—Volumes would never do justice to the valorous achievements of George Washington and his compeers, the boys of '76; of the heroes of 1812 and of 1848; of the men in blue who fought under Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, and Farragut; of the men in gray who followed the lead of Johnston, Jackson, and Lee, from 1861 to 1865; of the intrepid band that sailed with Dewey into Manila Bay, or of the small but heroic army of 1898 that fought at Las Guasimas, El Caney, and San Juan, and left the Stars and Stripes floating in triumph over the last stronghold of Spain in the New World. But above the grand heroic names immortalized by historian and poet shines, with an undimmed luster all its own, the immortal name of Robert Edward Lee.—General Joseph Wheeler, *Robert E. Lee, Address Delivered before the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City, January 19, 1898.*

Lenity.—Lenity will operate with greater force, in some instances, than rigor. It is, therefore, my first wish to have my whole conduct distinguished by it.—George Washington, *Moral Maxims. Punishment.*

Let alone.—All we ask is to be let alone.—Jefferson Davis, *First Message to Confederate Congress, March, 1861.*

Liberty.—Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.—PATRICK HENRY, *Speech in Virginia Convention, 1775.*

Liberty.—The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Summary View of the Rights of British America.*

Liberty.—Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid growth.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Political Maxims.*

Life.—

My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

—RICHARD HENRY WILDE, *Stanzas.*

Lincoln, Abraham.—Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem, will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with a deeper feeling, than that which tells the story of his life and death.—HENRY WATTERSON, *Abraham Lincoln, Address Delivered before the Lincoln Union at Chicago, February 12, 1895.*

Longfellow, Henry W.—

I think earth's noblest, most pathetic sight
Is some old poet, round whose laurel-crown
The long gray locks are streaming softly down;
Whose evening, touched by prescient shades of night,

Grows tranquillized, in calm, ethereal light:—
Such, such art *thou,* O master! worthier grown
In the fair sunset of their full renown—
Poising, perchance, thy spiritual wings for flight!
Ah, heaven! why shouldst thou from thy place depart?
God's court is thronged with minstrels, rich with song;
Even now, a new note swells the immaculate choir—
But thou, whose strains have filled our lives so long,
Still from the altar of thy reverent heart
Let golden dreams ascend, and thoughts of fire.
—PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE, *To Henry W. Longfellow.*

Lottery.—I have made it a rule never to engage in a lottery or any other adventure of mere chance.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 433*).

Love.—
I believe who has not loved
Hath half the treasure of his life unproved;
Like one who, with the grape within his grasp,
Drops it, with all its crimson juice unpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.
—MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND, *Creed.*

Love.—
For if we keep our love alive,
Our hope and faith will both revive.
Thus, as life's ladder we ascend,
Our hope shall in fruition end—
Our faith be lost in sight at length—
Our charity increase in strength;
And grief, which stamps the heart and mind,
But coin the gold Love has refined.
—MARY BAYARD CLARKE, *Grief.*

Man, The Honest.—I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "honest man."—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Moral Maxims.*

Marshall, John.—In the vast whirring, crashing battle of modern industrial civilization, flitting shapes of transitory dignity hurry by us from one abyss of oblivion to another, and are gone ere we well know what they are. Who will think a century's, nay, a generation's space hence, of our country's rulers of to-day? How many among her rulers in the days of my own childhood, even of my early manhood, can be recalled, save by an effort of memory, now? Yet from this chaos of forgotten mediocrity a few names, a few lives, stand forth, gaining, instead of losing, in distinctness and stature as the years roll by, growing into their true and lasting greatness as time sweeps into his rubbish heap all the false and transient eminence of petty men beside them. And the figure of the great Chief Justice, of the man who made our Constitution the living bulwark of our orderly freedom, who taught our courts their full mission and our people to trust in our courts; who, in himself, left us a model for all judges and an object of reverence for all men, that figure will endure a breathing, speaking guide to the thoughts and acts and lives of Americans while America is yet great and yet worthy of her greatness, while the justice of her courts is yet the justice of righteousness.—CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, *John Marshall, Address Delivered in Baltimore, February 4, 1901.*

Memory.—

Memory is a gleaner of the mind,
Her sheaves are harvested with smiles or tears—
And in the storehouse of the heart we find
What she has gathered through the fleeting years.

—WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE, *Memory.*

Milton.—

And I forgive
Thee, Milton, those thy comic-dreadful wars
Where, armed with gross and inconclusive steel,
Immortals smite immortals mortalwise
And fill all heaven with folly.

—SIDNEY LANIER, *The Crystal.*

Mind, A Cultivated.—A rich and well-stored mind is the only true philosopher's stone, extracting pure gold from all the base material around. It can create its own beauty, wealth, power, happiness. It has no dreary solitudes. The past ages are its possessions, and the long line of illustrious dead are all its friends. Whatever the world has seen of brave and noble, beautiful and good, it can command. It mingles in all the grand and solemn scenes of history, and is an actor in every great and stirring event. It is by the side of Bayard as he stands alone upon the bridge and saves the army; it weeps over the true heart of chivalry, the gallant Sidney, as with dying hand he puts away the cup from his parched and fevered lips. It leaps into the yawning gulf with Curtius; follows the white plume of Navarre at Ivry; rides to Chalgrove field with Hampden; mounts the scaffold with Russell, and catches the dying prayer of the noble Sir Harry Vane. It fights for glory at the Granicus, for fame at Agincourt, for empire at Waterloo, for power on the Ganges, for religion in Palestine, for country at Thermopylæ, and for freedom at Bunker Hill. It marches with Alexander, reigns with Augustus, sings with Homer, teaches with Plato, pleads with Demosthenes, loves with Petrarch, is imprisoned with Paul, suffers with Stephen, and dies with Christ. It feels no tyranny and knows no subjection. Misfortunes cannot subdue it, power cannot crush it, unjust laws cannot oppress it. Ever steady, faithful and true, shining by night as by day, it abides with you always and everywhere. —GEORGE DAVIS, *Education, An Address Delivered before the Greensboro Female College, North Carolina, May 14, 1856.*

Mocking Bird.—

Each golden note of music greets
The listening leaves, divinely stirred,
As if the vanished soul of Keats
Had found its new birth in a bird.

—WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE, *Moonlight Song of the Mocking Bird.*

Mocking Bird.—

From the vale, what music ringing,
Fills the bosom of the night;
On the sense, entrancèd, flinging
Spells of witchery and delight!
O'er magnolia, lime, and cedar,
From yon locust-top, it swells,
Like the chant of serenader,
Or the rhymes of silver bells!

Listen! dearest, listen to it!
Sweeter sounds were never heard!
'Tis the song of that wild poet—
Mime and minstrel—Mocking Bird.

—Alexander Beaufort Meek, *The Mocking Bird.*

Mocking Bird.—

The name thou wearest does thee grievous wrong.
No mimic thou! That voice is thine alone!
The poets sing but strains of Shakespeare's song;
The birds, but notes of thine imperial own.

—Henry Jerome Stockard, *The Mocking Bird.*

Mocking Bird.—

Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?

—Richard Henry Wilde, *To the Mocking Bird.*

Monocrats.—I wish we could distribute our four hundred monocrats among the Indians who would teach them lessons of liberty and equality.—Thomas Jefferson, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 431).*

Monroe Doctrine.—In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded, or seriously menaced, that we resent injuries, or make preparations for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere, we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious

to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments; and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted.

We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations between the United States and those European Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

With the existing Colonies or dependencies of any European Power, we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.—James Monroe, *Message of December, 1823.*

Music.—Music is Love in search of a word.—Sidney Lanier, *The Symphony.*

Nature.—

O Nature, gracious mother of us all,
Within thy bosom myriad secrets lie
Which thou surrenderest to the patient eye
That seeks and waits.

—Margaret J. Preston, *The Question.*

Navy, The.—The Navy is that arm of the public defense the nature of whose duties is dual, in that they relate to both peace and war. In times of Peace the Navy blazes the way across the trackless deep, maps out and marks the dangers which lie in the routes of commerce, in order that the peaceful argosies of trade may pursue safe routes to the distant markets

of the world, there to exchange the varied commodities of commerce. It penetrates the jungle and the tangle of the intertropical regions. It stands ready to starve to death or to die from exposure. It pushes its way into the icy fastnesses of the north or of the south, in order that it may discover new channels of trade. It carries the influences of your power and the beneficent advantages of your civilization to the secluded and hermit empires of the Eastern world, and brings them in touch with our Western civilization and its love of law for the sake of the law rather than for fear of the law's punishments. It stands guard upon the outer frontiers of civilization, in pestilential climates, performing duties that are beyond the public observation, but yet which have their happy influence in maintaining the reputation and character of our country and extending the civilizing agency of its commerce.—Winfield Scott Schley, *The Navy in Peace and War, Address Delivered before the New England Society of Pennsylvania, December 22, 1898.*

Negro, Education of.—The right education of the negro is at once a duty and a necessity. All the resources of the school should be exhausted in elevating his character, improving his condition, and increasing his capacity as a citizen. The policy of an enforced ignorance is illogical, un-American, and un-Christian. It is possible in a despotism, but perilous in a republic. It is indefensible on any grounds of social or political wisdom, and is not supported by any standards of ethics or justice. If one fact is more clearly demonstrated by the logic of history than another, it is that education is an indispensable condition of wealth and prosperity. This is a universal law, without exemption or exception. Ignorance is a cure for nothing.—Charles B. Galloway, *Address on the South and the Negro, April 26, 1904.*

Negro, Education of.—It is strange, indeed, if education—a policy of God long before it was a policy of man, a policy of the universe long before it was a policy of society—were to find its first defeat at the negro's hands.—Edgar Gardner Murphy, *Problems of the Present South, p. 59.*

Negro, Education of.—Finally, as the only sound foundation for the whole system of education, the negro must be taught the great elementary truths of morality and duty. Until he is so established in these that he claims to be on this ground the equal of the white, he can never be his equal on any other ground. When he is the equal of the white, it will make itself known. Until then, he is fighting not the white race, but a law of nature, universal and inexorable—that races rise and fall according to their character.—THOMAS NELSON PAGE, *The Negro: the Southerner's Problem (1904), p. 310.*

Negroes, Conduct of during the War.—The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenceless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion.—HENRY W. GRADY, *The New South, an Address Delivered before the New England Society of New York City, Dec. 22, 1886.*

Negroes, Conduct of during the War.—What of the negro? This of him. I want no better friend than the black boy who was raised by my side, and who is now trudging patiently with downcast eyes and shambling figure through his lonely way in life. I want no sweeter music than the crooning of my old "mammy," now dead and gone to rest, as I heard it when she held me in her loving arms, and bending her old black face above me stole the cares from my brain, and led me smiling into sleep. I want no truer soul than that which moved the trusty slave, who for four years while my father fought with the armies that barred his freedom, slept every night at my mother's chamber door, holding her and her children as safe as if her husband stood guard, and ready to lay down his humble life on her threshold. History has no parallel to the faith kept by the negro in the South during the war. Often five hundred negroes to a single white man, and yet through

these dusky throngs the women and children walked in safety, and the unprotected homes rested in peace. Unmarshaled, the black battalions moved patiently to the fields in the morning to feed the armies their idleness would have starved, and at night gathered anxiously at the big house to "hear the news from marster," though conscious that his victory made their chains enduring. Everywhere humble and kindly; the body-guard of the helpless; the rough companion of the little ones; the observant friend; the silent sentry in his lowly cabin; the shrewd counselor. And when the dead came home, a mourner at the open grave. A thousand torches would have disbanded every Southern army, but not one was lighted. When the master going to war in which slavery was involved said to his slave, "I leave my home and loved ones in your charge," the tenderness between man and master stood disclosed. And when the slave held that charge sacred through storm and temptation, he gave new meaning to faith and loyalty. I rejoice that when freedom came to him after years of waiting, it was all the sweeter because the black hands from which the shackles fell were stainless of a single crime against the helpless ones confided to his care.—Henry W. Grady, *The South and Her Problems, Address Delivered at the Dallas, Texas, State Fair, October 26, 1887.*

Nobility—

Man's acts proclaim nobility, and not the kingly crest;
For he's the noblest who performs life's trying duties best.
—Adelia C. Graves, *Human Sovereignty; or, Every Man a King.*

North and South, Interdependence of.—The North and the South are mutually dependent for helpful offices, and for the most effective working out of their grand destiny. The right arm cannot say to the left, "I have no need of thee." Excluding all questions of controversy and variance, they have had a common history, full of noble achievements, of successful endeavors in the cause of enlightened popular government, and have been incalculably beneficial to humanity. Neither section has been free from human frailties, from the errors and vices generated by selfishness and ambition and passion.

Time enough has elapsed since the great contest for prejudices to yield to justice, for animosity to be merged in fellowship, for sectionalism to yield to a broad, catholic patriotism. Both North and South need reconstruction, not in legislation and government, but in sentiment, in fraternity, in the conviction of the need of undivided Caucasian energies for working to a wise solution the great problems which Providence has devolved upon them. The South has been sinned against as well as sinning. What brought upon her the severest condemnation—Slavery and Secession—were not originated by her, but borrowed or inherited from others. It would be well for those of us, survivors of the terrible struggle of 1861-1865, to make amends for our errors, and give the remainder of our days to making good the not unreasonable boast that this is the best government the world ever saw.—J. L. M. Curry, *The Southern States of the American Union.*

November.—

Fie upon thee, November! thou dost ape
The airs of thy young sisters; thou has stolen
The witching smile of May to grace thy lip,
And April's rare capricious loveliness
Thou'rt trying to put on!

—Julia Caroline Ripley, *November.*

Nullification.—Nullification presupposes the relation of principal and agent: The one granting a power to be executed, the other appointed by him with power to execute it; and is simply a declaration on the part of the principal, made in due form, that an act of the agent transcending his power is null and void. It is a right belonging exclusively to the relation between principals and agent, to be found wherever it exists, and in all its forms, between several, or an association of principals and their joint agents, as well as between a single principal and his agent. . . . The object of nullification is to confine the agent within the limits of his powers, by arresting his acts transcending them, not with the view of destroying the delegated or trust power but to preserve it, by compelling the agent to fulfill the object for which the agency or trust was created; and is applicable only to cases where the trust or

delegated powers are transcended on the part of the agent.—JOHN C. CALHOUN, *Letter to Governor Hamilton, August 28, 1832.*

Nullification.—I hope none who hear me will confound this expression of mine with the advocacy of the right of a state to remain in the Union, and to disregard its constitutional obligations by the nullification of the law. Such is not my theory. Nullification and secession, so often confounded, are indeed antagonistic principles. Nullification is a remedy which it is sought to apply within the Union, and against the agent of the states. It is only to be justified when the agent has violated his constitutional obligation, and a state, assuming to judge for itself, denies the right of the agent thus to act, and appeals to the other states of the Union for a decision; but when the states themselves, and when the people of the states, have so acted as to convince us that they will not regard our constitutional rights, then, and then for the first time, arises the doctrine of secession in its practical application.—JEFFERSON DAVIS, *On Withdrawal from the Union.*

Office.—If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation, none.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Letter to Elias Shipman, July 12, 1801.*

Office.—Of the various executive abilities, no one excited more anxious concern than that of placing the interests of our fellow-citizens in the hands of honest men, with understanding sufficient for their stations. No duty is at the same time more difficult to fulfil. The knowledge of character possessed by a single individual is of necessity limited. To seek out the best through the whole Union, we must resort to the information which from the best of men, acting disinterestedly and with the purest motives, is sometimes incorrect.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Letter to Elias Shipman, July 12, 1801.*

Office-Holders.—If there is a being on this earth for whose comfort and convenience I entertain the profoundest solicitude; if there is one whose smallest want stirs my sympathetic

soul to its serenest depths, it is your office-holder, your public functionary. When I see one of that noble army of martyrs bid adieu to home and all the sweets of private life for which he is so eminently fitted by nature, to immolate himself on the altars of his country's service for four long years, Homer's touching picture of the last sad scene between the noble Hector and his weeping family rises before my compassionate imagination. When I see him plunge recklessly into an office of the duties of which he is profoundly and defiantly ignorant, I am reminded of the self-sacrificing heroism of Curtius, when he leaped into the yawning gulf that opened in the Roman Forum. When I behold him sadly contemplating his majestic features in one of those gorgeous and costly mirrors, which are furnished him at public expense, my heart goes out to him in sympathy. When I see him seated, scornfully, at a miserable repast of sea turtle and champagne, my very bowels yearn for him. And when I see him perform, perhaps, the only duty for which he is fully competent—signing the receipt for his monthly pay—I am so overwhelmed with pity for his miserable conditions that I wish I were in his place.—James Proctor Knott, *Speech in the Forty-Fourth Congress.*

Offices.—The very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts, bestowed for the good of the country, and not for the benefit of an individual or a party. —John C. Calhoun, *Speech, Feb. 13, 1835.*

Opinion, Public.—Do not, however, confuse public opinion with public feeling. Perhaps the difference has never come home to you. Public feeling is the clamor of emotion, the plaint of sentimentality, the froth of the current—not the current itself. Public opinion, on the other hand, is the public mind expressing itself. It is intellectual and not sentimental. It grows out of study, knowledge, experience. Public feeling weeps, bawls, sometimes from good cause, but not always. Public opinion demands reform and is prepared to enforce it. Public feeling, however, is useful; for example, by it the muckrakers have been supported. But it is only the scream of the whistle. Public opinion is the real movement of the engine of public force. The difference between the two is the difference

between abuse and criticism, between excited talk and effective action.—Guy Carlton Lee, *The Strength of the People, Address.*

Opportunity.—

Behold a hag whom Life denies a kiss
As he rides questward in knight-errant-wise;
Only when he hath passed her is it his
To know, too late, the Fairy in disguise.
—Madison Cawein, *Opportunity.*

Opposition.—

Life without trials!—who would give
The cares that make him wise,
To be the useless drone that hives
No honey as he flies?
Why, Nature in her mighty book
This wholesome lesson shows—
That e'en the thistle's thorny crook
Can blossom as the rose.
—Mary Sophie Homes, *Life Without Trials.*

Opposition.—

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
Complain no more; for these, O heart,
Direct the random of the will
As rhymes direct the rage of art.
—Sidney Lanier, *Opposition.*

Pain.—

Pain is no longer pain when it is past.
—Margaret J. Preston, *Sonnet, Nature's Lesson.*

Parties, Political.—There is an opinion, that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the Government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of Liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in Governments of a Monarchical cast, Patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in Governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is cer-

tain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And, there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest instead of warming, it should consume.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Farewell Address.*

Patriotism.—I am not a Virginian, but an American.—PATRICK HENRY, *Speech in Virginia Convention, 1774.*

Patriotism.—The germ of the best patriotism is in the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway. I teach my son to love Georgia—to love the soil that he stands on—the body of my old mother—the mountains that are her springing breasts, the broad acres that hold her substance,the dimpling valleys in which her beauty rests, the forests that sing her songs of lullaby and of praise, and the brooks that run with her rippling laughter. The love of home—deep-rooted and abiding—that blurs the eyes of the dying soldier with the vision of an old homestead amid green fields and clustering trees—that follows the busy man through the clamoring world, persistent though put aside, and at last draws his tired feet from the highway and leads him through shady lanes and well-remembered paths until, amid the scenes of his boyhood, he gathers up the broken threads of his life and owns the soil his conqueror—this—this lodged in the heart of the citizen is the saving principle of our government.—HENRY W. GRADY, *Against Centralization, An Address Delivered Before the Societies of the University of Virginia, June 25, 1889.*

Patriotism.—Patriotism, therefore, which is hard to define and new with every age, must again define itself. It meant manhood rights when Washington took it to his heart, as it means to the Russian to-day. It meant culture and refinement and mental distinction when Emerson in his Phi Beta Kappa address "besought the sluggish intellect of his country to look up from under its iron lids." It signified ideals and theories of government to the soldiers of Grant and Lee. It meant in-

dustrial greatness and splendid desires to annex nature to man's uses when the great leaders of the generation, whose patriotism and statesmanship and imagination no man will deny, built up their business and tied the Union together in a unity of steel and steam, more completely than all the wars. To-day it means a vast reaction from an unsocial and predatory individualism to self-restraint and consideration for the general welfare, expressing itself in a cry for fairness and honor and sympathy in use of power and wealth, as the states of spirit and mind that alone can safeguard Republican ideals.—EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, *The Making of a National Spirit, Address Delivered before the Chamber of Commerce of the City of New York, November 21, 1905.*

Patriotism.—

After all,
One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality;
Her freedom, fame,
Her glory or her shame—
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!
—FRANK L. STANTON, *One Country.*

Peace.—To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Speech to both Houses of Congress, Jan. 8, 1790.*

Peace.—

We do accept thee, heavenly Peace!
Albeit thou comest in a guise
Unlooked for—undesired; our eyes
Welcome through tears the kind release
From war, and woe, and want—surcease
For which we bless thee, holy Peace!
—MARGARET J. PRESTON, *Acceptation.*

People.—I have such reliance on the good sense of the body of the people and the honesty of their leaders that I am not afraid of their letting things go wrong to any length in any cause.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 437).*

People, The.—The people in their innermost consciousness are ever open to the power of truth and goodness and the beautiful sovereignty of right. Beneath all the ruggedness of their manners and the prosaic forms of their speech lie always the broad foundations of native insight, of manly instinct, of potential nobilities, which enable them on occasion to rise to a comprehension of, and sympathy with, the finest mental and moral achievements of statesmen and philosophers.—L. Q. C. Lamar, *Address before the Students of Emory College, 1890.*

Pines, Southern.—

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

—Paul Hamilton Hayne, *Aspects of the Pines.*

Poe, Edgar Allan.—

Here through this lowly portal,
Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
The mortal went and came.
And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
Have cenotaphed his fame.

—John Henry Boner, *Poe's Cottage at Fordham.*

Poe, Edgar Allan.—

Dreaming along the haunted shore of time,
And mad that sea's Æolian song to sing,
He found the shell of Beauty, rhythmic rhyme,
And fondly deemed its sheen a living thing.

—Clifford Lanier, *Edgar Allan Poe.*

Poe, Edgar Allan.—

Thy soul, entangled past the power of flight,
Yet struggled ever in a pure despair—
Unstained thine art, untainted, springing white
As though the soul of Galahad bloomed there.
In this thou canst a contrast high afford
To Scottish Peasant and to English Lord.

—MARY RAWLINGS, *To Edgar Allan Poe.*

Poet, The True.—

His song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with his hand.

—SIDNEY LANIER, *Life and Song.*

Poetry.—I hold that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase, "a long poem," is simply a flat contradiction in terms. I need scarcely observe that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating the soul. The value of the poem is in the ratio of this elevating excitement. But all excitements are, through a psychal necessity, transient. That degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at all, cannot be sustained throughout a composition of any great length. After the lapse of half an hour, at the very utmost, it flags—fails—a revulsion ensues—and then the poem is, in effect, and in fact, no longer such.—EDGAR ALLAN POE, *The Poetic Principle.*

Poetry.—

Who hath beheld the goddess face to face,
Blind with her beauty, all his days shall go
Climbing lone mountains towards her temple's place,
Weighed with song's sweet, inexorable woe.

—MADISON CAWEIN, *Poetry.*

Poetry.—The art of verse, then, as well as the art of music—the two species of the genus art sound—includes all the three great classes of phenomena summed up under the terms rhythm, tune, and tone-color. We will presently find many problems solved by the full recognition of this fact that there is absolutely no difference between the sound-relations used in

music and those used in verse.—SIDNEY LANIER, *The Science of English Verse.*

Poetry.—

Yet would I rather in the outward state
Of Song's immortal temple lay me down,
A beggar basking by that radiant gate,
Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown!

For sometimes, through the bars, my ravished eyes
Have caught brief glimpses of a life divine,
And seen afar, mysterious rapture rise
Beyond the vale that guards the inmost shrine.

—PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE, *The Will and the Wing.*

Poetry and Science.—The scientific man is merely the minister of poetry. He is cutting down the Western Woods of Time; presently poetry will come there and make a city and gardens. This is always so. The man of affairs works for the behoof and use of poetry. Scientific facts have never reached their proper function until they merge into new poetic relations established between man and man, between man and God, or between man and Nature.—SIDNEY LANIER, *The Relations of Poetry and Science.*

Puritanism.—Puritanism may not have been a perfect scheme of life, but see the men and women it has produced and the works they have done. When I hear of the new woman, I think of the Puritan woman, of England, of France, of Holland, of Scotland, of America, and of the children she has reared. I see her, by the hand of her son, the mighty Cromwell, break down the prejudices of the ages, strike off a tyrant's head, and set a people free; I see William of Orange fight gloriously for liberty, and then die for it; I see the cruel sacrifice of Coligny; I see her love of learning in the Universities of Scotland and Holland, and in our own Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Washington and Lee; I see her industry and thrift making the greatness of France, and her children exiled by heartless bigotry, carrying their unequalled skill to enrich many lands; I hear her proclaim liberty in the glowing words of Patrick Henry, of Sam Adams, of Thomas Jefferson; I lis-

ten to the greatest Senatorial debate of modern times between her sons, Webster and Calhoun; I see her inventive genius in the discoveries of Morse and Edison; I admire the subtlety of her intellect in the metaphysics of Jonathan Edwards; my heart is stirred by the noble idealism of Emerson; I hear her sing in the verse of Longfellow, of Lowell, of Bryant, of Whittier; in the greatest war of modern times, I see the military genius of her sons, Ulysses Grant and Stonewall Jackson, and I hear the earth resound with praises of her martyred and immortal, Abraham Lincoln. When I remember that these are products of Puritanism I rejoice in the fact that it is true that the old Puritan influences are still strong in the South, that there the Covenant is not yet wholly dissolved. When we produce better men and women than the Puritans produced, and do greater things than they have done, then, and not until then, may we claim to be better than our God-fearing fathers and mothers.—Joshua William Caldwell, *The Puritans, North and South, Address.*

Poets.—

The poet never is alone;
The stars, the breeze, the flowers,
All lovely things, his kindred are
And charm his loneliest hours.

—Mary E. Bryan, *The Poet.*

Poets.—

They are all dreamers; in the day and night
Ever across their souls
The wondrous mystery of the dark or bright
In mystic rhythm rolls.

—Abraham Joseph Ryan, *Poets.*

Poets.—

O gentle spirits, wheresoe'er you dwell,
On breezy upland or in quiet dell,
Whether you sing in solitude or shade,
Or in the sullen, crowded haunts of trade—
Whose simple rhyming, in its artless grace,
Has touched some hidden sorrow of the race,
Or taught the world one humble lesson more
Of subtle beauty all unknown before,

Or soothed one heart, just when its need was sorest,
With harmonies of ocean and of forest—
To you be ever honorable meed,
In spite of captious Horace and his creed.
—JOHN R. THOMPSON, *Poesy.*

Praise.—There is one thing which no man, however generously disposed, can give, but which every one, however poor, is bound to pay. This is praise. He cannot give it, because it is not his own, since what is dependent for its very existence on something in another can never become to him a possession; nor can he justly withhold it, when the presence of merit claims it as a consequence.—WASHINGTON ALLSTON, *Lectures on Art.*

President.—Sir, I would rather be right than President.—HENRY CLAY, *Speech, 1850.*

Rain.—

What of the rain? Each drop of dew
From clouds that hide a bend of blue,
Falls on a rose that blooms for you!
—FRANK L. STANTON, *Rain.*

Representatives, Duties of.—Ours was designed to be a representative government. Representatives are not mere deputies. A representative is to think for his constituency, to give them the benefit of intelligence, patriotism, profound study of the Constitution, and political economy and statecraft. He is to enrich his mind by observation, travel, study of history, diplomacy, and biography, to discipline his powers by thorough training, and thus fit himself for his responsible duties.—JABEZ LAMAR MONROE CURRY, *National Peril and Remedy, Address Delivered at Louisville, Kentucky, in September, 1883, before the Inter-State Educational Convention,*

Reserve.—

Keep back the one word more,
Nor give of your whole store;
For, it may be, in Art's sole hour of need,
Lacking that word, you shall be poor indeed.
—LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE, *Reserve.*

Right.—What all agree in is probably right; what no two agree in is probably wrong.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Apothegms* (Forman's *Life and Writings of Jefferson, p. 433*).

Rome.—

To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.
—EDGAR ALLAN POE, *To Helen.*

Rome.—

Above the circus of the world she sat,
Beautiful and base, a harlot crowned with pride:
Fierce nations, upon whom she sneered and spat,
Shrieked at her feet and for her pastime died.
—MADISON CAWEIN, *Rome.*

Scenery, Natural.—But there is one pleasure still within the reach of fallen mortality—and perhaps only one—which owes even more than does music to the accessory sentiment of seclusion. I mean the happiness experienced in the contemplation of natural scenery. In truth, the man who would behold aright the glory of God upon earth must in solitude behold that glory. To me, at least, the presence—not of human life only—but of life in any other form than that of the green things which grow upon the soil and are voiceless—is a stain upon the landscape—is at war with the genius of the scene. I love, indeed, to regard the dark valleys, and the grey rocks, and the waters that silently smile, and the forests that sigh in uneasy slumbers, and the proud watchful mountains that look down upon all. I love to regard these as themselves but the colossal members of one vast animate and sentient whole —a whole whose form (that of the sphere) is the most perfect and most inclusive of all; whose path is among associate planets; whose meek handmaiden is the moon; whose mediate sovereign is the sun; whose life is eternity; whose thought is that of a God; whose enjoyment is knowledge; whose destinies are lost in immensity; whose cognizance of ourselves is akin with our own cognizance of the *animalculae* which infest the brain—a being which we, in consequence, regard as purely inanimate and material, much in the same manner as these *animalculae* must thus regard us.—EDGAR ALLAN POE, *The Island of the Fay* (1841).

Scotland.—The country of Scotland! bare and barren, harsh and ungracious in climate, somewhat rude and ungraceful in the amenities that adorn life, and yet like the granite of her hills and the heather of her plains strong and enduring in every element of noble character—from the largess of her unwasting abundance she has enriched every nation of the globe. Of her this proverb runs: That the aspiring eye of every youth within her borders can see the turrets of a university from the nearest hill-top!—SAMUEL M. SMITH, *The Uses of a Library, Address Delivered at the Dedication of the Carnegie Library, Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S.C., June 4, 1906.*

Sea.—The sea has its duties and offices to perform; so, we may infer, have its currents, and so, too, its inhabitants; consequently he who undertakes to study its phenomena must cease to regard it as a waste of waters. He must look upon it as a part of the exquisite machinery by which the harmonies of nature are preserved, and then he will begin to perceive the developments of order, and the evidences of design, which make it a most beautiful and interesting subject for contemplation.—MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, *Physical Geography of the Sea.*

Secession.—The gentleman [Josiah Quincy] cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."—HENRY CLAY, *Speech, January 8, 1813.*

Secession.—Secession is a withdrawal from the Union; a separation from partners, and, as far as depends on the number withdrawing, a dissolution of the partnership. It presupposes an association, a union of several States or individuals for a common object. Wherever these exist, secession may; and where they do not, it cannot . . . . The object of secession is to free the withdrawing member from the obligation of the association or union, and is applicable to cases where the object of the association or union has failed, either by an abuse of power on the part of its members, or other causes. Its direct and immediate object, as it concerns the withdrawing member, is the dissolution of the association or

union, as far as it is concerned.—JOHN C. CALHOUN, *Letter to Governor Hamilton, August 28, 1832.*

Secession.—Then, Senators, we recur to the compact which binds us together; we recur to the principles upon which our government was founded; and when you deny them, and when you deny to us the right to withdraw from a government which, thus perverted, threatens to be destructive of our rights, we but tread in the path of our fathers when we proclaim our independence, and take the hazard. This is done not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit; but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited, and which it is our sacred duty to transmit unshorn to our children.—JEFFERSON DAVIS, *On Withdrawal from the Union (1861).*

Sectionalism.—But, my fellow-citizens, it is with no ordinary pride that I, who have opposed all these sectional parties, can stand here in the city of Atlanta, in the very center of all our sorrows, and raise my voice, fearing no successful contradiction when I affirm *that the Union never made war upon the South.* It was not the Union, my countrymen, that slew your children; it was not the Union that burned your cities; it was not the Union that laid waste your country, invaded your homes, and mocked at your calamity; it was not the Union that reconstructed your states! it was not the Union that disfranchised your intelligent citizens and denied them participation in their own governments. No, no! Charge not these wrongs upon the Union of your fathers. Every one of these wrongs was inflicted by a diabolical sectionalism in the very teeth of every principle of the American Union. So equally, I say, the *South never made war upon the Union.* There has never been an hour when nine out of ten of us would not have given our lives for that Union. We did not leave that Union because we were dissatisfied with it; we did not leave the Union to make war on it—we left the Union because a sectional party had seized it, and we hoped thereby to avoid a conflict. But if war must come, we intended to fight a sectional party and not the Union. Therefore, the late war, with all its disastrous

consequences, is the direct result of sectionalism in the North and of sectionalism in the South, and none, I repeat, of these disasters are chargeable on the Union.—BENJAMIN H. HILL, *The Flag of Our Fathers, Address Delivered in Atlanta, September, 1876.*

Self-Government.—I contend that it is to arraign the dispositions of Providence Himself to suppose that He has created beings incapable of governing themselves, and to be trampled on by kings. Self-government is the natural government of man, and for proof I refer to the aborigines of our own land.—HENRY CLAY, *The Emancipation of South America.*

Separation, Reasons for.—When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Declaration of Independence.*

Shelley, Percy Bysshe.—

Fare thee well,
Young Star of Poetry, now set forever!
Yet, though eclipsed for ever to this world,
Still thy light fills the earth's dull atmosphere,
A legacy inestimable. Man
Hath done thee wrong, wronging himself the more,
By cold neglect, and small appreciation
Of thy divinest songs. The day will come
When justice will be done thee.

—ALBERT PIKE, *From a Tribute to Shelley, Written In 1835.*

Short-Lived Things.—

Even Rapture's song hath evermore a tone
Of wailing, as for bliss too quickly gone.
The hope most precious is the soonest lost,
The flower most sweet is first to feel the frost.

Are not all short-lived things the loveliest?
And, like the pale star, shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest, as they fly
From the lone sphere they blest!
—WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, *The Lost Pleiad.*

Slavery.—I hope it will not be conceived from these observations that it is my wish to hold the unhappy people, who are the subject of this letter, in slavery. I can only say that there is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it; but there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished, and that is by legislative authority; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting. But when slaves, who are happy and contented with their present masters, are tampered with and seduced to leave them; when masters are taken unawares by these practices; when a conduct of this kind begets discontent on one side and resentment on the other; and when it happens to fall on a man whose purse will not measure with that of the society, and he loses his property for want of means to defend it; it is oppression in such a case, and not humanity in any, because it introduces more evils than it can cure.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Letter to Robert Morris, April 12, 1786.*

Slavery.—My sentiments on the subject of slavery of negroes have long since been in possession of the public, and time has only served to give them stronger root. The love of justice and the love of country plead equally the cause of these people, and it is a moral reproach to us that they should have pleaded it so long in vain, and should have produced not a single effort, nay I fear not much serious willingness to relieve them and ourselves from our present condition of moral and political reprobation.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Letter to Edward Coles, 1814.*

Slavery.—Slavery is the parent of ignorance, and ignorance begets a whole brood of follies and vices; and every one of these is inevitably hostile to literary culture.—HINTON ROWAN HELPER, *The Impending Crisis of the South, 1857.*

Slavery.—Until a recent period, slavery existed as an institution almost all over the world. Christianity, while it modified

its status, recognized it, and, up to the time of the abolition of the institution, those who defended it drew their strongest arguments from the sacred writings. Pious Puritans sent their ships to ply along the middle passage, and deemed that they were doing God and man a service to transport benighted savages to serve an enlightened and Christian people. Pious and philanthropical churchmen bought these slaves as they might have bought any other chattels.—THOMAS NELSON PAGE, *The Negro: The Southerner's Problem.*

Sleep.—When we fall asleep, we do not lay aside the thoughts of the day, as the hand its physical work; nor upon awakening return to the activity of these as it to the renewal of its toil, finding them undisturbed. Our most piercing insight yields no deeper conception of life than that of perpetual building and unbuilding; and during what we call our rest, it is often most active in executing its inscrutable will. All along the dark chimneys of the brain, clinging like myriads of swallows deep-buried and slumbrous in quiet and in soot, are the countless thoughts which lately winged the wide heaven of conscious day. Alike through dreaming and through dreamless hours Life moves among these, handling and considering each of the unreckonable multitude; and when morning light strikes the dark chimneys again and they rush forth, some that entered young have matured; some of the old have become infirm; many of those which have dropped in singly issue as companies; and young broods flutter forth, unaccountable nestlings of a night, which were not in yesterday's blue at all. Then there are the missing—those that went in with the rest at nightfall, but were struck from the walls forever. So all are altered, for while we have slept we have still been subject to that onmoving energy of the world which incessantly renews us yet transmutes us—double mystery of our permanence and our change.—JAMES LANE ALLEN, *The Mettle of the Pasture.*

Sleep.—

Sleep is an artist of the night,
With moods of mirth or pain—
Dreams are his pictures dark and bright
Etched swiftly on the brain.

—WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE, *Sleep.*

Smile.—

Her smile was prodigal of summery shine—
Gaily persistent—like a morn in June
That laughs away the clouds, and up and down
Goes making merry with the ripening grain,
That slowly ripples—its bent head drooped down,
With golden secret of the sheathed seed.

MARGARET J. PRESTON, *Unvisited.*

South, The.—

Know'st thou that balmy Southern land,
By myrtle crowned, by zephyrs fanned,
Where verdant hills and forest grand
Smile 'neath an azure dome?
'Tis there the stars shed softer beams
As if to bless the woods and streams;
'Tis there I wander in my dreams,
Far—far from home.

—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK, *Alabama.*

South, History of the.—The history of the South is yet to be written. He who writes it need not fear for his reward. Such a one must have at once the instinct of the historian and the wisdom of the philosopher. He must possess the talisman that shall discover truth amid all the heaps of falsehood, though they were piled upon it like Pelion on Ossa. He must have the sagacity to detect whatever of evil existed in the civilization he shall chronicle, though it be gleaming with the gilding of romance; he must have the fortitude to resist all temptation to deflect by so much as a hair's breadth from the absolute and the inexorable facts, even if an angel should attempt to beguile him. He must know and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help him, God!—THOMAS NELSON PAGE, *The Want of a History of the Southern People.*

South, The New.—The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect Democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less

splendid on the surface but stronger at the core; a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamoured of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of a growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.—HENRY W. GRADY, *The New South, an Address Delivered before the New England Society of New York City, Dec. 22, 1886.*

South, The New.—There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour.—BENJAMIN H. HILL, *The New South.*

South, The Old.—The first college established for girls was opened in Georgia. No naturalist has surpassed Audubon; no geographer equalled Maury; and Sims and McDonald led the world of surgery in their respective lines. It was Crawford Long, of Georgia, who gave to the world the priceless blessing of anaesthesia.—HENRY W. GRADY, *The New South, 1889.*

South, The Old.—That the social life of the Old South had its faults I am far from denying. What civiliztion has not? But its virtues far outweighed them; its graces were never equalled. For all its faults, it was, I believe, the purest, sweetest life ever lived. It has been claimed that it was non-productive, that it fostered sterility. Only ignorance or folly could make the assertion. It largely contributed to produce this nation; it led its armies and its navies; it established this government so firmly that not even it could overthrow it; it opened up the great West; it added Louisiana and Texas, and more than trebled our territory; it christianized the negro race

in a little over two centuries, impressed upon it regard for order, and gave it the only civilization it has ever possessed since the dawn of history. It has maintained the supremacy of the Caucasian race, upon which all civilization seems now to depend. It produced a people whose heroic fight against the forces of the world has enriched the annals of the human race —a people whose fortitude in defeat has been even more splendid than their valor in war. It made men noble, gentle, and brave, and women tender and pure and true. It may have fallen short in material development; but it made the domestic virtues as common as light and air, and filled homes with purity and peace.—THOMAS NELSON PAGE, *Social Life in Old Virginia before the War.*

South, The Women of.—Our "peculiar institution" of domestic African slavery in *ante-bellum* days created and nurtured a class of women never surpassed in the world. A plantation was a little kingdom, presided over by husband and wife, betwixt whom there existed mutual respect, deference, admiration, and love. In the household gathered respectful, obedient, loving children. Near and around were dependents, who did not claim social equality, but rendered cheerful obedience and service and were cared for tenderly from cradle to coffin. Those who dominated were intelligent, masterful, patriotic, loving home, kindred, State and country, dispensing a prodigal hospitality, limited only by the respectability and behavior of guests. Among girls, refinement, culture, modesty, purity, and a becoming behavior were the characteristic traits; among boys, courtesy, courage, chivalry, respect for age, devotion to the weaker sex, scorning meanness, regarding dishonor and cowardice as ineffaceable stains. Their education was respect for women, riding, hunting, speaking the truth. Poetry and romance have yet to portray, in truthful colors, the attractions and beauties of the Southern home, now of the irrevocable past. When inequality was threatened and States were to be degraded to counties, and the South became one great battlefield, and every citizen was aiding in the terrific conflict, the mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, with extraordinary unanimity and fervor, rallied to the support of their imperilled land.

While the older women from intelligent conviction were ready to sustain the South, political events and the necessity of confronting privations, trials, and sorrows developed girlhood into the maturity and self-reliance of womanhood. Anxious women with willing and loving hearts rushed eagerly to every place where sickness or destitution or the ravages of war invaded, enduring sacrifices, displaying unsurpassed fortitude and heroism. Churches were converted into hospitals or places for making, collecting, and shipping clothes and needed supplies. Innumerable private homes, near or adjacent to battlefields, were filled with the sick and the wounded. It was not uncommon to see grandmother and youthful maiden engaged in making socks, hats, and other needed articles. Untrained, these women entered the fields of labor with the spirit of Christ, rose into queenly dignity, and enrolled themselves among the immortals. Energies, time, lives were given to the alleviation of the suffering, cheering of the homesick, and to the inspiration of the hopeless and the despairing. With active courage, resolute endurance, cheerful self-restraint, they imparted fresh courage to the brave, quickened response of the laggard, and poured shame and contempt on him who shirked or sought the bomb-proof. Day and night these ministering angels seemed as if they had made an exodus from Heaven. Boundless patriotism, courageous endurance, surprising elation of thought and action were exhibited. Feminine tenderness was broadened and deepened by this self-sacrificing ministry. Superadded to these trials and duties were the necessary supervision of servants and farms and the performance of duties which hitherto had devolved upon the men. Hanging over homes and hearts were ceaseless apprehensions and the weary absence of the loved ones.—J. L. M. Curry, *Civil History of the Government of the Confederate States (1900).*

Spring.—

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

—Henry Timrod, *Spring.*

Spring, The Coming of.—

'T will not be long before they hear
The bullbat on the hill,
And in the valley through the dusk
The pastoral whippoorwill.
A few more friendly suns will call
The bluets through the loam
And star the lanes with buttercups
Away down home.

—JOHN CHARLES MCNEILL, *Away Down Home.*

Steam.—Steam has made of the earth a chess-board, on which men play for markets.—HENRY W. GRADY, *The South and Her Problems, Address Delivered at the Dallas, Texas, State Fair, October 26, 1887.*

Style, The Best.—The first requisite of good writing or speaking is good thinking. Clear, discriminating and careful thought must precede the attempt to compose. Let the matter to be expressed exist distinctly in the mind, and it will clothe itself in the most appropriate verbal dress, provided the speaker's taste and memory have been trained by the reading of good models and by exercise. I would recommend, then, that after satisfying yourself of the ideas which you desire to express, you shall suffer them to utter themselves, as nearly as may be. In the act of composition, let not your minds concern themselves chiefly about the verbal dress of thought, but about the thought itself. The clear and just conception will not fail to clothe itself in lucid words. Language is only a *medium* for the transmission of ideas. The glass which is most transparent is the best. It is only when we look through it without perceiving it, as though the aperture were vacant, illuminated space, when the light passes through it without colour or refraction, when we are obliged to resort to tactual sensation to verify its presence, that we call the window-pane a perfect *medium*. So that style is best, which least attracts the hearer's attention from the thought itself. If there were a perfect orator, men would come away from his discourse without having any conscious recollection concerning the qualities of his style; they would seem to themselves to have been witnessing,

by a direct spiritual intuition, the working of a great mind and heart.—R. L. DABNEY, *Lectures on Sacred Rhetoric (1870).*

Sundown.—

Hills, wrapped in gray, standing along the west;
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
The star of peace at watch above the crest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
Wingless, we move so lowly;
But in thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

—JOHN CHARLES MCNEILL, *Sundown.*

Supreme Court, The.—There is one tribunal that challenges the admiration, as it should the reverence, of every American citizen. The framers of our government, when they made the Constitution, committed it into the keeping of the Supreme Court of the United States. Well has it guarded the trust. The President may be a partisan. The Congress is always partisan. But that tribunal has ever sat in serene majesty above the fierce surging of party strife, above the pollution of official corruption. It has guarded our sacred bill of rights—rights of the people, and rights of the States—against the stealthy encroachments of selfish cunning and the open assaults of turbulent faction. If there be any man in all the Union who should cherish reverence and gratitude for that tribunal it is the Southern man—the Southern States' rights Democrat, if you please. It stood between us and ruin in the time of our supreme peril. Not once, nor twice, but many times it averted the blow which sectional hatred or misguided bigotry aimed at our people. It was that court which, when Congress sought to establish Federal control over State elections, confined that control exclusively in the States. It was that court which nullified the proclamation of Lincoln, ordering trial by court martial instead of a jury, of aiders and abettors of the Southern cause outside the circle of actual hostilities. It was that court whose judgment wrested from the nation itself and restored to the family of Robert E. Lee its ancestral home. It was

that court which held void that iniquitous oath by which the best and most patriotic citizens of the South were barred from place and power unless they would abjure the past and deny even all thought of disloyalty. It was that court which permitted the able Confederate lawyer and statesman, A. H. Garland, to practice before its bar, despite his refusal to take that hated oath. And when Congress found a culmination for all the shame and humiliation it would heap upon the whites of the South, and sought to force upon them social equality with the blacks, it was that court which struck the civil rights bill lifeless at its feet, and thus preserved to the States the right to enact into positive statute a law written on the heart of the Anglo-Saxon wherever he walks the earth.—CHARLTON H. ALEXANDER, *The Majesty of Law, Address Delivered before the University of Mississippi, June 5, 1900.*

Tennyson.—

Tennyson, largest voice
Since Milton, yet some register of wit
Wanting. —SIDNEY LANIER, *The Crystal.*

Thought.—Thought is the Hercules of this age, and his strength is equally a vigorous fact, whether it be employed in throttling the lion of power or in cleaning out the Augean stables of accumulated social errors. Moving by nations, by races, and by systems, this irresistible ruler—educated thought—is setting aside old and setting up new civilizations at will.—BENJAMIN H. HILL, *Education and Progress, Speech Delivered before the Alumni Society of the University of Georgia, Athens, Ga., July 31, 1871.*

To-Day.—

Thou art no dreamer, O thou stern To-day;
The dead past had its dreams; the real is thine.
—JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY, *Three Days*

To-Morrow.—

There is no morrow: Though before our face
The shadow named so stretches, we alway
Fail to o'ertake it, hasten as we may.
—MARGARET J. PRESTON, *One Day.*

To-Morrow.—

O, fair To-morrow, what our souls have missed
Art thou not keeping for us, somewhere, still?
The buds of promise that have never blown—
The tender lips that we have never kissed—
The song whose high, sweet strain eludes our skill,
The one white pearl that life hath never known.
—JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY, *Three Days.*

Trusts, Public.—When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Letter to Baron von Humboldt, 1807.*

Truth.—

No truth is *lost* for which the dead are weeping,
Nor *dead* for which they died.
—FRANCIS O. TICKNOR, *Under the Willows.*

Truth.—

Some truths there be are better left unsaid;
Much is there that we may not speak unblamed.
On words, as wings, how many joys have fled!
The jealous fairies love not to be named.
—HENRY TIMROD, *Sonnet.*

Truths, Self-evident.—We hold these truths to be self-evident,—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Declaration of Independence.*

Union.—Our Federal Union: it must be preserved.—ANDREW JACKSON, *Toast given on the Jefferson Birthday Celebration in 1830.*

Union.—The advice nearest to my heart and deepest in my convictions is that the Union of the States be cherished and perpetuated. Let the open enemy to it be regarded as a Pandora with her box opened, and the disguised one as the serpent creeping with his deadly wiles into Paradise.—JAMES MADISON, *Letter to Daniel Webster.*

Universities.—My desire would have it a place where there is always a breath of freedom in the air; where a sound and various learning is taught heartily without sham or pretence; where the life and teachings of Jesus furnish forth the ideal of right living and true manhood; where manners are gentle and courtesies daily multiply between teacher and taught; where all classes and conditions and beliefs are welcome, and men may rise in earnest striving by the might of merit; where wealth is no prejudice, and poverty no shame; where honorable labor, even rough labor of the hands, is glorified by high purpose and strenuous desire for the clearer air and the larger view; where there is a will to serve all high ends of a State struggling up out of ignorance into general power; where men are trained to observe closely, to imagine vividly, to reason accurately, and to have about them some humility and some toleration; where, finally, truth, shining patiently like a star, bids us advance, and we will not turn aside.—Edwin A. Alderman, *Address before the Students of the University of North Carolina, 1896.*

Unprotectedness, American.—The great European centers have been built inland. America's great centers have been built on her waterways. On her Atlantic coast line alone there are 15,800,000 of American citizens living within gunshot of the water, with seventeen billions six hundred millions of property. On the Gulf there are 1,900,000 people and eight hundred millions of property. On the Great Lakes there are 7,000,000 of people and seven billions two hundred millions of property. On the Mississippi River and its navigable tributaries there are eleven and a half millions of people and eight billions six hundred millions of property. We are the most exposed nation on earth—36,000,000 of our people and thirty-seven billions of our property now lying within gunshot of the water, more citizens exposed than there are citizens exposed in all Europe combined, more property exposed than there is property in all the rest of the world combined. An expedition can leave Europe from any one of the great maritime powers with less than a hundred and fifty thousand men, and in three weeks that expedition can capture Washington City, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York without any possibility of substantial resistance.—Richmond Pearson Hobson, *Speech Delivered in the House of Representatives, April 11, 1908.*

Valor.—

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

—Henry Timrod, *Ode.*

Venice, Night in.—Night in Venice! A night of silver moons—one hung against the velvet blue of the infinite, fathomless sky, the other at rest in the still sea below. A night of ghostly gondolas, chasing specks of stars in dim canals; of soft melodies broken by softer laughter; of tinkling mandolins, white shoulders, and tell-tale cigarettes. A night of gay lanterns lighting big barges, filled with singers and beset by shadowy boats, circling like moths or massed like water-beetles. A night when San Giorgio stands on tip-toe, Narcissus-like, to drink in his own beauty mirrored in the silent sea; when the angel crowning the Campanile sleeps with folded wings, lost in the countless stars; when the line of the city from across the wide lagoons is but a string of lights buoying golden chains that sink into the depths; when the air is a breath of heaven, and every sound that vibrates across the never-ending wave is the music of another world.—Francis Hopkinson Smith, *Gondola Days.*

Virginians.—

The knightliest of the knightly race,
That since the days of old
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold.
Who climbed the blue embattled hills
Against uncounted foes,
And planted there in valleys fair,
The Lily and the Rose,
Whose fragrance lives in many lands.
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.

— Francis O. Ticknor, *Virginians of the Valley*

War.—But what a cruel thing is war; to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and happiness that God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbours, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world! I pray that, on this day when only peace and goodwill are preached to mankind, better thoughts may fill the hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace.—ROBERT E. LEE, *To Mrs. Lee, Christmas Day, 1862.*

War, The Civil.—Hence, if we are not greatly mistaken, the antagonism between the North and the South, so imperfectly adjusted by the labors of 1787, is the true stand-point from which to contemplate the origin of the late war. This antagonism, this cause of discord, stamped, in fact, its image on all the other causes of the late war. It drew into itself all other causes, and raged with the violence of them all. The struggle between the Union and the States, between the "head and the members" of the new system, was developed and determined by the antagonism between the two great sections of which it was composed. In like manner, the contest between the majority and the minority, always sufficiently fierce and violent, became a desperate struggle between the same parties, the North and the South; a struggle greatly intensified and embittered by the consideration that the majority had become sectional and permanent, leaving the minority without hope in the Union. The great quarrel about slavery, too, inflamed the mutual animosity of the two sections, and helped to kindle the war between them. And the system of tariffs, by which a large party at the South believed she had been systematically plundered to enrich the North, was, at one time, the apple of discord between the sections and at all times, a source of profound dissatisfaction and alienation. Nor was this all. For, in addition to all these causes, there was the creation of a great Republic, whose vast powers, instead of having been properly divided between the sections, and the constitutional portion of each permanently settled, were left open to be contended for by them. Nothing could, indeed, have been more admirably adapted to inflame the angry passions of the two great rivals, than the introduction of a prize

of such unparalleled magnitude into the arena of strife between them. It produced, on both sides, a series of partizan and corrupting legislative measures, which disgrace the annals of the United States. The conflict of 1861, was, indeed, a war of races, of ideas, of interests, of passions, of institutions, and of words, long before it became a war of deeds and of blood. The manner in which this war arose and progressed, till, in the end, it produced the earthquake and volcano of 1861, yet remains to be described by the pen of the historian.—Albert Taylor Bledsoe, *The Origin of the Late War (1867).*

War, The Civil.—It will be a glorious day for our country when all the children within its borders shall learn that the four years of fratricidal war between the North and the South was waged by neither with criminal or unworthy intent, but by both to protect what they conceived to be threatened rights and imperiled liberty; that the issues which divided the sections were born when the Republic was born, and were forever buried in an ocean of fraternal blood. We shall then see, that under God's providence, every sheet of flame from the blazing rifles of the contending armies, every whizzing shell that tore through the forests at Shiloh and Chancellorsville, every cannon-shot that shook Chickamauga's hills or thundered around the heights of Gettysburg, and all the blood and the tears that were shed are yet to become contributions for the upbuilding of American manhood and for the future defence of American freedom. The Christian Church received its baptism of pentecostal power as it emerged from the shadows of Calvary, and went forth to its world-wide work with greater unity and a diviner purpose. So the Republic, rising from its baptism of blood with a national life more robust, a national union more complete, and a national influence ever widening, shall go forever forward in its benign mission to humanity.—John B. Gordon, *Reminiscences of the Civil War.*

War, The Civil.—No war in human history was a sincerer conflict than the American Civil War. It was not a war of conquest or glory. To call it rebellion is to speak ignorantly. To call it treason is to add viciousness to stupidity. It was a war of ideals, of principles, of political conceptions, of

loyalty to ancient ideals of English freedom held dearer than life by both sides. Neither abolitionist nor fire-eater brought on this war. It was a "brothers' war," which ought to have been avoided, but which was brought on, as our human nature is constituted, by the operation of economic forces and the clashing of inherited feelings, woven by no will of either side into the life of the Republic. It was settled at last by neither abolitionist nor fire-eater, but by men of the West who had not inherited unbroken political traditions, but simply saw the union of American States as the ark of their salvation and beheld its flag, as Webster beheld it, "full high advanced, floating over land and sea."—Edwin A. Alderman, *Sectionalism and Nationality, Address Delivered at the Annual Banquet of the New England Society, New York City, December 22, 1906.*

Washington, George.—To the memory of the man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.—Henry Lee, *Eulogy on Washington, Dec. 26, 1799.*

Washington, George.—Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. "George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?" This was a tough question; and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself: and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, "I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms you dearest boy," cried his father in transports, "run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousandfold. Such an act of heroism in my son is more worth than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold."—Mason Locke Weems, *Life of Washington (1800).*

Washington, George.—No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action, whose integrity was more incorruptible, or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination of those selfish and unworthy passions, which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Hav-

ing no views which required concealment, his real and avowed motives were the same; and his whole correspondence does not furnish a single case, from which even an enemy would infer that he was capable, under any circumstances, of stooping to the employment of duplicity. No truth can be uttered with more confidence than that his ends were always upright, and his means always pure. He exhibits the rare example of a politician to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions to foreign governments, and to his own countrymen, were always sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real distinction, which forever exists, between wisdom and cunning, and the importance as well as truth of the maxim that "honesty is the best policy."—JOHN MARSHALL, *The Life of George Washington, 1804-1807.*

WHITMAN, WALT.—Whitman is poetry's butcher. Huge raw collops slashed from the rump of poetry and never mind gristle—is what Whitman feeds our souls with. As near as I can make it out, Whitman's argument seems to be, that, because a prairie is wide, therefore debauchery is admirable, and because the Mississippi is long, therefore every American is God.—SIDNEY LANIER, *Notes,* quoted in Ward's *Memorial, p. 38.*

Wife, The.—

They locked him in a prison cell,
  Murky and mean.
She kissed him there a wife's farewell
  The bars between.
And when she turned to go, the crowd,
Thinking to see her shamed and bowed,
Saw her pass out as calm and proud
  As any queen.
    —JOHN CHARLES MCNEILL, *The Wife*

Wilde, Richard Henry.—

Bard of the South!—the "Summer Rose"
  May perish with the "Autumn Leaf,"
The "footprints left on Tampa's shores"
  May vanish with a date as brief:

But thine shall be the "life" of fame;
No winter winds can wreck thy name;
And future minstrels shall rehearse
Thy virtues, in memorial verse!

—Alexander Beaufort Meek, *The Death of Richard Henry Wilde.*

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THIS Bibliography has been in process of compilation for several years. It is not complete—no bibliography is—but, as the first bibliography of its sort, it is published with the view of stimulating the further study of Southern literature by showing both how much and how little have already been done. Editions and biographies of individual authors as also compilations and studies of the literature of individual States are, of course, not included here. The author will be grateful for corrections and for additions.

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